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FORTY-FOUR PAGES.

The Pittsburgh Gazette.

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VOL. 116. ESTABLISHED JULY 29, 1786. NO. 168. PITTSBURGH, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1902. ★ FORTY-FOUR PAGES. FIVE CENTS A COPY.

NEWS SUMMARY

DOMESTIC.

Miners will preface their scale with a demand that operators recognize the union.

Annexation of Danish West Indies will bring with it some peculiar tariff questions.

Mrs. Addie Richardson acquitted of the murder of her husband at Plattsburg, Mo.

During his Chicago reception Admiral Schley thrice said he would not accept any office, however high.

Judge Gary denies that the United States Steel Corporation will absorb Allis-Chambers Machinery Company.

FOREIGN.

Emperor William has decided to mark the departure of his brother for America by no especial formality.

Miss Stone is accused in a dispatch from Constantinople of conniving with the brigands to raise the sum demanded for her ransom.

Charles M. Schwab, who is now in Berlin, says that, in his opinion, the markets of the world are wide open for American products.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Disorder rules Democratic primaries at Connellsville.

The postmaster of Uniontown is assaulted by a mob in the street.

A Cambria county woman elopes with a Carnegie man, taking $1,000 of her husband's money.

Citizens of Washington, Pa., are making a vigorous fight against the granting of liquor licenses.

John Lauffer, the oldest man in Westmoreland county, celebrates his 99th birthday anniversary today.

LOCAL.

Thirty persons, 70 years of age and over, died in the county during the week just closed.

Thieves steal $1,000 worth of wearing apparel and jewelry from an East End residence.

The Pittsburgh orchestra may make a European concert tour at the close of the present season.

Dr. A. W. Arundel pleads for a union of downtown churches at the anniversary of Bishop Whitehead's consecration.

Pennsylvania railroad plans to establish a transoceanic route, running through direct from Chicago to London.

Former Director Andrew Fulton believes there was personal feeling against him in the abandonment of the First and Second avenue engine houses.

LEGAL.

Two murder trials on next week's trial list in criminal court.

Grand jury reconvenes Monday to hear large list of jail cases.

Monongahela Land Company files an answer to a claim for a set-off in a $50,000 damage suit.

SPORTING.

L. P. Ittel of the Iroquois rifle team made a remarkable target record last week.

The Oakland winners: Chandoo, Duke of York, Sylvia Talbot, Bermudos and Murcato.

Andrew Freedman's move in appointing a new manager looks like a plan to end the baseball war.

The winners at New Orleans: Ecome, Frank Rice, Major Mansir, Sevoy, Jesse Jarboe and Gala Day.

The Frontenac and P. A. C. hockey teams played an exciting tie game; neither team could win in additional time.

FINANCIAL.

General weakness is displayed by Wall street.

Sharp slump in grain prices on Chicago board of trade.

The market on the Pittsburgh stock exchange yesterday was very dull and featureless.

Pittsburgh bank exchanges for the week were $4,900,000 larger than the same week last year.

THIRD SECTION—Eight Pages.
Page 1—The Crucible of Nations, by W. E. Stead.
Krupp, the Carnegie of Germany.
French Women Drop Names of Husbands.
Bulgarian Boy Globe Trotter.
Page 2—Crossing the Plains in Early Days, by Col. A. K. McClure.
Old-Time Salt Wells.
Brilliant London Wedding.
James Whitcomb Riley and His Boyhood Days.
Page 3—Pittsburgh Girl's Romance Ended in the Coliseum.
Spain's Boy King Goes A-Visiting.
How to Send Money to People in Europe.
Training Men for Domestic Servants.
London Wants National Opera.
A Moving Mountain.
American Millionaire Did Not Lease an Historic Mansion.
Page 4—Society and Women's Clubs.
Page 5—The Romance of the Coke Ovens.
Golf First, Business Afterward.
London Skyscrapers Next.
Page 6—Paris and Pittsburgh Fashions.
Page 7—Julie D'Arcy's Beauty Talks.
Massage for the Complexion.
The Etiquette of Divorce.
Page 8—Advertising.

FOURTH SECTION—Eight Pages.
Page 1—The Reformed Messenger Boy.
Bjinks Practices Physical Culture.
Georgie's Paw Talks on the Danger of Getting Into Ruts.
Page 2—How to Furnish a Library.
A Kubelik Dinner.
Freaks of Photography.
The Polite Liar.
Page 3—Wolfville Stories.
That Osage, Bill Connors.
Buying the Bones of the Pharaohs.
Page 4—Among the Books and the People Who Make Them.
Page 5—Religious.
Page 7—Theatrical.
A Successful Manager's Splendid Office.
Sir Henry Irving and Cissy Loftus.
Page 8—Our New York Cousin Letter.

FIFTH SECTION—Six Pages.
Page 1—The Fascination of Orchid Culture.
Page 2—The Zeal of Crooked Knife.
Cat Keeping House in Schenley Park.
How Craps Deceived the Crew.
Page 3—Romance of Precious Gems.
Nerve and Pure Gold.
Page 4—Little Miss Vassar.
The Mystery of Grasiov.
Advice to Young Authors.
Page 5—The Greatest Endowment in the World.
Wireless Telephony Experiments.
Page 6—Notables Who Will Attend the Coronation of King Edward VII.

COMIC SECTION—Six Pages.
Page 1—Payne's Coon Hollow Sketches.
Page 2—How Deacon Skeesics Fell from Grace.
Page 3—Squire Sharp and His Country Store.
Page 4—Stories and Pictures for Little Folks.
Page 5—A Page for Young Readers.
Page 8—A Page of Comedy by Hy Mayer.

THE COLOMBIAN CAPITAL SAVED THROUGH BLOOD

Battle Fought Near Bogota, in Which 360 Are Killed on One Side and 90 on the Other.

FIRST INTERVIEW WITH GEN. ALBAN'S SUCCESSOR

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE GAZETTE.]
(Copyright, 1902, by The New York Herald Co.)

BOGOTA, COLOMBIA, Jan. 25.—The government has made a successful effort to prevent the revolutionists from attacking Bogota, the capital. An important battle was fought at Facatative, about 20 miles from Bogota. The struggle was desperate. After long fighting the government troops repulsed the insurgents, who left 360 of their number dead on the field. Ninety of the government troops were killed.

Antioquia and other departments are sending troops here. Foreigners are enjoying safety. Business has been temporarily suspended.

COLON, COLOMBIA, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—The Colombian warship General Pinzon arrived here last night with 400 soldiers, comprising a battalion of regulars from Barranquilla. There were on board the vessel Gen. Ramon Amaya, who succeeds the late Gen. Alban as the military governor of this department; also Gen. Samper, his chief of staff; Gens. Monsalve and Reviscan, and Col. Vivas, White and Battenberg. These officers and the battalion went to Panama this afternoon.

Before his departure for Panama, I obtained an interview with Gen. Amaya, in the course of which he said:

"The Colombian government and the Colombian army are by no means discouraged because of the death of Gen. Alban. The army, on the contrary, will fight with renewed energy to avenge Gen. Alban's death. Gen. Alban's death was only an incident. There are plenty more men like him and able to fill his place. I shall employ the same measures that Gen. Alban did, and shall try to be worthy of the office which I have assumed. I intend to be firm and merciful and to be no murderer. It will be a campaign to preserve the republic of Colombia, and not to murder. I can obtain 2,000 more troops from Barranquilla if I need them."

By a recent decree, issued at Barranquilla, department of Bolivar, Jose Mutto, a prominent Italian of the place, has been expelled from the country for aiding the Liberal cause. All the Italians and many Turks in Bolivar are openly accused of Liberalist sympathies.

So Hard to Let Go.

FULTON ASKS WHY PURCHASES WERE NOT MADE

Says Councils Voted Money to Buy Two Engine Houses and Fire Boat.

MEETINGS ARE ARRANGED

Andrew Fulton, former director of public safety, makes the charge that Senator William Flinn and Director A. H. Leslie are responsible for the abandonment of the engine house in First and Second avenues, which has seriously crippled the fire service of the city and left the department without adequate quarters for its equipment.

"Fifty thousand dollars were voted in the last bond issue for the purchase of the engine house in First and Second avenues," said Mr. Fulton yesterday, "and there has never been an effort on the part of the present city administration to spend this money for the purpose it was voted.

"The money is still lying idle in the banks, unless it has been used for other purposes of which neither the public nor myself know anything.

Where Is the Fireboat?

"There was also $35,000 voted for the purchase of a fireboat, and this money is also idle unless used for some other purpose.

"During the time that I was director of public safety I was never able to ascertain where the money was secured that was to pay for the Eighth street engine house. No money can be legally withdrawn from one appropriation and transferred to another without the sanction of councils; but many things are done by those in control of city affairs that are not exactly in accordance with the law."

Recorder Brown was very angry yesterday when asked about the Eighth street engine house and refused to discuss the matter.

Hopes Built On Sand.

The machine is hopeful of preventing the Citizens party from securing a circle. It leaked out yesterday that the ring is hopeful of winning by citing a decision alleged to have been handed down by Judge Simonton of the Dauphin courts. The judge is supposed to have defined a political party as being a body that was as "wide as the state and nation in its scope."

The Citizens party bases its right to a circle in section six of the act of 1897, which reads: "There shall be printed above each column of candidates of a political party or body, a circle three-fourths of one inch in diameter, and there shall be printed around about without the circle the following words: 'For a straight ticket mark within the circle.'" In 1897 David Martin, then secretary of the commonwealth, ruled that this allowed all bodies claiming to be political parties the right to use a circle.

Must Give Citizens a Circle.

J. Carson Mercer, president of the board of county commissioners, says that the commissioners will have to give the Citizens a circle. Mr. Mercer is not a dyed-in-the-wool Flinn man. His Republican colleagues in the board, W. W. Murray, is a close friend of Flinn. It is said that Mr. Murray will not take the same view of the question as Mr. Mercer. The result will be that the courts will have to decide. The machine will do everything in its power to prevent the Citizens from securing the circle.

Delinquent Tax Collector Conner did not turn over any of the promised tax receipts yesterday to the various parties that had orders in. He says that they will be ready on Tuesday. It is claimed that the machine has been given the orders, put in by the Citizens and lieutenants are now going through the various wards to ascertain if the signatures are genuine. Conner denies that the orders are out of his keeping, but opponents of the machine insist that they are.

Many Meetings Arranged.

The Citizens party has arranged for the following meetings:

January 30, Twenty-sixth ward, Odd Fellows hall. Speakers, Maj. A. M. Brown, John B. Larkin, George H. Stengel, Joseph H. Vitchestafe. Thirty-sixth ward, West End auditorium. Wm. J. Brennen, Charles E. Whitesides, Thomas M. Brown.

Eleventh ward, school house, Granville and Enoch streets, Charles A. O'Brien, Ralph M. Strawbridge, J. M. F. Foster.

January 31, Thirty-seventh ward, Brushton avenue school house, George M. Harton, William J. Brennen, James M. Dunn.

February 4, Sixteenth ward, Wolfslayer school, William J. Brennen, George M. Harton, Charles E. Whitesides.

February 13, Twenty-eighth ward, Turner hall, George W. Guthrie, Ralph M. Strawbridge, James M. Dunn.

February 15, Seventeenth ward, A. M. Brown, W. B. Rodgers, John Marron, Charles A. O'Brien.

February 17, Thirty-seventh ward, Western avenue school house, Thomas M. Brown, John McTighe, James M. Dunn, George M. Harton, Sixteenth ward, Maj. A. M. Brown, W. B. Rodgers, Charles A. O'Brien.

The mass meeting ratifying the nomination of John B. Larkin by the Citizens party will be held in Old City hall Saturday evening. Prominent business and professional men will make speeches.

THIRTY WHO DIED HAD ROUNDED OUT BIBLICAL SPAN

Mortality Among the Aged of the County Was Remarkable During Week Just Closed.

MANY WERE WELL KNOWN

Death has carried away 30 aged residents of Allegheny county during the past week. Hardly has there ever been a week when the mortality among the aged has been so heavy. Severe colds that developed into pneumonia caused death in a majority of cases. Others died of old age. Two-thirds of the number were residents of Pittsburgh and Allegheny.

One-third had passed 80 years, and 20 the biblical span of three score years and ten. Every one of the entire number had been married. Their average age was almost 78 years. Quite a number of others died last week who had passed 80 years.

As "it is darkest just before the dawn," so it seems in regard to the week. Sunday would stand as about midnight. As it grew toward morning Tuesday would be about dawn, and on Tuesday the heaviest mortality was recorded, eight between 70 and 88 years of age dying. On Thursday occurred the deaths of three of the older residents, two from the county and one from the East End, their average age being a little over 85 years.

Many Were Prominent.

Many of these had been prominent in this community at one time or another. John W. Haney died last Saturday, aged 79 years. He was prominent in the transfer business for over 50 years. On Sunday, two lifelong friends, Mrs. Charlotte Buente and Gottlieb Dahlinger, died. They were born in Germany and came to this country when quite young, locating in Allegheny, where their friendship continued. The Rev. Mathias F. Dethlefs, formerly pastor of a Sharpsburg church, died Sunday. On Tuesday Lewis Cupps, gold seeker of Australia and veteran of the civil war, and Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Dravo, widow of Capt. C. A. Dravo of Edgewood, died. Mrs. Mary McCombs, James McSwiggen, and Corinthia Dyer, all of the East End, died on Wednesday. The death of Mrs. Julia McKown Coulter of Carnegie, John D. Byers of Findlay township, and Urian Waugaman of the East End occurred Thursday. Mrs. Rebecca Long of the East End and Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson of Wilkinsburg died Friday.

The list for the week is as follows:

Saturday.

JOHN W. HANEY, aged 79 years; Allegheny.
ROBERT G. M'ELROY, aged 70 years; Fircairn.

Sunday.

THE REV. MATHIAS F. DETHLEFS, aged 57 years; Sharpsburg.
HENRY SHANABROUGH, aged 80 years; Bloomfield.
JAMES M'CANCE, aged 78 years; East End.
STEPHEN MILLER, aged 78 years; East End.
GOTTLIEB DAHLINGER, aged 75 years; Allegheny.
MRS. CHARLOTTE BUENTE, aged 72 years; Allegheny.

Monday.

ARTHUR BURNS, aged 72 years; Thirteenth ward.

Tuesday.

MRS. MARY REIST, aged 88 years; East End.
MRS. CATHERINE WEHNER, aged 85 years; South Side.
LEWIS CUPPS, aged 81 years; Allegheny.
MRS. MARGARET THOMPSON, aged 78 years; South Side.
CHRISTOPHER GROETZINGER, aged 78 years; Perrysville.
MRS. ELIZABETH R. DRAVO, aged 74 years; Edgewood.
FREDERICK BLAKE, aged 73 years; Allegheny.
JOHN H. SIMMONS, aged 72 years; Lower St. Clair township.

Wednesday.

MISS CORINTHIA DYER, aged 79 years; East End.
JAMES M'SWIGGEN, aged 78 years; East End.
MRS. MARY M'COMBS, aged 72 years; East End.
DANIEL GODFREY, aged 71 years; Millvale township.
HENRY CORNELL, aged 70 years; McKeesport.

Thursday.

JOHN D. BYERS, aged 87 years; Findlay township.
URIAH WAUGAMAN, aged 86 years; East End.
MRS. JULIA COULTER, aged 83 years; Carnegie.

Friday.

MRS. REBECCA LONG, aged 81 years; East End.
JAMES CAMPBELL, aged 81 years; Elliott.
MRS. ELIZABETH PATTERSON, aged 77 years; Wilkinsburg.
JOHN H. ROTROCH, aged 75 years; Crafton.
MRS. ELIZABETH M. COFFIN, aged 74 years; Allegheny.

Must Run Slow in Tunnel.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—An order limiting the speed of all trains passing through the New York Central railroad tunnel in this city was issued by the management today. No trains will be permitted to run in the tunnel at a speed higher than 20 miles an hour.

RED CROSS MEN CARRIED LETTERS SIGNED BY BOERS

Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs Admits Regretfully That This Is a Fact.

BURGHERS HELP ENGLISH

(ASSOCIATED PRESS CABLE TO THE GAZETTE.)

THE HAGUE, Jan. 25.—The minister of foreign affairs, Melvin Van Lyndon, replying today to an interpellation in the first chamber of the states general, said he had done his utmost to secure the release of the Dutch members of the Red Cross society who are held as prisoners in Ceylon, but was forced to admit regretfully that those persons had placed themselves in an almost indefensible position by carrying Boer letters.

The fact that these documents were of no importance did not alter the violation of strict neutrality. The case, the minister said, was bound to have an important bearing upon the question as to what service a neutral ambulance corps might render in future warfares.

PRETORIA, Jan. 25.—Lord Kitchener has authorized Gen. Viljoel, a burgher who has surrendered, to raise an additional Boer corps of 1,500 men. Gen. Viljoel has written a letter to ex-President Steyn, warning the latter of his intention to form such a corps and adding that the Boers in the concentration camps are tired of the useless struggle and are determined to help the British to end it.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—The war office today reports an engagement between the British and Boers at Tenenafontein on January 11, in which the British lost seven killed and 25 wounded.

SYDNEY, N. S. W., Jan. 25.—The placing of contracts in Argentina by the British war office to supply meats and produce for the troops in South Africa has engendered extreme irritation throughout Australasia. This action of the imperial authorities is regarded as evidence of reprehensible indifference to the claims of the colonies, as ill according with the expressions of imperial solidarity, as poor repayment for the sacrifices of the colonists, and, generally, as grave injustice. Most of the premiers of the Australias and the premier of New Zealand have cabled to the imperial government strong protests, in practically identical terms, saying that the two colonies are able to supply the war office requirements in South Africa three times over.

DIED VERY WEALTHY.

Estate of Depew's Friend, Hartley, Supposed to Be Worth $4,000,000. May Expand to $60,000,000.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—(Special.)—When the will of Marcellus Hartley is filed for probate Tuesday it may be found that the first estimate of his estate, which was $4,000,000, may be many times multiplied. There was a well credited report in circulation today that Mr. Hartley left $60,000,000 to go almost in its entirety to his grandson, Marcellus Hartley Dodge. While this report was denied, there are reasons for believing that Mr. Dodge will be the chief beneficiary under the will of his late grandfather.

On his return from Europe a few days ago, Senator Depew, after expressing deep regret at the sudden death of his long-time friend, said it would be found Mr. Hartley had left an estate seldom exceeded in size. Thomas Hebard, who represented Mr. Hartley's interests in the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, is said to have been named in the will as executor.

THIEVES MAKE A GOOD HAUL IN AN EAST END HOUSE

Jewelry, Wearing Apparel and Money Amounting to Almost $1,000 Taken from Mrs. Thomas Sewell.

ROBBED AT DINNER TIME

Thieves last night entered the apartments of Mrs. Thomas Sewell at No. 735 South Highland avenue, East End, and stole jewelry, clothing, bric-a-brac and money to the amount of almost $1,000.

The robbery was discovered about 8 o'clock and was promptly reported to the East End police. A good clue was furnished, but no arrests have yet been made. Mrs. Sewell with her son and daughter occupies a suite of rooms in the second story of the boarding house kept by Miss E. W. Barnett.

Mrs. Sewell, following her usual Saturday night custom, dined at Youngson's cafe in Penn avenue with some friends. The party left the house at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Sewell left her door unlocked.

When Mrs. Sewell returned she discovered that someone had been in the room. Her first thought was of her pocketbook containing several hundred dollars which had been left in a bureau drawer. It was missing. Mrs. Sewell immediately sent word to the police, and continuing her investigations found the following articles had also been taken: A gold mantel clock, a silver comb, a silver hand mirror, a silver puff-box, a diamond stickpin, five gold rings, a silver watch and a new astrakhan coat valued at $500.

At the time the robbery was committed Miss Barnett and the members of her household were also dining, and they did not hear a sound of the thieves on the second floor. Mrs. Sewell's terrier was in the room at the time. The front door of the house was supposed to have been locked, but it may have been standing ajar.

Mrs. Sewell is a comparative stranger in Pittsburgh. She came here with her son and daughter several months ago, and is only a temporary resident of the city.

Her son is in the United States army. He expects at any time to be called into service in the Philippines, and it was the intention of his mother and sister to accompany him.

Mrs. Sewell believes she has a clue to the robbers, and says they were persons who were evidently familiar with her movements, as her valuables were all removed from the room in a short time.

DEAD MINER BLAMED.

Shot Fired by Him Brought Death to Himself and 21 Fellow Workmen.

OSKALOOSA, IA., Jan. 25.—An inquest was held this afternoon over the remains of the miners killed in the dust explosion at the Lost Creek coal mine Friday afternoon. The verdict was to the effect that the men came to their death as a result of an explosion caused by a shot, fired by a miner named Andy Pash, one of those killed.

The mine was examined by the state inspector, who said it was in as good condition as any in the state at his last examination.

LOST CREEK, IA., Jan. 25.—Oliver Mable died today from his injuries, making the number of dead 22.

MISS STONE ACCUSED OF DOUBLE DEALING.

A Constantinople Dispatch Says That She Tried to Raise the Ransom to Benefit Macedonian Committee.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS CABLE TO THE GAZETTE.)

VIENNA, Jan. 25.—A dispatch from Constantinople declares that the porte has received secret reports accusing Miss Stone of connivance with the Macedonian committee in allowing herself to remain a prisoner in order to increase the ransom for her release demanded by the brigands, the bulk of which will go to the committee.

The dispatch further says that Miss Stone is at present living in a Bulgarian village in the disguise of a peasant.

SOFIA, Jan. 25.—It has been announced here that the American delegates bearing the ransom for Miss Stone, the captive American missionary, have arrived at Jumaya and that Miss Stone and her companion, Mme. Tsilka, will be released within 24 hours after the money is paid.

SCHLEY PUTS FAR AWAY THE OFFICE IDEA

Declares in Chicago He Will Never Accept a Place, However High, and Jeopardize His Country's Love.

A ROUND OF RECEPTIONS CLOSING WITH A BANQUET

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.—Rear Admiral W. S. Schley today thrice declared that he had no intention of entering politics. His remarks were calculated to set at rest for all time the political ambitions which some of his admirers have entertained for him. He said that no office, however high, would tempt him to jeopardize the love which the people of this country have expressed for him.

At the Booster club, of which he is an honorary member, the admiral addressed a few happy remarks to "my fellow members." In the course of his speech he again indicated his feelings in regard to the political preferment which has been talked about for him.

Will Not Forfeit the Love.

"I have been deeply touched by the tributes which I have received," he said. "They have been tributes of love, and in my future years I shall never accept any office, however high, which might jeopardize that love. It is the dearest thing I have. It is the greatest crown a man can have on the earth, and when I am gone I want it left with my children and their children as their dearest possession."

A delegation from Ottawa, Kan., presented the admiral with an invitation to address the Chautauqua of that city, and upon his statement that it would be necessary for him to decline the invitation, a member of the delegation insisted that "No" would not be taken for an answer.

Political Pull Useless.

"We will get our governor and senators and congressmen after you," said the Kansan.

"They will have no more influence than you, for I am not in politics and do not expect to be," the admiral replied.

The day for the admiral was a round of receptions, at each of which he expressed his gratitude for tokens of esteem and approbation. He was feted by city and county authorities and presented with resolutions of esteem. The demonstrations reached their climax in the banquet given in his honor by the Hamilton club in the banquet hall of the Auditorium. Approximately 600 guests were present.

Mrs. Schley seemed to enjoy the demonstration even more than her distinguished husband.

Train Not Like a Ship.

"I did not sleep very well last night," said the admiral, in a moment when the crowd along the way was not engaging his attention. "You know a train doesn't rock the way a ship does. It's too lucky—and the whistles—they'd wake the dead. But I feel in first-class health, and I hope to survive those many years—well, at least five years, for I want to finish my itinerary."

A reporter ventured the remark, referring to the absentee crowds, that the admiral "had it all coming to him."

"It is as great a reward as can be heaped for on this earth," the admiral remarked, half to himself; "but in the streets above, boys, we shall all be better judged and will receive our proper rewards—the rewards for the good we have done, I mean, and punishment for our misdeeds."

Still Simply a Sailor.

At the Hamilton club banquet tonight Admiral Schley said:

"What I desire particularly to say is that I thank you most sincerely for the welcome that you have accorded to me. The algid tribute which I met on arrival at your depot, and in passing through your streets, was such a tribute of confidence and esteem that it has touched my heart most sincerely. (Applause.) If I, in my long career of 45 years, have done anything that is worthy of your approval, then my satisfaction is complete. (Applause.)

"I wanted only to say that I am simply a sailor, and that I have served you in storm and in calm, in sunshine and in bad weather, from pole to pole, and from east to west. The only motive of action has always been, 'My country and my people.' (Applause.) I desire to say most emphatically that I have no desire to be other than a sailor.

Third Denial of Political Ambition.

"I have no aspiration for any civil office, however high it may be. (Applause.) My one ambition has been to serve you faithfully, loyally, devotedly fellow-men, and if I have succeeded in doing that the measure of my ambition is full, and my only other ambition is that I may retain for the rest of the years that may be vouchsafed for me your love, your esteem and your respect. (Cheers.) I would not care to jeopardize that by seeking or accepting any office where I should be condemned to fellow always, rather than to remain in the one profession that I have chosen, where there are constantly opportunities to lead. (Applause.) That I want to say to you all from the bottom of my heart, and with absolute earnestness of meaning, gentlemen, I thank you."

MRS. RICHARDSON HUGGED IN COURT BY A RELATIVE

Relatives of Her Murdered Husband Rejoice With Her Over Jury's Popular Verdict.

ANOTHER TRIAL PENDING

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

PLATTSBURG, MO., Jan. 25.—Mrs. Addie Richardson was today acquitted of the murder of her husband by a jury which deliberated only 25 minutes.

The announcement of the verdict was received with frantic enthusiasm and joy, not only by Mrs. Richardson and her own and her husband's relatives, but by all the spectators. John D. Richardson, brother of the dead man, seized the widow around the waist and raised her clear off her chair. Holding her in his arms, he kissed her again and again, while the crowd cheered. After she was released by her brother-in-law her venerable father, Adam Lawrence, seized her in his arms and their tears of joy mingled as they embraced each other.

All of the relatives and the attorneys for the defense gathered around the father and daughter and with tears of joy embraced or congratulated the latter and the little Richardson boys were kissed by scores of people.

Defendant Thanked the Jury.

"The defendant is discharged," shouted Judge Barnes. "Thank God, thank God," was shouted in all parts of the room.

Mrs. Richardson pressed forward and shook hands with and thanked each member of the jury. Tears streamed down her face, but she smiled through them and it was evident that she was happier than she has been at any time since the tragic and still unexplained death of her husband.

The defense laid particular stress on the fact that Mrs. Richardson was a typical young southern woman, who, with characteristic hospitality, had thrown her house open to her husband's friends.

Attorney Booher, during his speech in closing the case for the state, said: "If there is anything I could tell that would clear the cloud from this poor woman's character I would be glad to tell it. I am willing to concede that prior to the death of her husband no one stood higher in Savannah than Mrs. Richardson. There was not a breath of suspicion against her."

Another Awaits Trial.

Frank W. Richardson, a wealthy merchant, was shot and killed Christmas eve, 1900, as he was entering his home in Savannah, Mo. Mrs. Richardson was indicted for murder in the first degree and the state endeavored to prove as a motive that she had sustained improper relations with Stewart Fife, a young society man and former business associate of Richardson. Fife was arrested recently at North Yakima, Wash., on a charge of complicity in the crime and is now in jail at Savannah awaiting trial.

LIFT FOR COOPER UNION.

Andrew Carnegie Gives an Additional $300,000 to Endowed New York Institution.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—Andrew Carnegie has, within the last few days, given $300,000 to Cooper union. This is Mr. Carnegie's second gift to the institution, the first one being of a like amount.

The income which will be derived from this gift will, with what the institution already has, enable Cooper union to occupy yearly all of its buildings. It will also admit of paying additional compensation to teachers.

COAL COMBINE IS CONFRONTED BY A SERIOUS OBSTACLE

Illinois Central Railroad Refuses to Negotiate Sale of Coal Lands to Morgan.

REVENUES IN JEOPARDY

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

CARBONDALE, ILL., Jan. 25.—A most serious condition has just been found to exist in the attempt to place the Illinois coal fields under the great coal corporation which now controls the interests in Indiana, West Virginia and Ohio. The Illinois Central railroad has carried in the past 17 per cent of the coal of the state; allied interests run the per cent over 50. About ten days ago a demand was made for some agreement that its carrying revenue in the future would not be lessened by the eliminating of competition; to this only an evasive agreement was proposed, whereupon the road refused to deal longer with the J. Pierpont Morgan interests and suggested that the Harriman people would be acceptable as negotiators. The present condition, therefore, means that the Chicago & Eastern Illinois road, which is controlled by the Morgan syndicate, may endeavor to enlarge her coal carrying at the expense of other coal roads of the state.

The present contest may delay the plans of the combine for several months unless the railroad interests of the state shall be amply protected in their revenue. Indiana operators during the past week have been receiving their money for their coal properties and by February 1 the entire coal interests of the state will pass into the syndicate's hands. In Illinois no permanent repairs to properties are being made, owing to the knowledge among the operators that only a short time will elapse before the syndicate will be prepared to secure their property.

WILL ISSUE BONDS.

Detroit Street Railway Properties Controlled by Everett-Moore Syndicate Will Not Be Sold.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 25.—L. C. Hutchins, attorney; John C. Donnell, Assistant Secretary Peters and Director George H. Russell, of Detroit, and the officers of the Detroit United railways, met with the bankers committee today for a thorough discussion of the Everett-Moore syndicate situation, especially as applied to the Detroit interests. These gentlemen, with the acquiescence of the bankers' committee, authorized the execution of a $10,000,000 mortgage on the Detroit railways properties. The action was a confirmation of the desire of the individual stockholders, expressed at a meeting held earlier in the week. Of the $35,000,000, $18,500,000 will go for underlying bonds. The remainder is largely to be set aside for future betterments.

According to Mr. Hutchins this money will be used for Detroit United purposes; none of it is to be used on any other of the syndicate properties.

It is the opinion of the Detroit directors that the property will not change hands. The statement is made to deny several recent statements that there is a possibility of the property being sold to others than present owners. Mr. Hutchins said the property belongs to the stockholders and they have expressed no intention of disposing of it, intimating that it could easily be disposed of.

Minister Brown Married.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, Jan. 25.—United States Minister Herbert W. Bowen was married today to Miss Carolyn Clegg of Galveston, Tex.

WRATH AGAINST GOV. STONE IN M'KEESPORT

He Is Charged With Having Acted in Bad Faith in an Appointment.

PRIMARIES IN BOROUGHS

Nearly All the Towns in the County Had a Preliminary Contest Over Nominations for Ward Offices. Both Parties Were Engaged.

McKeesport has had a taste of Stone-Flinn politics. W. B. Mansfield was yesterday appointed alderman of the Fourth ward, McKeesport, by Gov. Stone, although Gov. Stone and Senator Flinn had promised that the appointment would go to John J. Gibbons, a police lieutenant under Mayor Black. Mansfield was nominated for alderman a week ago at the Republican primaries and Gibbons has announced that he will be a candidate against Mansfield on the Citizens ticket.

Councilman P. J. Murphy, who worked to secure the appointment of Gibbons, last night accused Gov. Stone and Senator Flinn with double dealing. Councilman Murphy claimed that during the state convention in Harrisburg last August he called upon Gov. Stone and in the presence of Recorder Murphy of Allegheny Gov. Stone promised to appoint Gibbons the following day.

"Mayor Black and I called upon Senator Flinn a few days after the November election," said Mr. Murphy, "and Senator Flinn said that Gov. Stone had refused to make an appointment until after the February election.

"I said to the senator that if he was able to secure the removal of Maj. Brown as recorder of Pittsburgh he ought to be able to get an alderman appointed in McKeesport. Senator Flinn said he would not discuss that point.

"The appointment of Mansfield means that Mayor Black and his friends have been turned down and deceived by Gov. Stone and the Pittsburgh boss. We do not propose to let the matter rest, and Gibbons will be elected alderman on the Citizens ticket.

Primaries were held by both parties in most of the boroughs of the county last night. The results follow:

In Sharpsburg and Etna.

One of the largest Republican vote ever turned out at a Sharpsburg primary was cast yesterday with the following results: Council: Thomas Young, George W. Carmichael and Robert A. Saint; school directors, Dr. D. P. McIntosh and H. G. Woerner; justice of the peace, F. W. Schrandt; auditor, George W. Henry; constable, William D. Thompson.

A heavy vote was cast in Etna yesterday at the Republican primary and the following were elected: Council, John L. Robertson, William H. Miller and Albert W. Morton; school directors, George H. Caivert and George A. Speer; auditor, B. H. Crowther; constable, W. C. Armstrong; high constable, William Partridge.

The Aspinwall Republican primary resulted as follows: Council, S. R. McMorran, J. B. McKibbin and John C. Weiderick; school directors, H. A. Stout, Charles Wendr and J. J. Kitner.

Millvale and Coraopolis.

The Millvale Democrats of the Second and Third wards held their primaries yesterday afternoon. They resulted as follows: Second ward, William C. Kammerer and James Dickey for council. Third ward, council, D. E. Hickey and Edward Vero; school director, Philip Kounz; constable, James Spitzer. A. J. Needling, Democrat, and James N. Kidney, Republican, are candidates for justice of the peace.

The Republicans of Coraopolis had a lively primary election yesterday. The total vote cast was 334, the largest in the history of the borough. The winners were: Council, A. A. Cox, W. F. Ingersharp and George B. Link; school directors, H. M. Cochran and J. W. Meadows; auditor, B. E. Harper; constable, B. H. Cochran; judge of election, John E. Hines; inspector, J. V. Erhardt.

In Valley Towns.

The Oakmont Republican primaries resulted as follows: H. S. Paul and J. F. Hunter school directors, J. F. Leard, G. A. Schabel and A. F. Warner councils and James King constable.

At Vernon the following ticket was nominated: F. D. Nutting and J. E. Marquis, school directors, Charles Condron, George H. Scott and Ernest Reinhold council and William Davis constable.

The Republicans of Carnegie put up this ticket: First ward, council, Robert Bell; school director, James C. Cubbage; constable, George E. Foster. Second ward, council, W. G. Bigham; school director, Samuel Gamble; constable, Jacob Strettenberger. R. J. Hardy borough treasurer and A. A. Tarter high constable.

The Democrats of the Second ward, Homestead, nominated the following ticket: Justice of the peace, Felix Boyle; constable, J. J. Cavanaugh; council, F. J. Nair; school directors, Dennis Murray and John Derkins.

Other Hot Contests.

In Munhall the Republicans put up the following ticket: Justice of the peace, G. W. McCleary; school directors, O. C. Rosten and N. A. Whitten; council, W. C. Martin and John Beil; constable, William Baughamer.

In Sewickley the Republican primaries resulted in the nomination of A. F. Allewett justice of the peace; First ward, council, Joseph D. Miller; school director, Dr. I. B. Chantler. Second ward, council, C. F. Navin; school director, J. T. Nevin.

The Rankin Republicans named the following ticket: Council, F. G. Bishoff, Charles B. Guttridge and Thomas Watkins; school director, George Barnett, John S. Donnellon and A. W. Glover; constable, William Sullivan.

In Wilkinsburg the Republican vote was heavy, resulting as follows: Council, First ward, George A. Grabe; Second ward, J. Frank Miller. Third ward, Samuel B. Thompson. School director, First ward, J. D. Anderson; Second ward, John M. Lindsay; Third ward, W. J. Kennedy.

HENDERSON ELECTED.

Captain of Company I. Chosen to Be Major of the Third Battalion of the Eighteenth Regiment.

After one of the warmest fights in the history of the Eighteenth infantry, Capt. Alexander J. Henderson of Company L, was elected major of the Third battalion last night. Eighteen ballots were necessary and when it was cast Capt. Henderson was elected by one vote. He was at once sworn into commission by Col. Rutledge and assigned to the command of his battalion.

When Col. Rutledge called the assembled officers to order and asked for nominations 30 officers of the regiment were present in the general headquarters in the Oakland armory. These officers were then nominated: Capt. A. J. Henderson, Company L; Capt. Albert Obert, Company G; Capt. Harry McKain, Company I, and Capt. C. C. Huff, Company B.

It was midnight before the result was announced. On the first ballot Capt. Henderson led with three votes. This lead was never lost. At the close of the 18th ballot Col. Rutledge was called by the officers and presented with a handsome saber by Lieut. Edward E. Kearns, on behalf of the officers of the regiment. After the present of the saber balloting continued. The election of Capt. Henderson was greeted with a cheer and he will don his oak leaves knowing that his election was unanimously indorsed by the line officers of his regiment.

FUSION IN PHILADELPHIA.

Slate Arranged by Democrats and Municipal Leaguers.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 25.—A conference of representatives of the local Democratic party and the Municipal league was held tonight to arrange a fusion ticket to be voted for at the February election.

The following candidates were selected: For city solicitor, Charles C. Binney; for magistrates, Thomas E. Fitzpatrick and James F. Gorman. Fitzpatrick is substituted for Magistrate Charles P. Donnelly, who was nominated by the recent Democratic convention, but retired from the ticket in the interest of fusion and harmony.

POULTRY PREMIUMS.

Many Cash Prizes for the Pittsburgh Show.

The premium lists of the fifth annual poultry, pigeon and pet stock show of the Pittsburgh Fanciers' club were issued yesterday. They show a great increase in the amount of the premiums, which foot up nearly $3,000 in cash, besides many special prizes in merchandise or cups. The club will open its show in Old City hall February 17, and will have on display the finest collection of birds ever shown in Pittsburgh.

The Pittsburgh show is more than a local display. Four years ago, when the Fanciers' club gave its first exhibition, the entries came from the immediate vicinity of the city, and not a score of birds from outside Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia were on display. Yesterday President G. Wash Moore received in his morning mail requests for premium lists from South Carolina, New Jersey, New York, Wisconsin, Illinois, West Virginia and Iowa. This shows the wide reputation which the show has.

Council Elects Officers.

The building trades council last night elected the following officers: J. M. Ryan, of the steam fitters, president; Alexander Hunter, of the painters, vice president; Michael Gallentine, of the structural iron workers, secretary; George Miller, of the stone cutters, treasurer; Charles Camp, of the electricians, reading clerk; William S. Erb, of the lathers, sergeant at arms; J. W. Slattery, of the plumbers, H. W. Legleitner of the ornamental iron workers, and P. F. Mulvehill of the slate and tile roofers, trustees; George Boyd, of the structural iron workers, P. E. Smith, of the painters, Charles Camp of the electricians, Hollis Smith of the hoisting engineers, and George Morris of the stone cutters, arbitration committee.

Carrying Off Supplies.

John Weil, 30 years old, of 15 Grove street, employed as a butcher in the Seventh Avenue hotel, was arrested last night by Detectives John Roach and Albert Swinehart. A complaint was made to Superintendent Phillip Demmel that large quantities of meat, butter, fish and canned goods were being taken from the commissary at the hotel. The detectives saw Weil carrying packages from the hotel when he left his work at night. When he was placed under arrest last night he had several pounds of beefsteaks and butter under his arms. Information of larceny will be made against him on Monday by the hotel proprietors.

Peanut Cart Is Held.

Officer D. H. Smith of the South Side yesterday arrested a peanut vender on Carson street upon a charge of not having a license. The Italian and his cart were taken to the Twenty-eighth ward police station. An attempt was made to get the cart in the patrol wagon house and then into the cell department, but this was found impossible, and it was taken around to the front door. Here the policemen, with the assistance of the Italian, tried to get the cart in, and during their efforts the Italian let go the cart and darted out the door. This was the last seen of him, and all that Policeman Smith will have to show at the hearing this morning is the ownerless peanut cart.

Fourth Case in Braddock.

Jesse Hamilton, a negro, was found suffering from smallpox at 5 Seventh street, Braddock, yesterday. He was taken to the pesthouse, making the fourth taken there in the past two weeks.

A REMARKABLE WORK.

The Greatest Literary Achievement of the Age—Appleton's Universal Cyclopaedia and Atlas.

The world's greatest thinkers and scholars have made possible the appearance of a cyclopaedia that truly deserves to be classed as the most extraordinary achievement of this age. Yes, more, judging it from every avenue of approach it is unquestionably the best and most helpful book of knowledge that in the annals of modern research has ever been presented to the consideration of the public. This thoroughly modern educational work is issued by the D. Appleton Company, of New York. It is styled as "Appleton's Universal Cyclopaedia and Atlas." In its scope it covers each and every subject of human knowledge. Being absolutely modern in every detail of its vast and comprehensive field of learning it has been indorsed by the foremost scholars of the world as the recognized and authoritative standard cyclopaedia. The Appleton cyclopaedia has been compiled by a trained corps of forty editors and 3,500 associate editors. It is issued in twelve royal octavo volumes, and is well printed and handsomely bound. On another page of this issue may be found the introductory advertisement which explains the mode and manner by which this valuable work can be procured. Anyone desiring to purchase an unsurpassing reference library ought to take advantage of the liberal offer of the publishers.

THE WEATHER.

Time of sunrise today..... 7:18 a. m.
Time of sunset today..... 5:40 p. m.

Daily report for yesterday furnished by the United States weather bureau:

Time.	Bar.	Temp.	Hum.	Wind.	Weather.
8 a. m....	30.28	32	79	N. W.	Cloudy
8 p. m....	30.35	31	87	S. W.	Clear

Comparative temperature and precipitation for January 22:

	1902	1900	1898	1838	1897	1896
Maximum	36	50	30	52	4	40
Minimum	23	20	23	26	*7	34
Mean	26	35	27	40	*2	37
Precipitation	.06	.18	.06	.44	0	1.07

*Below zero.

Maximum temperature, 2 p. m..... 36
Minimum temperature, 8 p. m..... 31
Mean temperature..... 34
Normal temperature for 31 years..... 31
Excess in temperature for the day..... 4
Excess in temperature since Jan. 1..... 31
Normal precipitation for 31 years..... .10
Precipitation for the day..... T.
Deficiency in precipitation for the day..... .10
Deficiency in precipitation since Jan. 1.... 1.79

Government Weather Report.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—Forecast for Sunday and Monday:

Ohio—Rain or snow Sunday, warmer in southern portion; Monday colder with rain or snow in southern and snow in northern portion; fresh easterly winds, becoming variable.

Western Pennsylvania—Increasing cloudiness Sunday, rain or snow by afternoon, warmer in southern portion; Monday, rain or snow in southern, snow in northern portion, colder, fresh southeast winds becoming variable.

West Virginia—Rain or snow and warmer Sunday and Monday, colder Monday; easterly winds becoming variable.

Observations taken at weather bureau stations at 8 p. m.:

Pittsburgh	31	Clear	Kan. City...	30	Rain
Davenport	22	Snow	Chicago	28	Snow
Concordia	10	Snow	Grand Haven	28	Cloudy
El Paso....	58	Clear	Dubuque	18	Snow
Louisville	36	Cloudy	Des Moines.	16	Snow
Chattan'ga	48	Cloudy	Wichita	34	Cloudy
Nashville	42	Rain	*Calgary	4	Ptcldy
Vicksburg	54	Cloudy	*Qu Appelle.	16	Clear
Shreve'pt	50	Cloudy	Salt L. City.	42	Clear
Memphis	42	Cloudy	*Denver	8	Ptcldy
Indian'lis	30	Cloudy	Omaha	14	Snow
Cincinnati	32	Cloudy	*N. Platte...	12	Snow
Parkersb'g	34	Clear	Dodge City..	2	Snow
Columbus	28	Clear	*Rapid City.	16	Clear
St. Louis..	36	Snow	Abilene	22	Clear
Cairo	54	Rain			

*Below zero.

Ocean Steamship Movements.

Port.	Arrived.	Sailed.
Hongkong	Ching Wo	
Queenstown	Etruria	
Yokohama		Olympia
Glasgow		Victoria
New York	St. Paul	Pennsylvania
New York	Pretoria	Rotterdam
New York		Lahn
New York		Mesaba
New York		Ivernia
Halifax	Parisian	
Manila	Adato	
Hamburg	Lincolnshire	
Antwerp	Friesland	Zeeland
Glasgow		Sarmatian
Havre		L'Aquitaine
Liverpool		Saxonia
Bordeaux		St. Louis
Genoa	Maria Theresa	

Bartlett Ranges—Quick Baker—with heat indicator, for coal or gas, makes baking easy and perfect. J. C. Bartlett Co., 332-334 Liberty st. 12pwk

Cut out so as to keep the border on the ballot.

This BALLOT cut from
The Pittsburgh Gazette
of SUNDAY, January 26, 1902.
If received at our office before MIDNIGHT OF FEBRUARY 15.
Counts THREE VOTES for

SERIES B 3 VOTES.

Name .....

School .....

Town..... County.....

For the EUROPEAN TOUR tendered to 25 most popular School Teachers by

THE PITTSBURGH GAZETTE and THE CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

Send all ballots to Excursion Department, Pittsburgh Gazette and Chronicle Telegraph. Ballots not legibly filled out will not be counted. Last ballot will be printed May 31, 1902.

HARRIMAN TELLS RAILROAD SECRETS

GIVES INSIDE HISTORY OF NORTHERN PACIFIC MUDDLE.

Says Himself and Associates Could Have Had Controlling Interest in That System Had They So Desired—Why They Sold Out Again to Morgan.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.—E. H. Harriman was the principal witness today at the investigation being conducted by the interstate commerce commission. Great interest was manifested in his testimony, especially that portion relating to the Northern Pacific deal and the subsequent panic in Wall street, when that stock sold up to $1,000 a share. Mr. Harriman said:

"The Oregon Shore line people thought it would be advantageous to have an interest in Northern Pacific and purchased $78,000,000 worth of stock that was lying loose all over this country and Europe—held by 5,000 to 7,000 persons. We made no contest for the control of Northern Pacific. We purchased a majority of the capital stock. We purchased prior to the supposed contest and no stock was acquired during the panic in May."

Mr. Day of the commission tried to show that the contest for Northern Pacific stock was the forerunner of the panic on Chicago, but Mr. Harriman insisted that such was not the case.

"Some of the stock," he continued, "we had bought in markets all over the world. Some of this was on the way from these various markets to be delivered. In the meantime the sellers borrowed."

Questions were then put that indicated "jobbing" had been resorted to in the purchase and which brought the reply, "The stock was purchased in New York from persons who bought from owners. Then when the so-called contest came and the stock was demanded the sellers found it difficult to fulfill the contracts. Our interests in every case gave those persons all the time they wanted."

Changed Their Minds.

Mr. Harriman said that after the purchase was made he and his colleagues thought the matter over again and they thought better to sell again. He implied that it made no difference really who owned Northern Pacific. Commissioner Prouty asked: "If you had secured a few more millions of Northern Pacific it would have made a difference, would it not?"

"We could have had it," was the reply.

The question as to why Mr. Harriman had disposed of his Northern Pacific holdings, what was lost or made by the transaction and whether Mr. Hill had made some agreement in case the holdings were sold, brought from Mr. Harriman the response that natural conditions controlled.

He said he did not know of any gain made except that his interests found out that they were strong enough to hold their own in Pacific traffic. He said his impression was that the Oregon Short Line had not lost by the transfer. He said Mr. Hill had given no assurance of any division of traffic and that the motive of the original purchase had been that of Preserving to the Union Pacific system the avenues of traffic open to it.

"You wish to represent that no one of the other half of the Northern Pacific interests made any promise in control?"

Mr. Harriman replied: "There is a common interest among us all, and we believe that common interest will be served regardless of holdings. That common interest can be served by natural conditions. Our interests are so in common that we cannot injure others without injuring ourselves."

The Question of Rates.

The question if the formation of the Northern Securities Company and the association of so many roads might influence rates brought a denial. "It may enable us," said Mr. Harriman, "when brought so close together, to eliminate the prevailing district as to the various lines maintaining traffic rates. The complaint has been of too high rates—we may be able to stop the discrimination in rates of one shipper against another.

"If Mr. Hill or myself owned all the roads the people would get better rates because of conditions. With a freer hand we could the better regulate rates to any point. The prevailing movement of cars, etc., influence." He added that he did not think competition ever reduced rates more than temporarily.

At the conclusion of his testimony, Mr. Harriman took a special train for New York. Mr. Hill, who was not called again to the stand, was excused and accompanied Mr. Harriman.

SAFE AS SLEEP.
VEG-O-ZON
—FOR THE—
Painless Extraction of Teeth
Veg-o-zon is made fresh at this office every day, and we guarantee its purity—no ill effects follow its use.

BEST TEETH $8.00
Guaranteed in Writing 10 Years.
Gold Crowns and Bridge Work, $5 for the Best.
Teeth Cleaned 75c. Silver Filling 75c
New York Dentists,
Established 10 years in same location.
54 Sixth St., Cor. Liberty
Open nights till 9. Sundays 10 to 2.

SCHWAB SAYS THAT AMERICA WILL WIN

CONFIDENT OF COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY FOR THIS COUNTRY.

German Capitalists Are Fearful of the Competition That Is About to Assail Them and Are Willing to Make Concessions to Keep the Business.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS CABLE TO THE GAZETTE.]

BERLIN, Jan. 25.—Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel Corporation, in his tour of the European continent, arrived here Thursday and has had two busy days seeing acquaintances and receiving a procession of bankers and manufacturers who wanted to see the man who is directing five milliards of capital. Mr. Schwab's observations in France, Italy and Austria, and now in Germany, have confirmed his belief that their external markets will inevitably become the markets of the United States, and that all they can do in their trade contests is to preserve their domestic markets, through tariffs, the Americans appropriating the rest of the world.

Schwab's Statement.

"Naturally," said Mr. Schwab, "it is to America's interest that the German tariff should not be increased; but I do not think we can expect Germany not to increase her tariff so that it will really protect her home market from our competition. If Germany does not raise the tariff, it means that our highly finished goods, as well as our coarser products will take this market. American exporters quite expect Germany's tariff to go up. It is not in Germany, France or Austria that we can sell largely, but in England, Russia, Turkey and China and the free markets where Germany and England find outlets. Time is the only element, and it will not be a very long time until they are all ours."

Pledge Wanted From Morgan.

The newspapers say that Herr Ballin, a director of the Hamburg-American line, and Dr. Weigand of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, before entering into negotiations with Mr. Morgan, will demand a pledge that the American capitalists will abstain from buying more of the shares of the Hamburg-American and North German Lloyd companies. They will also, it is said, propose that only German vessels shall take freight from German ports, for which monopoly they are willing to pay Mr. Morgan a certain percentage on the business, or, perhaps, avoid competing with some of Mr. Morgan's English lines.

The Kruez Zeitung this evening expressed grave fear for the German iron industry. "When Morgan and the steel trust control ocean navigation, even protective tariffs," says the Kreuz Zeitung, "cannot prevent the flooding of the German market with American iron and steel."

During today's debate on the budget in the reichstag Dr. Roesike of the Agrarian league asked for information in regard to the news that directors of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company and the Hamburg-American Packet Company were conferring with J. Pierpont Morgan regarding the proposed trans-Atlantic freight traffic agreement. Dr. Roesike declared that the empire must protect itself from such a monopoly.

Schamberg's Body Arrives.

The body of Max Schamberg, formerly Austro-Hungarian consul at Pittsburgh, who died at Meran, Tyral, October 10, 1901, arrived in New York yesterday on the steamship Pretoria. The body was brought to this country by Philip Silverman, a brother-in-law of the dead man, who went to Europe for that purpose two months ago.

IT'S VALUE WE OFFER IN THIS
RETIRING SALE
Every pair of shoes to be sold at cost.
UNHEARD OF SHOE BARGAINS
$5 and $6 Shoes at $3.60
$4 Shoes at $2.85
$3.50 Shoes at $2.65
$3 Shoes at $2.35
$2.50 Shoes at ... $1.60
$2.50 Shoes at ... $1.25
First Quality Glove Rubbers (Ladies') 39c
R. TAGGART & SON
No. 513 FEDERAL STREET.
Come early and take advantage of these great bargains.

RECOGNITION DEMANDED BY UNION MINERS

This Point Will Be Insisted Upon at Conference With Operators.

WORKING CARD MUST GO

Anthracite Miners Have Adopted a Button Which Will Take Its Place. President Mitchell Advises Caution in Preparation of Scale.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE GAZETTE.]

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Jan. 25.—A conference of the delegates from the anthracite field was held at Central Labor Union hall this evening when important action was taken toward settling the trouble that has arisen in the past over the non-recognition of the union by the operators.

A committee composed of President Mitchell, T. J. Duffy, president of district No. 7; T. D. Nichols of district No. 1, and John Fahy of district No. 9 was appointed to draw up a resolution to be presented to the convention. Just what the text of this resolution will be is a carefully guarded secret, but it is believed it will not go to the extent of binding the organization to the effort to require the operators to recognize the union before the delegates will consent to confer in regard to the scale. The special committee will confer with the scale committee and will offer the scale of prices the anthracite delegates intend to insist on for the coming year. This ultimatum of the anthracite men will be incorporated in the report of the scale committee, and will be made a part of the demand to be made at the coming conference of operators and miners.

Button Instead of Working Card.

President Mitchell attended the conference and counseled the miners to be conservative in their demands, and it was largely through his influence that the committee was appointed to prepare the resolution. This measure will probably be offered to the convention tomorrow morning. The anthracite delegates decided to do away with the old working card which has been in use nearly a year and substitute a button instead. This step was taken in accordance with the recommendations of President Mitchell.

The conference also voted to act as a unit in all matters where the interest of the anthracite miners are at stake. No matter if delegates have personal objections to certain propositions, they will be bound by the action of the majority. The scale committee held a meeting today but adjourned after a short session. The committee will wait for the report of the scale committee appointed by the anthracite miners to offer its proposed scale of wages before taking any action. The committee may not be ready to report before Tuesday.

Will Avoid Future Trouble.

The constitution committee met yesterday, it is understood, agreed to a resolution to be offered when it makes its next report to provide that in the future the national officers cannot dismiss the employes in the office without submitting the matter to the executive board. While the members of the committee as well as the miners in general are glad at the way in which the investigation of the charges against President Mitchell and Secretary Wilson turned out they feel that future trouble may be avoided if this rule is followed out.

The constitution committee, it is also understood, will report in favor of the amendment to elect the national officers by direct vote of the locals. Delegate John P. Reese, president of the Iowa district, sprung a surprise in the convention yesterday by offering a resolution to admit the Iowa delegates to the joint conference of miners and operators next year.

Slap at F. L. Robbins.

The resolution provides that in case the operators will not agree to admit Iowa to the 1903 conference the coming conference shall immediately adjourn without fixing a time or place for the next meeting. The executive committee is to fix the time of the meeting and to invite all regularly organized districts to send delegates.

This resolution is a direct slap at F. L. Robbins, the big eastern operator. The Iowa miners claim he is responsible for keeping them out of the conferences in the past.

The convention adjourned at noon and the delegates marched to the soldiers' and sailors' monument, grouped themselves on the steps and were photographed.

Nearly 100 New, 1902 Pianos Sacrificed.
Only Three Days More (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday), of This Remarkable Sale of Pianos at Sacrifice Prices and Then the Contractor Has the Store for Several Weeks.
But During These Three Days We Make the Most Astonishing Offers Ever Known in the History of Piano Selling in This or Any Other City in the World. Open Evenings.
Standard Pianos of the World. Pianos—The Genuine Chickerings, Hardmans, Steinway, Kroeger, Behr Bros., Haines & Co., Gildemeester & Kroeger, Fischer, Decker Bros. and Other New or Nearly New Pianos at
$100 TO $150 LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES.
THREE DAYS MORE.
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
Now for a wonderful finish of a most remarkable sale.
In addition to the goods named in previous advertisements listen to what we have to offer you
Nearly one hundred brand-new Pianos, 1902 style cases, the best that can be produced by the most famous factories in the world:
(The genuine) CHICKERING, HARDMAN, KROEGER, Haines & Co., Behr Bros., and some of all the other great pianos, of which this store has exclusive sale.
New guaranteed pianos as low as $167.
Now, you understand this sale originally was intended to close out stock on hand. We expected to have a few pianos before new goods would come in. We will frankly say we have tried to keep these new goods from coming in. But a contract is a contract, and we have to accept the goods when they are due or break our word. We have received the goods. But three days remain of the sale. The goods—these beautiful new goods are here—and must be sold in three days, no matter if the sacrifice is great.
It is a great chance.
Don't be unwise enough to miss it.
Think of it—used upright pianos as low as $67.
A RECORD SALE!
It will interest you to know that during three days we
Sold 20 Pianos
Amounting to $8,050.00.
It will interest you more to know who some of the purchasers have been. Read the names:
First Presbyterian Church, Allegheny.
Dr. Kennedy.
Rev. George W. Sherrick, Williamsburg.
Mrs. Lucien Cummings, Ohio.
George de Lowis, Edgeworth.
J. K. Frazier, Allegheny.
H. B. Good, Mt. Washington, Pa.
W. H. Platt, Allegheny.
George A. McClure, Braddock.
S. G. Gormley, Braddock.
John A. Fuchs, Elliott Borough.
H. B. Archer, Ohio.
Charlton Dixon, Sharpsville.
W. J. Cunningham, Beaver Falls.
Mrs. Ella English, Allegheny.
A. L. Arner, Monessen.
Mrs. Sue A. Cess, Homestead.
Dr. A. F. Kuhnsman, Munhall.
J. J. Cluney, City.
C. B. Meyers, Mt. Lebanon.
But now we propose to do another remarkable thing.
During these next three days we will extend credit and make terms to all worthy persons at no advance over the regular sacrifice prices.
Don't miss this chance to actually save hundreds of dollars on a new or nearly new (genuine) CHICKERING, HARDMAN, STEINWAY, KRAKAUER, KROEGER, FISCHER, DECKER BROS., HAINES & CO., BEHR BROS. and others that stand at the top as world-famed instruments. Don't put off. Come Monday morning to
FREDERICK'S MAMMOTH MUSIC STORE, G. Schroeder, Mgr.
633 Smithfield St. (Entire 6 Stories), Near Seventh Ave.
Exclusive agencies for the sale of the genuine Chickering Pianos, Kroeger Pianos, Behr Bros. Pianos, Haines & Co. Pianos, Kingsbury Pianos, Foster Pianos, Brewster Pianos and ten other makes, and the recognized standard Organs of the world, Mason & Hamlin and the world-renowned Estey Organs.

CARNEGIE HALL PITTSBURGH EVENINGS AT 8.
BURTON HOLMES LECTURES.
(Successor to John L. Stoddard.)
Tues., February 4, MOSCOW.
Wed., February 5, SIBERIA.
Thurs., February 6, PEKING.
Thurs., February 13, KOREA.
Course Tickets, $2.50, $2.00 and $1.50. ON SALE WED., JAN. 29, AT MELLOR'S. Single Tickets, $1.00, 75c and 50c. Mon., Feb. 3.

The Welsbach Home Art Calendar For 1902 Can be had
Free
By calling at The Salesroom Of the Welsbach Co.
722 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Handsomely lithographed in ten colors. No advertising on front. Sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

The Woman Who Saves
Is self-reliant, independent. Women want savings should have a Bank Account here. $1 enough to start with. Your savings earn 4 per cent. SEND FOR BOOKLET.
PRUDENTIAL TRUST CO., 624 Penn Avenue, E. E. Pittsburg.

WALLACE OPTICAL CO.
Both Phones.
624 PENN AVENUE.
Ask for the Lens Guard. Never slips.

CRYSTAL GAZING.
Marvelous Revelations. Light From the Far East.
Corresponding members desired in every city desiring manifestations to search for truth. Telepathic communication with distant friends. Private parties. Society will furnish circles. $1 postage prepaid. Send for particulars and proof. PSYCHICAL RESEARCH SOCIETY, P. O. Box 149, Newport, R. I.

Pittsburgh's Best Afternoon Paper, The Chronicle Telegraph.

Largest Talking Machine House West of New York.
MUST MOVE
Building coming down Feb. 1st—Only one week more to close out the stock.
Goods to be sold at A HALF OR LESS than a half regular prices.
A few
FAVORITE GAS RANGES
still unsold.
All broken lots of Glassware, such as Lamps, Shades, Globes and Chimneys—all Cutlery, Guns, Revolvers and Sporting Goods of all sorts—are included in this
HALF PRICE SALE.
COLUMBIA TALKING MACHINES AND RECORDS
go with the rest, and you never got entertainment so cheap before.
Forced to vacate by Feb. 1st, and, not wishing to carry any of the above goods to our new store,
632 Smithfield St.
we offer the Half Price inducement for quick sales this week.
THE BENTEL CO.
Cor. Sixth St. and Duquesne Way.

Don't Carry the Baby, but go to
J. G. Lauer's Toy House,
620 Liberty St.,
AND GET A
BABY GO-CART
OR A
BABY TENDER.
That's better for yourself and for the baby, too.
A large assortment of new styles now in stock, with all the modern improvements and at reasonably low prices.

Best Teeth, $8.00
Gold Crowns, $4.00
Bridge Work, $4.00
Painless Extracting.
ALBANY DENTAL PARLORS
Fifth Ave. and Wood St.
Open Evenings.

Fine Tailoring, Cleaning and Pressing. Pants Pressed, 15c.
P. E. ELYENOFF,
405 FEDERAL ST.

DISORDER RULES IN DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY VOTING

Candidates Engage in Personal Encounters at Connellsville.

CONTEST AT BELLEFONTE

Both Parties Placed Borough Tickets in the Field at Butler—Scottdale and Sharon Also Hold Primaries. Names of the Nominees.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE GAZETTE.]

CONNELLSVILLE, PA., Jan. 25.—The Democratic primaries held here today created more interest than has been known for years. The contests were in the First and Second wards, and disorder ruled at the polling places from the opening to the close of the voting. Personal encounters between rival candidates were numerous and fights frequent. Repeating and side-door voting was detected several times and trouble followed. In the First ward the warmest fight was for constable, ex-County Detective Frank Campbell being pitted against Martin Coyne. Campbell won by ten votes, as did John Reynolds, who was opposed by S. R. Mason for council. In the Second ward there was a hot councilmanic fight, William Britt, a machinist with the labor vote behind him, winning over W. F. Sharbaugh, a brewery employe, by ten votes.

A Hopeless Fight.

SCOTTDALE, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—At the Democratic primary election today the following candidates were named for borough officers: Judge of election, Nelson Pyle; inspector, P. J. O'Connor; school directors, John Kritsehgau and Daniel L. Sherrock; council, C. D. Weimer, Robert E. Griffith and Joseph P. Keller; constable, William McIntyre; high constable, George A. Arvin; auditor, William Kittell. The principal interest was in the candidates for council, as the Democrats assert that with a strong ticket they can elect two and possibly three councilmen, notwithstanding the odds against them are about three to one.

BELLEFONTE, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—The Democratic primaries tonight witnessed only one contest of interest, that for overseer of the poor, ex-Sheriff W. A. Ishler being the defeated aspirant. The ticket nominated was as follows: Borough treasurer, George R. Meek; overseer of the poor, P. H. Gerrity; auditor, W. J. Singer; councilman, S. K. Woodring, George Mallory and H. A. Kirk; school directors, J. L. Seibert, D. F. Portney and A. Lukenbach; constables, J. V. Rishtnour, William Dawson and George Taylor.

Both Parties Voted.

BUTLER, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—Both political parties held borough primaries here today. There were few contests and little attention paid to getting out the vote. The Republican ticket is as follows: High constable, Ed. Kramer; auditors, John W. Caulter and W. H. Hite; council, First ward, James A. Gibson; Second ward, George Millinger; Third ward, George Seibert; Fourth ward, Nicholas Snow; Fifth ward, John Lefevre; school directors, First ward, J. W. Hutchison; Second ward, A. W. Davidson; Third ward, Findley McQuistion; Fourth ward, A. W. McCullough; Fifth ward, M. R. Shaner; constables, First ward, John Herdman; Third ward, Isaac Donaldson; Fifth ward, P. W. Brown.

The Democratic nominations are: High constable, D. H. Russell; auditors, Joseph Heineman and W. H. Hite; council, First ward, M. N. Heinzer; Second ward, Harry Grieb; Third ward, R. S. Cornelius; Fourth ward, Edward Weigand; Fifth ward, James W. Thompson; school directors, First ward, Thomas Frazier; Second ward, Edward Osterling; Third ward, J. J. Sheiring; Fourth ward, J. A. Bonner; Fifth ward, S. D. Purvis; constables, Second ward, A. N. McCandless; Third ward, J. M. McCormick; Fourth ward, John Pistorious; Fifth ward, Matthew Brown. The Democrats made no nomination for constable in the First ward and the Republicans made no nomination for that office in the Second and Fourth wards.

Republican Ticket Named.

SHARON, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—The Republican borough primaries were held this evening, and a very light vote was polled. The result was as follows: For council, S. S. Mason, Charles Vanderholt, W. J. Davies; constable, William Rudicel; school directors, John W. Mason, James P. Whitla; auditor, Charles C. Marshall.

NEW KENSINGTON, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—At the Republican primaries held here this afternoon the principal fight was for constable—H. T. McElroy winning with a marjority of one over R. Laughlin. The following is the full ticket nominated: Council, F. E. Patton, W. H. Richards, H. E. Sayers and L. M. Shimel; school directors, T. D. Donaldson and Edward P. King; constable, H. T. McElroy; auditor, W. J. Walters; high constable, C. O. Miller; judge of election, Charles W. Walker and D. B. Sullman; inspectors of election, H. J. McKean and E. O. Zellmer; assistant assessors, E. A. Bieser and Henry Galbraith.

OIL FIND IN ILLINOIS.

Peoria Mineral Company Drills in a Promising Well.

PEORIA, ILL., Jan. 25.—The Peoria Mineral Company today struck oil on their ground across the river from the city. Although the well is not a gusher, it is flowing in quantities that promise a gusher within the next few feet. The well was sunk 675 feet and first a gusher of salt water was struck. Then the the flow of oil began.

The announcement of the find has caused considerable excitement among the business men of the city. The company owns 1,200 acres of land and is incorporated under the laws of Maine.

Youngstown Man Fatally Stabbed.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—Clate Freck, son of a wealthy retired meat dealer, and himself proprietor of a large butcher shop, was fatally stabbed by "Mike" Cowden tonight. Freck was sitting in a rear room of George Crowley's saloon with Bertha Dobson when Cowden intruded. Freck is 27 years old and recently divorced. Cowden made his escape.

OFFICE FURNITURE AT A BARGAIN. Moving of the Equitable Life Offices Makes an Exceptional Opportunity.

The Pittsburgh Agency of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, which now occupies the entire seventh floor of the Tradesmens building, will move into the new Frick building about April 1, and now offers the entire furnishment of the present offices for sale.

The furniture is all of solid oak, in excellent condition and consists of about 90 roll and flat top desks—large and small—8 bookeepers' desks—4 typewriter desks—6 tables—50 office chairs—several settees—and a large number of filing cabinets of all sorts—about $5,000 worth of furniture in all. It will be sold for cash at very low prices, to be delivered as soon as the agency removes—not later than April 1.

The furniture can be seen at any time at the agency offices. If you cannot come, write for circular describing the various pieces. Direct all inquiries to Chas. M. Reich, Equitable Life, Tradesmens building.

Bartlett Range—Quick Baker—J. C. Bartlett Co., 423-425 Liberty st. 1mwfa

TARIFF TROUBLES FOR WEST INDIES

ANNEXATION BRINGS WITH IT DELICATE QUESTIONS.

Under Danish Rule Different Ports Are Under Different Arrangements—Prosperity or Ruin Depends Upon Action of Congress if Treaty is Satified.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE GAZETTE.]
(Copyright, 1902, by The New York Herald Co.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—Congress will determine the status of the Danish West Indies immediately after the islands are formally transferred to the United States. Inhabitants of St. Thomas will, undoubtedly, request congress to authorize the continuance of that point as a free port, basing their request upon the fact that their very livelihood depends upon the vessels which call.

Consular reports received at the state department show that the cattle and vegetables raised on the island are for home consumption only, and most of their imports come from the United States. If congress should direct the application of a discriminating tariff in favor of the United States, the effect would, it is asserted, be disastrous to St. Thomas and eventually ruinous to the three islands.

Different Tariffs for the Ports.

Denmark has recognized the necessity of maintaining St. Thomas as a free port. At present there is imposed a duty of 3 per cent on the value of invoices of goods brought into the island. There is a material difference in the customs tariff for this island and that enforced at St. Croix. The latter raises sugar, molasses and rum and the exports of these products are taxed. Goods consigned to Denmark pay a lower duty than those sent elsewhere.

Administration officials see no objection to the maintenance of a free port in St. Thomas. In the Philippines all nations pay the same duties upon their goods imported into the islands. This is the result of the provision in the treaty of peace with Spain, which requires the admission of Spanish ships and merchandise to the ports of the Philippine islands on the same terms as ships and merchandise of the United States. Other countries secure the advantage of this concession under the "most favored nation" clause of their commercial treaties with the United States.

Porto Rico Affected.

Undoubtedly, Porto Rico will urge that St. Thomas and the other islands be placed in the same position she occupies; but as Porto Rico raises articles for export, as well as for home consumption, and as St. Thomas' value lies in the fact that it is a port of call, congress may conclude to observe the same policy as that adopted by Denmark.

ST. THOMAS, D. W. I., Jan. 25.—The announcement which reached here yesterday of the signing of the treaty by which Denmark sells the Danish West Indies to the United States was received quietly. There was no open manifestation, but much anxiety prevails regarding developments.

The Danish cruiser Valkyrien will remain here indefinitely, it is reported, so as to guard against disturbances, which, it is believed, are not likely to occur.

THE PRINCE'S TOUR TO BE "PERSONALLY CONDUCTED"

Arrangements Made With the Pennsylvania Railroad to Supply a Sumptuous Special Train.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—The department of state has just concluded negotiations with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the movement by special train of Prince Henry of Prussia and suite during his visit to the United States. The arrangement includes the transportation of the prince to Washington upon his arrival at New York, his return to New York, the steamer transportation to Shooters Island, where the "Meteor" will be launched, as well as his tour through the upper south and the principal cities of the east, west and northwest. The movements of the prince will be made by the special train provided by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and run under the well and widely-known methods of its "personally conducted" tourist system. The train will start from Washington March 1 and will arrive at Chattanooga Sunday morning, March 2.

It was decided today that Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice Roosevelt will attend the state banquet to be given by the president in honor of Prince Henry. Heretofore it had been decided that there would be no ladies present.

FOR THE ENCAMPMENT.

Pittsburgh G. A. R. Men Anxious to Have This City Supersede Washington as Gathering Place.

The Allegheny county association of the Grand Army of the Republic will make an effort to have the next national encampment of the G. A. R. held in Pittsburgh. Last fall the encampment was voted to Washington, D. C., upon request. However, Washington has done very little toward arranging for the gathering, and has raised only about $25,000 so far. The national executive committee of the Grand Army will meet in Washington next month, and there is every reason to believe that if any other city can make a good offer for the national encampment it will be taken away from Washington.

The Allegheny county association met yesterday afternoon and Thomas G. Sample strongly advocated an effort to have the encampment come to Pittsburgh. There was some little debate on the matter, but finally a committee, consisting of F. L. Blair, Samuel Duvál, W. J. Hamilton, L. W. Mallisee, Thomas G. Sample and H. H. Bengough was appointed to confer with the chamber of commerce as to the advisability of making a request for the encampment.

ORE PRICES FIXED.

Bessemer Association Makes Price the Same as Last Year.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 25.—The Bessemer Ore association finished its work today and fixed the base price for all old range Bessemer ores at $4 25, which is the same as last year's price. No agreement was reached as to non-Bessemers or Mesabas, but the latter will sell from 25 to 35 cents a ton higher than last year.

It is expected that a very large amount of ore will be sold during the coming week.

Steel Car Plant Projected.

NEW CASTLE, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—Prominent business men of this city are forming a company to erect a pressed steel car works. Several desirable locations have been viewed, but no site has yet been selected. The capitalization will be near the million dollar mark. The entire stock will be held by local men, but the promoters state that they are not yet ready to announce their plans.

FOR SALE.

JOHN F. SWEENY.

Is in the midst of the eighth annual sale of his East End easy payment homes. Lovely little properties at from $2,500 to $4,500, on easy re payments. Without doubt the greatest opportunity for rent-payers in Allegheny county today. Sales closing every day. Write at once for full particulars.

JOHN F. SWEENY.

239 FOURTH AVENUE, 4TH FL.

Want Liquor Licenses—Beaten by a Mob

POSTMASTER BEATEN BY A MOB AT UNIONTOWN

ATTACKED IN A STREET

Victim Blamed for Causing Discharge of Coke Workers.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE GAZETTE.]

UNIONTOWN, PA., Jan. 25.—An assault was made on Postmaster Clarence H. Beall this evening by five men over a political quarrel, and Beall was badly injured. William P. Bailey, Jacob Grim, Calvin Smithley, Hudson Hubn and another man whose name is not known, all from Oliver, were standing in front of the postoffice as the postmaster drove up, and as he jumped from the buggy the gang jumped on him. Beall is a fighter, but the odds were too great, and he was knocked down and the crowd began jumping on him and kicking him in the face. Bystanders rushed to Beall's assistance, and he was soon freed from his assailants, but not before he was terribly kicked and cut about the head. The services of a physician were necessary to sew up bad cuts on the head and one big gash across the face.

The trouble dates back to last November's election, in which the Republican leaders at the Oliver coke works were accused of assisting to elect S. E. Frock, Democrat, sheriff. Beall, it was charged, was instrumental in having them discharged. W. P. Bailey was yardmaster at the Oliver coke works; Jacob Grim, a son-in-law of old "Bill" Pritts, the moonshiner, occupied a position with the same company, and the others implicated in tonight's assault were also employed at Oliver and lost their positions.

Bailey, Huhn and Grim were arrested and left forfeits, but the other two were not caught. Beall was carried to his home.

HUGE TRACTION DEAL ON IN PHILADELPHIA

New Company Formed to Absorb the Union System and Perhaps the Mack-Foerderer Syndicate.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE GAZETTE.]

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25.—A company composed of New York and Philadelphia capitalists has been formed to absorb the Union Traction Company. President John B. Parsons of the Union company has been acting on behalf of the company for several weeks on the preliminaries, but so far has not made known the terms suggested, waiting to secure more favorable ones.

Mr. Parsons today sent out verbal notices to the directors to meet him Monday afternoon. The object of the meeting is to consider a proposition which will at that time be submitted.

P. A. B. Widener tonight confirmed these facts, but beyond them he declined to be quoted. President Parsons is in New York tonight.

The chief proposition of the new company is to exchange its stock for that of the Union Traction Company, but just on what basis cannot be ascertained in advance of the meeting. The opinion prevails that the negotiations have been practically concluded. Many believe that the scheme also embodies the taking over of the elevated and underground holding of the Mack-Foerderer rapid transit syndicate, and that existing and prospective transit lines are to be merged.

BEQUESTS TO MASONS.

Will of a Philadelphian Makes Liberal Provision for Aged Members.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25.—By the will of William McClary many thousands of dollars are bequeathed to churches and charitable institutions. The estate is valued at upwards of $112,000. Among the bequests is one of $20,000 to the Pennsylvania grand lodge of the Free Masons to be used for the support of the home for aged Masons in this city. Another legacy of $30,000 is left to the grand lodge of Free and Accepted Masons to establish a perpetual fund, the interest only to be devoted to the support of a home for the care and education of orphan children of Free Masons.

If the home is not established within 20 years the fund with its accumulation is to be paid to five trustees named in the will, who are instructed to utilize the interest and income in educating and supporting minor children of Free Masons in good standing in accordance with a code of rules to be prepared by the trustees and approved by the grand lodge.

Dayton Without Opposition.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—Stark L. Baker of Beverly, who recently announced his candidacy for the Republican congressional nomination from the Second district, says today that he has reconsidered the matter and will support Congressman A. G. Dayton for renomination. This leaves Mr. Dayton with a clear field up to this time, and it is thought he will be tendered a nomination without opposition.

Big Sale of Coal Land.

GREENSBURG, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—A big coal deal was closed this afternoon. The tract is in the Ligonier valley and comprises 2,000 acres. The purchaser is the Oliver & Snyder Steel Company, Pittsburgh, and the development of the field may be begun at an early date. The price was $200,000 and the first payments have been made.

BANKING BUSINESS SHOWS AN INCREASE

Pennsylvania Deposits for 1901 Are $76,000,000 More Than in 1900.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

HARRISBURG, PA., Jan. 25.—The annual report of Banking Commissioner Frank Reeder for 1901 shows that during that period there was an increase in deposits of over $76,000,000 in the institutions reporting to the department. During the same period 47 new trust companies and 9 new banks were chartered, some of them in small towns which heretofore have had no such institutions. The following shows the cash on hand, etc., as per report to the department on November 26, 1901, with the amount of increase:

Cash on hand and due from banks and bankers, $70,768,874 25; increase, $13,373,072 92; loans, $218,949,291 18; increase, $54,283,014 56; investment securities, $252,936,290 35; increase, $34,885,189 41; capital, $53,792,713 17; increase, $15,135,580 17; surplus, $47,086,759 01; increase, $11,476,022 82; undivided profits, $22,872,039 45; increase, $5,867,737 85; deposits, $431,576,421 85; increase, $76,003,989 36; trust funds, $495,992,084 01.

LOST WIFE AND MONEY.

Cambria County Woman Elopes With a Young Man From Carnegie.

ALTOONA, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—Word has reached the police of this city by telephone that the wife of George Boyer, a well-known hotel proprietor at Wilmore, Cambria county, eloped with a young man who, it is believed, resides at Carnegie, Pa. She is reported to have with her $1,000. The couple was seen when the mail express rolled into the Pennsylvania depot here last night by City Warden G. W. Downing, but he was balked in arresting them by the man demanding a warrant.

The police later traced the couple to Bellwood, then to Hollidaysburg and back to this city.

To Build a Blast Furnace.

SHARON, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—The Northside Iron Company of Sharpsville has elected the following officers: S. A. Robinson, president; Andrew Nickle, vice president; C. B. Kanter, secretary and treasurer. The company will secure a state charter and will erect a blast furnace for the manufacture of pig iron.

James S. Fruit Seriously Ill.

SHARON, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—James S. Fruit, internal revenue collector, who has been ill at his home on East State street, this city, for several weeks, was taken to Chicago tonight, where he will receive special treatment. His condition is said to be serious.

Dismantling a Car Plant.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Jan. 25.—The machinery of the local plant of the American Can Company is being dismantled preparatory to shipment to Chicago. The reason given for removal is that the plant is too far from the market. The plant here was one of the most important of the combine.

STATE AND NEIGHBORHOOD.

KENT, O.—Mrs. Laura Reed was granted a divorce yesterday from Frank L. Reed. Both are prominent in social circles.

WASHINGTON, PA.—Alma Jones, the 15-year-old girl who was burned at the home of Herbert Logan, died from her injuries.

CALIFORNIA, PA.—Joseph Stanton, single, aged 25 years, was killed last night by a train on the Pittsburgh, Virginia & Charleston railroad.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.—The Blair county Republican committee has fixed the date for the spring primaries on Saturday evening, March 15.

AKRON, O.—Dr. Joseph E. Kent, who created a sensation several weeks ago by marrying his 16-year-old stenographer, has been indicted for forgery.

STEUBENVILLE, O.—Lewis Singer, aged 16 years, fell off the porch of Robert Hagan's home, at Adena, and struck his head against a stone, dying two hours later.

GREENSBURG, PA.—The residence of Harry Brunker, near Byrom, was, with all its contents, destroyed by fire last evening, causing a loss of $2,500, with no insurance.

BUTLER, PA.—The committee of trades councils have posted notices that the street car strike, that has been on here since December 1, has been satisfactorily adjusted.

SALEM, O.—John Rabel, aged 21 years, and single, driving from this city to his home at Garfield last night, was killed at the West Main street, Pt. Wayne, crossing by a train.

FAYETTE CITY, PA.—Several hundred miners at the Marine coal works are on strike. A limit of 2,800 pounds has been placed on wagons, which the men want increased to 3,500.

ZANESVILLE, O.—Culp Bros., after a study of the geology of the city, are confident that a pool of oil lies somewhere below Zanesville, and will sink several wells on property in West Main street.

WARREN, O.—Charles Neiman, alias Marshall, charged with pocket-picking at Cleveland, who disappeared when his bail was increased from $200 to $1,000, was captured at this place last night.

WORCESTER, O.—The grain and hay warehouse of Tonsetts & McCay, near the Pennsylvania depot, this city, was destroyed by fire yesterday. The loss is estimated at $8,000, on which there was $4,000 insurance.

SHARON, PA.—Three negroes entered the store of H. Sherman, on South Broadway, last night and stole a quantity of goods. A small boy claims the men threatened to kill him if he cried out. There is no clue to the robbers.

VANDERGRIFT, PA.—John Yarger was caught by an electric crane in a mill here last evening and so badly crushed that death ensued in a few minutes. L. W. Arner, employed in the same mill, was crushed to death at the annealing furnace.

PUNXSUTAWNEY, PA.—At a meeting yesterday of the representatives of the miners and coal operators of the Rochester & Pittsburgh Coal & Iron Company their differences were settled and the threatened strike has been declared off.

CINGWOOD, W. VA.—Miss May Pauley, while crossing a bridge at Fellowsville last night, was run down by a party of roughs on horseback and knocked off the bridge to the ice below. She was found unconscious and almost frozen. Her condition is serious.

MAKING HARD FIGHT AGAINST LIQUOR LICENSES

WASHINGTON AROUSED

Churches to Hold Temperance Meetings to Protest Against Saloons.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE GAZETTE.]

WASHINGTON, PA., Jan. 25.—The fight against the granting of liquor licenses in Washington borough is becoming widespread, and it is feared by the applicants that they stand but little chance of securing license. For the first time in many years three applications for license, together with petitions signed by many prominent citizens, were filed in the local court.

The move was entirely unexpected by the Anti-Saloon league, and since that time the fight against license has been waged hotly. The church people and the authorities of Washington and Jefferson college are especially active in the fight and petitions are being circulated throughout the borough and surrounding vicinity.

Temperance services will be held tomorrow morning at the Presbyterian, First Christian and Jefferson Avenue Methodist Episcopal churches and services at all the other churches will be dispensed with. Prominent anti-license men, including President J. D. Moffat of Washington and Jefferson college, will speak and great interest has been aroused.

CAMERA SNAPPERS MEET.

Gather at Philadelphia to Arrange for Convention and Exhibition Next Summer.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 25.—The officers of the Photographers association of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and West Virginia met tonight at the Vendig hotel to make arrangements to hold a convention and exhibition in Philadelphia next summer. They will be in session during the next two days. Following are the officers:

President, Alfred Holden, Wissahickon, Philadelphia; first vice president, T. B. Clarke, Indiana, Pa.; second vice president, John D. Strunk, Reading, Pa.; secretary, G. W. Brown, Beaver, Pa.; treasurer, William I. Goldman, Reading, Pa.; delegates, J. E. Giffin, Wheeling, W. Va.; John Bals, Jr., Baltimore; J. B. Cummings, Wilmington, Del.

Carnegie Library for Kenton.

KENTON, O., Jan. 25.—The Kenton library board today received a letter from Andrew Carnegie offering to the city of Kenton $17,500 for a library. Louis Merriman, a Kenton banker, has promised $10,000 for an endowment, other people have raised $5,000, and the city has guaranteed site and a maintenance.

Easy for Tayler.

LISBON, O., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—Congressman R. W. Tayler will go to the congressional convention in June with a solid delegation of 30 votes from Columbiana county. According to a recent resolution, passed by the Republican central committee of this populous county, the names of all candidates for legislative honors had to be filed today at noon. Attorney James A. Marlin of Elkton, has no opponent for nomination as probate judge.

HARRIS BRINGS CIVIL SUIT.

State Treasurer Wants $20,000 Damages From Bellefonte Editor.

CLEARFIELD, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—State Treasurer-elect Frank G. Harris has brought a civil suit for $20,000 damages against P. Gray Meek for the alleged libelous article printed in the Bellefonte Watchman August 29, 1901. This is the same article used as a foundation for the prosecution for criminal libel, which is to be tried February 3.

Meek's attorneys say the new action is a "bluff" to prevent their prosecuting their defense in the criminal case. They intend to put Register, Klaus and other leaders on the stand to show that Meek had ample reason for publishing the article.

Trolley Line Contracts Let.

WHEELING, W. VA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—The new directory of the Wheeling Traction Company, chosen at a stockholders' meeting today, let the final contracts for material for the new lines to St. Clairsville, O., and from Martins Ferry to Bridgeport, O., to connect with the road extending from that point to Steubenville. Work upon both extensions will begin at once.

WATERPROOF FOOTWEAR

NO OTHER BOOT HAS AS MANY WATER-PROOF QUALITIES.

For heavy service wear, for street, business or dress wear—Shoes and Boots that for comfort, style and durability are not equaled—

Our lines are exclusive and built on years of practical experience in Waterproof Footwear.

At $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, $8.00 a Pair

We show 10-in., 14-in. and 17-in. Top Boots, and the usual height of Top in Shoes—in Black and Tan English Grain and Enamel Leathers—with Extension Soles—and with or without Leather Linings—

At $3.00, $3.50 and $3.90 a Pair

We are showing a special lot of Men's Waterproof Shoes reduced from $4, $5 and $6.

Mail Orders Filled.

W. M. LAIRD CO.

402 to 408 Market St. 431 to 437 Smithfield St.

KLEBER 60 Years in Business.

APOLLO TRUTHS

NO. 4.

The phenomenal success of that most marvelous of all Piano Players—the APOLLO—enables us to SELECT from the daily offers of exchange, in part payment, comparatively new Players of other makes.

HEAR IT—SEE IT—

AND LEARN WHY THIS IS SO.

This week we offer two

PIANOLAS—One used but three weeks—at a big reduction.

KLEBER'S 221 223 Fifth Ave.

Agency for Knabe, Henry F. Miller, Stratbe, Crown and Opera Pianos, Burdett Organs and Virgil Practice Clavier.

From Weaver to Wearer.

Patterson Dry Goods Co.

Monday, January 27th. In the Suit Department We Offer Special Bargains.

Black and Colored $45.00 and $50.00 Suits,

$25.00

$75.00 Suits at

$50.00

All other prices cut for Clearance of the present stocks.

Successors to Hogue & Hacke.

Fifth Ave. & Market St.

Patterson Dry Goods Co.

Monday, 27th.

Suit Department.

CAPES—

Balance of the Cape Stock to sell tomorrow at the following reductions:

$12.00 Capes..... $7.50
$18.00 Capes..... $10.00
$20.00 Capes..... $12.00

Long Coats and Raglans

are to be completely closed out—to clear the Sep'm't for spring.

There is three months this season's wear yet for these goods, and some rare bargains.

PATTERSON DRY GOODS CO.

Successors to Hogue & Hacke.

Fifth Ave. & Market St.

From Weaver to Wearer.

Patterson Dry Goods Co.

Monday, January 27th.

GLOVE DEPT.

Kid Gloves, 55c.

A broken lot to be closed out this week at the above price—

Browns, Tans, Greens, Reds, Navys—
Sizes 5½ to 8—
New Clean Goods—
Good Shades—and a Regular $1.25 Glove.

Successors to Hogue & Hacke.

Fifth Ave. & Market St.

Patterson Dry Goods Co.

Monday, 27th.

AT THE LACE COUNTER.

We make laces—and we buy largely from importers, and that is why you buy them so much less here—

English Torchons, 1 to 3 in. wide.... 4c a yd.

Valenciennes Laces..... 3c a yd.

All other weaves underpriced.

Women's Linen Collars

Special tomorrow—

10c each or $1.20 doz.

Just 50 doz. in this lot; all styles; regular 15c goods.

PATTERSON DRY GOODS CO.

Successors to Hogue & Hacke.

Fifth Ave. & Market St.

CORSET SALE

Monday, 27th.

January Clean-up of all broken lines American Lady and H. & H. regular dollar goods.

50c a Pair.

PATTERSON DRY GOODS CO.

Successors to Hogue & Hacke.

Fifth Ave. & Market St.

From Weaver to Wearer.

Patterson Dry Goods Co.

Monday, Jan'y 27th.

Hoisery and Underwear Clearance.

A straight reduction on all grades of 20%

All 25c articles 20c
All 50c articles 40c
All 75c articles 60c

And so on up the line.

Successors to Hogue & Hacke.

Fifth Ave. & Market St.

Patterson Dry Goods Co.

Monday, 27th.

Separate Skirts

Some choice bargains in Velvets, Corduroy, Taffetas, etc.—as well as the lower prices quoted below.

$15.00 Skirts at $9.75

Double-faced cloths in Blue, Brown, Oxford, Gray, etc.

$10.00 Skirts at $6.75

In Black Broadcloths and all Newest Cuts.

$8.00 Skirts at $4.75

about one dozen only in Gray Oxfords and a lot of regular $5.00 and $6.00 Gray Oxfords at

$3.00

$6.00 Skirts at $2.75

In light Gray Cheviots, together with a lot of broken up assortments.

at $1.95 each

Being manufacturers of these garments, we can cut prices closer than the regular retailers, as is easily seen.

PATTERSON DRY GOODS CO.

Successors to Hogue & Hacke.

Fifth Ave. & Market St.

Pittsburgh Gazette.

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Private Branch Exchange — Advertising Solicitor. Circulation Dept. Managing Editor.
Grant, 108. — Reporters' Room.
Grant, 1111. — City Editor.
Grant, 1147. — Society Editor. Stereotype Room. Composing Room. Mailing Room. Engine Room.

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The Pittsburgh Gazette receives the full report of the Associated Press every day of the week, in addition to its special telegraph and cable services.

TERMS.

Daily Edition by carrier in Pittsburgh, Allegheny and surrounding towns for 6 cents per week.

Sunday Edition 5 cents per copy.

Rates by mail within the United States and Canada, outside of the City of Pittsburgh:
Daily Edition at the rate of $3 00 per year.
Sunday Edition $2 50 per year.
Daily and Sunday Editions, per month, 50 cents.
Daily and Sunday Editions, per year, $5 00.

Anyone unable to purchase a copy of the Pittsburgh Gazette on trains or at news stands will confer a favor by reporting the fact to this office.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26, 1902.

FORTY-FOUR PAGES.

The postage on a single copy of this issue is four cents.

All Obstacles Removed.

It is gratifying to learn that the citizens of Washington, D. C., have settled the dispute concerning the entertainment of the members of the G. A. R. at the encampment to be held this year. The delay in beginning preparations, it now appears, was due entirely to a demand of the Business Men's association that the railroad companies make a generous contribution to the entertainment fund. The demand not having been promptly complied with there was considerable sharp criticism, much of it directed at the Washingtonians, but the railroads have at last decided to contribute as desired, and the controversy is happily ended.

Washington is so well adapted to the purposes of large gatherings that there will be rejoicing among the veterans and their friends that this year's encampment will be carried out as had been planned. The citizens of the national capital can be depended upon to do their full share in honoring the old soldiers, and the veterans will feel very much at home in the city which they saved from invasion in the dark days of the 60's.

Cuba Asks More Help.

Tomas Estrada Palma, president-elect of Cuba, is on record as saying that all Cuba is she owes to the United States. The island surely owes this country a debt of gratitude which it is not taking very rapid steps to pay, and perhaps we ought not to expect payment very soon. It seems, indeed, as though it is necessary to increase the number of the items on the debit side of the ledger. Cubans earnestly desire the United States to aid them commercially. They want lower duties on their sugar. They point out that their Spanish market is gone and that they must look to the United States. The American club of Havana cables to Speaker Henderson that American interests in the island, amounting to $80,000,000, need help to avert a financial crisis. This body declares that reciprocity with Cuba would open Cuban markets so wide that imports of American manufactured goods would increase $30,000,000 within a year. President Roosevelt in his message recommended liberal trade relations with Cuba, for weighty reasons of morality and national interest, and no doubt congress will soon do something more for the queen of the Antilles.

Oleomargarine in Congress.

Oleomargarine's friends in the national congress are no more numerous than in the state legislatures. The contests between the dairymen and the butterine makers, whether fought in the state capitals or in Washington, generally end in a victory for the owners of the cows. The bill which the committee on agriculture has agreed upon as a substitute for the Grout bill places burdens upon oleomargarine which will fill the heart of the butter maker with joy, because they will seriously handicap his competitor. The act puts oleomargarine under the police power of the state into which it enters. It taxes the product 10 cents a pound if colored and ¼of a cent if uncolored. Manufacturers are taxed $600 each, and revenue officers must have access to their books.

It is a well-known fact that butter makers color their product, but the government does not tax them for heightening its complexion. The object of the high tax on oleomargarine is not to obtain revenue, but to discourage manufacture. The dairymen would like to prohibit it entirely. The lawmakers do not consider the consumers' interests, apparently. It has been demonstrated that oleomargarine is a wholesome article of food, and it is difficult to justify the efforts to prevent its sale. When butter is high in price, oleomargarine is found to be an acceptable substitute by thousands of consumers. Lawmaking bodies should not single out this industry for destruction. They might, and, indeed, should, take measures to prevent oleomargarine from being sold as butter, but beyond that they should not go.

The oleomargarine question has its export phase. There is a great demand for it abroad. Denmark, a country which sells vast quantities of butter to England, consumes 45,000,000 pounds of butterine annually. We could sell oleomargarine to foreigners in large and increasing quantities if its manufacture were not so energetically repressed. Indeed, it is the opinion of some who have looked into the subject carefully, that dairymen are standing in their own light by maintaining a position of uncompromising hostility. Lawfully or unlawfully, oleomargarine will be made and sold in America. An opportunity to dispose of the product abroad might result in real benefit to the dairy interests by reducing the quantity available for sale at home.

Helpful Religion.

It is the religion of humanity that has the most prominent place in the creeds of today. Speculative theology must of necessity lie at the base of all forms of religious doctrine and practice, but it is the embodiment of theory into actual service among men for each other that is most potent in the betterment of civilization and in the salvation of men from the evil that is within and the temptation that is without. A half century ago men regulated their lives more after the law of personal application of the principles of religious and moral truth. Today the world counts by the score great organizations whose chief inspiration is found in the unselfish dictum: "The happiness and welfare of others first, my own comfort last." Science has been brought in as the handmaid of religions. Men's bodies as well as their souls are made the objects of religious effort and helpfulness. Men grasp the idea of the Fatherhood of God more easily when led up to it through a practical, everyday exemplification of the brotherhood of man. The change is distinctly for the better, despite the fear so often expressed that materialism will eventually crowd out all the deeper spiritual significance of religious and moral doctrines. The evangelization of the world has come to be regarded as the larger and more worldwide application of the laws of human helpfulness. If in America this new creed has found its fullest development then it must come to pass that from this nation as a center shall go out influences that will make the world better. Our diplomacy, our commercial treaties and our industrial greatness will not only accomplish their designed ends in the sphere of secular activity, but they will likewise become the mediums through which we teach the nations of the world a finer type of humanity, a closer relation between man and man, and, therefore, a religion more potent that those which consume themselves in mysticism and in the hopeless and fruitless task of signs and divinations. Action rather than reflection is the keynote of the modern creed. It proceeds upon the theory that it is better to build character than to erect monuments. Better to teach men how to live than keep them continually alarmed over the fact of death. There is just as much ignorance and evil in the world, possibly, as ever before in its history, but the hopeful side of the whole question of religious and moral progress is that there are infinitely more forces, better equipped and with clearer purpose of action, at work today than at any period in the life of the race.

A Crusade Against Laziness.

Although the people of the United States are famed the world over for their energy and industry, there are exceptions to this as to every other rule. Having satisfied herself that some of these exceptions are in her vicinity, Mrs. Sophia Demuth, the "anti-lazy man crusader" of Alton, Ill., has entered upon a campaign against habitual indolence. At present she is making a specialty of men who fail to support their families, and the first object of her righteous wrath was a fellow who had not worked for eight months, notwithstanding his confession that he had never been sick a day in his life. The neglected children were taken from him and good homes found for them, while the lazy father was held to await legal action.

Mrs. Demuth has made a good start, and much benefit will result if the example she has set causes emulation in other districts where there are exceptions to the rule of industry. In nearly every community, however small, can be found the shiftless man who prefers to lounge around while his wife tries to support the family by taking in washing or performing some other task of drudgery. Too often there are several such loafers in a community, and the arrest and proper punishment of one would doubtless have a beneficial effect upon the others. There is a wide field for the operation of "anti-lazy man crusaders," and it is to be hoped that there will be enough women like Mrs. Demuth to effectively carry on the crusade.

Saved from Idol Smashers.

The German sceptics who decided that the story of Romulus and Remus was a fairy tale, and who sent it to keep company with George Washington's little hatchet, William Tell's apple and other dear idols of our boyhood days, are not to have the legend-smashing all their own way, at least so far as the founders of Rome are concerned. Prof. Lanciani, the Roman archeologist, has discovered some inscriptions on pottery which seem to vindicate the story tellers, and as the professor is the husband of an American woman, people of this country will have to stand by him. A correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald has been looking over the mythological department in the Eternal City, and he is disposed to regard the brothers as veritable personages. He has seen the place on the brow of the hill where Romulus and Remus had their little unpleasantness, in Cain and Abel fashion, and he is very much impressed. He is disposed to regard the wolf that suckled the infants as a fake, however. Nevertheless, if a man from Chicago is convinced that Romulus and Remus were no myths, the rest of the American people ought to be willing to take their case under advisement.

Short-Lived Fame.

The woman who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel several months ago has been grieviously disappointed. It was a perilous feat that she undertook and performed, and she naturally expected that the public would eagerly pay for the privilege of seeing her. So confident was she of a financial harvest that she engaged a manager and started on an exhibition tour, not forgetting to take the barrel along. Last week the heroine of a few months ago was driven to the necessity of applying to charity officials in Ohio for transportation to her home in a New York town.

While the woman is to be pitied to a certain degree for her sore disappointment, her experience should serve as a warning to other foolhardy seekers after fame. The performance of a hazardous feat for the mere purpose of gaining money-making notoriety has long merited discouragement, instead of being fostered by the gullible public. So long as such notoriety winners are patronized just so long will the death-tempting ventures go on. The bridge jumpers and other fame seekers of that class have fortunately been relegated to obscurity, and now that the Niagara Falls navigator has followed them there is good reason for believing that the American people have repented of the folly of enriching freak heroes and heroines.

In celebrating the twentieth anniversary of his elevation to the bishopric of the Pittsburgh diocese the colaborers and friends of Bishop Cortlandt Whitehead paid a just tribute to a gifted and useful prelate, whose services to his church and to the community in which his activities have been spent are of the most enduring and valuable character.

The observance in some of the local churches of "McKinley day" is a just and fitting tribute to the memory of a man whose faith in Christian teachings was one of the strongest traits of a character devoted to moral truth.

When Texas is not busy striking oil she is finding new gold fields. The octopus will find Texas a pretty healthy country to live in after while.

In bringing a gun as a present for President Roosevelt, Prince Henry shows that he is not above being influenced by newspaper stories.

The national Democracy has decided to worry along in a platformless condition for the present, at least.

That Danish West Indies deal will doubtless provoke considerable wig-wagging in the rigsdag.

Admiral Schley managed to loop that Chicago welcome without so much as the loss of a sail.

The weather bureau seems to have misfiled another cold wave.

Tam O'Shanters will be laid aside for another year's rest.

Good morning. Did you enjoy your haggis yesterday?

PERSONALS.

William P. Northan, first vice president of the J. N. Mathews Company of New York, one of the best known printing establishments in the country, who is a guest at the Hotel Henry, in discussing the art of printing as it is perfected at the present day, declared that it was now on a par with the most artistic paintings and that it was still improving to such a degree that its excellence in a few years could not now be estimated. The company that he represents was awarded a medal of the first class at the Buffalo exposition and the judges declared that the printing in so many colors, as was exhibited by his company, was equaled by only the works of the most celebrated water color artists.

Frank S. Irwin, formerly of Bradford, but who has recently been in Burmah, India, where he has represented an English syndicate for three years, conducting their operations in boring for oil, was a passenger on the limited over the Pennsylvania railroad last evening. At the Union station he said that they had struck oil in sufficient quantities to encourage them to continue their work, but he declined to discuss the subject further. His family live at South Bend, Ind., and he was going to make them a visit of a few weeks.

James Scott, general superintendent of the Lucy and Isabella furnaces of the United States Steel Corporation gave a banquet to 27 of the clerks connected with the two plants at the Hotel Henry last evening. The affair was entirely informal. Several of the officials present made remarks concerning the efficiency of the clerical force and complimented them upon the great success attained, mainly through their efforts during the past year.

From Nearby Towns.

The following people are registered at the leading hotels from nearby towns:

Henry—J. C. Trees and wife, New Martinsville, W. Va.; R. B. Stiles, Bradford; George V. Miller, Scranton; S. G. McCrum, Uniontown.

Duquesne—J. T. Troutheber, Johnstown; James S. Beacon, Greensburg; Judge Harry White, Indiana.

Lincoln—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Parish, Waynesburg; H. B. Harver, Foxburg; Mrs. D. J. Walker, Miss Mabel Walker, Alex M. Stewart, Indiana; Charles Hart, Youngstown, O.; Mrs. C. B. Simpson, Mrs. C. Forbes, John N. Birch and wife, Mrs. A. C. Whitaker, Wheeling, W. Va.

Grunewald—J. E. Bennett and wife, New Castle; G. S. Harrison and wife, Greensburg; J. R. Franz and wife, Freeport; J. A. Smith, Altoona.

Victoria—W. J. Haley, Cameron, W. Va.; B. A. Hughes, Wheeling, W. Va.; George Clarke, Wellsborough.

Monongahela—William B. Dibert, Johnstown; George M'Crum, Uniontown; Lee Smith, Uniontown; A. W. Jones, Youngstown, O.

Newell's—H. R. McKenzie, Oil City; J. G. Hughes, Punxsutawney; W. J. Marshall, Steubenville, O.

Stricken Blind at Her Baby's Bier.

From the St. Louis Republic.

Her dead baby's body may prove to have been the last object Mrs. Philip Westerman of Matson, St. Louis county, was ever able to see. Standing at the child's bier a week ago she brushed a mother's tears from her eyes. Since then she has been blind. Continuous treatment by a St. Louis specialist has thus far failed to restore Mrs. Westerman's sight. The babe being her only child, Mrs. Westerman's grief was intense. She wept constantly from the moment she was informed that the baby could not live until she stood at the side of the coffin where lay her little one. She had kept constant vigil over the sick child, refusing to seek rest when urged by husband and friends to do so. A specialist called to see her believes Mrs. Westerman's blindness is the result of grief, for all his efforts to restore her sight have resulted unsuccessfully.

GAZETTE'S SUNDAY SERMON

A Simple Faith

By the Rev. George H. Hepworth, D. D.

"Ye Believe in God, Believe Also in Me."—St. John xiv-1.

What is absolutely essential in religion, so far as doctrine is concerned, is very little and very simple. The church has for a long time had a strange notion that in order to be saved a man must believe a long list of dogmas, whereas the only condition imposed by the Christ is that a man shall have a heart and a life full of love, which lifts some one's burden whenever the chance occurs and seeks the strength to do it from Him who is Father to all alike.

There is this difference between what is called "a body of doctrine" and a spiritual principle, namely, that not everybody can either understand or accept the doctrine, while no man is so unlettered or so obtuse that he need fail to do what is right because he is in doubt about it. The road to heaven is not a tangled maze of statements about Christ or God, but a straight and open path from the trusting human heart to the immortal life, a path in which the little child and the grave philosopher may hand in hand wend their way with equal pleasure and profit.

You need cornerstones if you erect a building, and for a like reason you need certain beliefs if you make for yourself a character. Faith in a God who will never desert you stands first. It must be an unflinching faith, however, or it will give way in the time of emergency. You begin well when you begin with that and you begin ill if you begin in any other fashion.

I have a queer suspicion that the general faith in the ability or willingness of God to see us safely through all earthly experience is clouded by more or less doubt. It is a matter which we keep to ourselves, but deep down in the heart is a wonder whether this beautiful something which we call religion can be relied upon as firmly, for instance, as the sea captain relies on his compass in a storm. Hence the despair which we find when death comes into the house, and hence our weakness when a bold and insolent temptation assails us. We are not thoroughly convinced, and though we hope that God is there and does hear us when we cry, we have a doubt which seizes us like a sudden throb of agony. That is not religion; it is only the simulation of it. It is a staff of willow, not a staff of oak. It serves in good weather, but in the tempest it falls us. When Davy invented his wire gauze lamp as a protection against the explosive fire damp in mines the workmen looked at it and shook their heads. It was too simple to be worth much. But Davy had faith in his lamp. He lighted the candle, went into the bowels of the earth, sought the spot where fire damp lay in ambush and exposed himself to the danger. He had not only a theory, but a conviction. He would trust his life to it. No test could be too severe. He felt absolutely safe with that lantern in his hand.

That is the kind of faith we want if our lives are to become heroic. And when we are possessed of it we have something else besides. Faith in God produces faith that our early experiences are of our discipline and our preparation. The moment you see God as your Father duty becomes not only clear and distinct, but easy. Alone you can bear but little, but with the infinite reservoir of power and love to draw from you are equal to whatever your position may be. If God is with you then the angels who do His bidding will be your companions. You become one of the great family and will be consciously helped by unseen hands over the rough places. And this consciousness will grow clearer as your faith increases, until in the end there will be only a thin veil between you and the other world. You will live in the friendship of the departed as you live in that of the dear ones in your household. The Christ realizes this, but we are yet dull of hearing and dim of sight.

Immortality will become not a vague hope, or even a reasonable belief, but a demonstrated certainty, and you will live in the two worlds at the same time. Your last hour will find you with a smile on your lips and a great gladness in your heart. You will eagerly step out of a tired body to be welcomed by those who await your coming.

This is the kind of religion which men long for and which they will have when they wake up from this half belief and this make believe to a realization of the glorious truth. It was Christ's religion and it is our own fault if we do not make it ours.

FACT AND FANCY

By ERASMUS WILSON.
The Quiet Observer.

Do you know yourself?

You may know your ideal self, but do you think you would or could recognize your real self were you to meet unexpected?

Has'nt you been disappointed, almost invariably, upon visiting places, or scenes, with which you were familiar through reading about them?

An old resident of Niagara once said that less than 5 per cent of those who saw the falls for the first were not disappointed more or less. Somehow, the grand scene was not what they had pictured it in their minds. Instead of looking down upon the tumbling waters from the surrounding heights, they had expected to look upward and see an immense sheet of water tumbling down from a great height with a deafening roar, and a force that made the earth tremble.

In all his experience had known only one man who was agreeably disappointed. This man said he came expecting to see a narrow stream pouring over a projecting ledge of rocks not much wider than the breast of a mill dam. He confessed that he had read descriptions of the falls, but had thought them exaggerated, nor was the man disappointed in the back-woods, who, in those days, outshone the plumber at his best. But so delighted was he with the wonderful scenes that he never crossed words with John and spent his money freely and cheerfully.

There were many who he had found to be incapable of appreciating the wonder, but were entranced, and likewise taken in by fakirs.

How was it with yourself?

Great Men Are Disappointing.

Have your ideals of famous men ever materialized?

Naturally you would suppose that a man writing such clean, tidy poetry as found in Tennyson's complete works would be a model of neatness, cleanliness and good manners.

And yet those who knew the man most intimately, and who did not care to hide their feelings concerning him, say he was exceeding careless in dress, seemed to have an abhorrence of soap and water, and had no use for combs and brushes. He ate ravenously, using his fingers when they were more convenient than a fork, and found a knife handy in conveying soft food to his mouth.

He could act differently when occasion required, but it was not his liking. His phe was strong enough to take care of itself, and his favorite hat was so limp with age, wear, and want of care that it slouched like a dish rag.

Nor was he an agreeable companion, except at such times as he was in a talkative mood, and then he did all the talking, and upon speeding the parting guests would thank them most heartily for having afforded him such delightful entertainment.

It is written, somewhere, that he once called upon Thomas Carlysle, who was somewhat after his own style, but more so. The two sat in the great author's study for an hour without entering into conversation. When Tennyson took up his slouch hat and stout stick to depart, Carlysle accompanied him to the door, assuring him that he had afforded him a very pleasant hour, and Tennyson expressed regrets that the time had gone so quickly.

Nor were they acting hypocritically, for, no doubt, each had been thinking of things that afforded them no little pleasure—at least more than they could have gotten out of a forced conversation.

You may have met John Fisk when here a few years ago. If you had read his matchless writings, or formed an idea as to his personal appearance your ideal was, in all probability, shattered into fragments upon seeing him step onto the platform to deliver his splendid lecture.

Instead of the rather lank, pale, dapper student-like gentleman whom you would associate with Fisk's simple, smooth style, you saw a big, robust Englishbeef-eater of something like three hundred pounds weight, elephantine in build, crowsly hair, unkept beard, loud voice, and disposed to perspire upon the least provocation.

Such disappointments are not in the least amusing to those who have their ideals so highly exalted that they cannot readily bring them down to the level of the realities.

Isn't It Funny?

Is it not funny, or is it, that the real should, or could, differ so much from the ideal?

It is funny, in the sense that we cannot readily understand why it is so? That there are good and sufficient reasons for it there can be no doubt, and we have only ourselves to blame for it all appearing funny—only funny.

Do you know why the steady, sturdy, profitable horse is less carefully groomed and sheltered and harnessed than the dashing, unreliable and expensive roadster? Or why the fields that yield the more profitable and useful crops are not as finely fenced, as carefully tended, and as much talked about as those given up to the cultivation of luxuries, fancy products, and profitless gardening?

Or, more notably, why it is that the man who does things, provides the conveniences that make life worth living, and who really keeps the great procession moving, has rougher hands, and wears less stylish clothes than the gent who loiters, and strolls, and reads faddish books?

Who are the mothers of men?—the superior women, so-called, who expend their energies in entertaining quality, attending clubs, and keeping track of the fashions? or the less striking, more commonplace child-lovers whose homes are plain but practical, whose husbands are their sweethearts always, and whose souls yearn not for the gilt and gaud of fashionable social life?

Why is it that these mothers of men, these mothers of large families, these mothers of the civilization which we enjoy, are not the products of social hot-houses, class-leaders of great meeting-clubs for the development of women, or belles of exclusive sets?

Works Are What Tell.

"Blood will tell," and so it will, but it too often tells in a way that is neither gratifying nor profitable.

Culture makes the man, the purse alone makes him as the old saying goes, the gentleman. No matter how good the one may be, he cannot make a masterpiece out of faulty marble. Nor can he fashion a well formed figure out of a piece of fine, or even superior marble that has been chipped, or subjected to destructive or deteriorating influences.

What has he done?

The answer to that short, crisp, clerr question determines man's place in this world, and in the world to come. Not merely how many studies he has mastered, how many fortunes he has made, nor how many games of hockey he has won, but what has he done to help his fellow man, to advance civilization, and to make the world better.

Of what use is the college-made doctor of science, of physic, of law, of theology, or of anything, who cannot show that he has accomplished some good in his field of operations, or achieved some success above that of his fellows?

Talk is cheap—about the cheapest thing there is. And that is one of the chief reasons why so many books are printed, and why so many others are written but never printed.

The man who has something to say that ought to be said, or that is worth the saying, is not afraid to say it out loud, and in plain, forceful language. He cares not whether the paper on which he writes is scented, or linen finished, or taken from around the grocer's package. Nor is he particular whether his pen is of gold, or of steel, or of quill, only so it makes clear marks and does not balk, or sputter, or scratch holes in the paper.

He has somewhat to say for the benefit of the times, and the times are waiting for it, and they don't care a snap how he is dressed, what brand of cigars he smokes, or what the vintage of his tipple. Nor do these things disturb his thoughts, nor interfere with his work.

In forming ideals think not of the physical form, the cut of the clothes, the quality of voice, but of practical results, of the immediate pleasure afforded, and of future benefit to the race.

Thus you may form true ideals, and not suffer disappointment when confronted with the reality.

LIFE OF WHITE HOUSE.

Sweet Alice Roosevelt Not Spoiled by Social Distinctions Showered Upon Her Head—Makes Functions "Go" In Which She Takes a Hand.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE GAZETTE.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—From the school room to the White House Miss Alice Roosevelt has passed in a few short months an experience liable to turn a head older than that of a girl barely 18, but which has left her so far the same genuine, kind-hearted girl her young friends have always known her to be—sweet, naive and bubbling over with a fund of irrepressible spirits.

She came to Washington in the fall as the young lady of the White House, and immediately invitations from the representative people of the capital began to come for all days and all hours, for luncheons, dinners, teas and dances. Fortunately, she loves society and revels in the attentions showered upon her; but, unfortunately, her health is not of the best, and many a regret has to be sent to various hosts and hostesses, and most sincere regrets they have been to her, for with her indomitable energy, inherited from her father, and her love of the gay world, she would like to go to all the functions planned for her.

Miss Roosevelt's happy temperament makes everything she is concerned in "go." No dinner party at which Miss Roosevelt is present but its success is assured before, for her sparkling wit and repartee will keep the table in a gale of merriment. After the women have left the men to linger over their cigars, this jolly young girl will seat herself at the piano and rattle off college songs, comic songs, rag-time songs—anything one likes.

At the various functions in the White House men and women stand on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of this young woman. At the last reception one of the women who were trying to catch a glimpse of her was heard to say: "If I could only see Alice Roosevelt, I would go back to my home on the Pacific coast quite satisfied!" Miss Roosevelt always enters the blue room with the president and the receiving party and then takes her place behind the line.

In Miss Roosevelt a latest photograph she appears in the street costume she will wear at the launching of Emperor William's yacht. It is a very handsome gown of blue corduroy trimmed with Irish lace over white satin. Miss Roosevelt's favorite colors are white and various shades of blue, and it is very seldom that anybody sees her in a gown of any other color. At evening entertainments she usually wears chiffon, mousseline de soie or some other diaphanous fabric. As a rule she wears her hair low, in a soft knot in the nape of her neck, with a rose or other blossom coquettishly fastened on one side.

EYE OPENERS.

Jester—Why do no few poets come from Maine?

Finsson—Dunno, why?

Jester—They're not allowed any poetic license in Maine.—Ohio State Journal.

Tom—I don't think I'll ever get up enough courage to ask you to marry me. You know "faint hearts never won fair ladys."

Belle (blushing)—But I'm a brunette.—Philadelphia Record.

"It looks as though we might eventually have wireless telegraphy," said Spriggs.

"Perhaps so," replied Briggs, "but I suppose we shall ever have wireless politics," commented Hooker.—Detroit Free Press.

"What's the temperature's power this morning?"

"Low. It's positively valuer."—Philadelphia Press.

"You are said marshal I see Jones."

"Yes. The gods to confer one more favor on me than I have from politics, except in an official way."—Indianapolis News.

Parson Yonder—Say, pard, I heard a good deal a few minutes ago.

Blind Jerry—Well, that's not the answer I expected from the Rev. Dr. Whitefield after he had been—

"I was appointed to lead that the Rev. Dr. Whitefield was to preach in the Rev. Dr. Whitefield's church, and I thought it would be a good opportunity to get the—

"I was informed by the Rev. Dr. Whitefield that he

NEW FLATS TO FURNISH HOMES FOR THOUSANDS

Apartment Houses Are Going Up All Over City and Suburbs.

SIZE BEING INCREASED

The Iroquois, Just Being Finished, Will Contain 40 Suites, and Cost $300,000 — Others, Even Larger, Are Projected to Cost $500,000.

With the near approach of the moving season the question of flats, their cost, safety, convenience, social advantages and general desirability as places of residence is coming to the front and promises to interest more Pittsburgh people than ever before owing to the great scarcity of houses. "Flats" they are usually called still, although this term is recognized as a sort of connecting link between the "tenement house" of former days, and the "apartment house," which is the name applied to the more pretentious of these buildings now.

The flat craze may be said to have struck Pittsburgh about five years ago. Since then over 150 flats have been built, and the flat population of the city is at least 15,000 persons. The average flat building, according to the building reports is three stories high and contains six suites of from five to seven rooms each.

During the last two years, however, many larger ones have been built, and the apartment houses now contemplated will have several times the capacity of those first constructed.

Many Combination Buildings.

In addition to the flats proper dozens of large houses have been remodeled lately for apartment houses. In other cases, where a house stood on each end of a deep lot, the two were connected and remodeled for apartments. Permits have been taken out, too, for a large number of business blocks of two and three stories, the lower floors of which are designed for stores and the upper floors for flats. All this has swelled the number of apartments for rent and has helped to satisfy the demand of the hundreds of people who are hunting small quarters at a moderate cost.

During the last year the apartment houses which have been erected have been much larger and more pretentious than before. The Idaho and Montana flats in Penn avenue, the Shickler flats in Mathilda street, the McKenna flats at Bryant and North Highland avenues and the Iroquois apartment houses at Forbes and Atwood streets and others of recent construction are intended to satisfy the most fastidious flat dweller.

The New Iroquois Building.

The Iroquois apartments, which were built by James J. Flannery at a cost of over $300,0000, may be considered a fair type of the high-class apartment house. The building was designed by Architect F. J. Osterling and measures 220x80 feet. The walls are of buff brick, with terra cotta trimmings. The first of the six floors will be occupied by the Oakland bank and nine stores and the remaining five floors will be used for apartments. On each floor there will be eight flats. Each regular suite will contain a reception hall, parlor, kitchen, chambers, dining room, maid's room and bath room. In addition to the regular suites, there will be two sets of bachelor apartments on each floor, containing a reception hall, parlor, four chambers and two bath rooms. Each of the flats opens into a private hall. A feature of the building is a light court, which separates each two suites, affording an abundance of light and fresh air.

Building Is Fireproof.

The building is fireproof throughout. The two entrances have tile floors, and the main corridors are lined with tile. Two passenger elevators will accommodate the tenants. The building is provided with a complete electric light and heating plant and with a large steam laundry. Every feature has been planned with a view to comfort and convenience, and the applications for apartments insure the success of the venture.

Among the other flats, which will be ready for occupancy on or before April 1, are the Martin McKenna building, containing 18 six-room flats at the corner of Bryant and North Highland avenues; two of George H. Shickler's three-story flats in Mathilda street; the three-story flats of W. B. Deshon at Frankstown and Homewood avenues.

Other New Apartments.

Flats have also been built for Thomas A. Colmen at Franklin and Trenton avenues, Wilkinsburg; George Hubbard's three-story flats in South St. Clair street; the C. S. Marshall flats at South and Wood streets, Wilkinsburg; the Kuntz flats in Sandusky street, Allegheny; J. Van Tilm's flats in Ivy street; the W. F. Bradbury four-story apartment house at Race and Ellsworth streets; the four-story flats of the United Real Estate and Construction Company in Craft avenue, and the John Kennedy flats in Poplar street, Allegheny.

That the building of high-class apartment houses has only fairly begun in Pittsburgh is proven by the number and importance of the projects which have already been announced or are known to be on the boards for the coming season. Among the latter are a six-story building to contain 49 flats and cost $500,000, which will be built in Center avenue; a similar structure costing at least $400,000 in Allegheny; ten apartment houses to be built by a syndicate in the East End at a cost of $350,000; the McIntosh flats in Allegheny to cost $150,000 and a score of others, the estimated cost of which ranges from $25,000 to $100,000 each.

Bartlett Furnace—Warm House,
J. C. Bartlett Co., 632-634 Liberty st.
13ypwh

NEITHER SIDE HAS WON AN ADVANTAGE

WARRING WINDOW GLASS INTERESTS CUT PRICES, RAISE WAGES.

American Asserts That Its Million Boxes Already on Hand Keep It from Suffering from Changes—Men of New Organization Stand by Independent Co.

While radical measures have been adopted by all interests in the window glass contest, the certain overproduction for the blast leaves no interest with a decided advantage. The American Window Glass Company with its newly allied co-operative interests have an apparent advantage, for the time being, in costs from the fact that their new orders for 500,000 boxes will not take in the additional labor cost, resultant from the recent advance in wages. Officials of the new organization of workers, the Denny organization, have assurances from President C. P. Cole of the Independent Glass Company that it will meet the wage advances of the American company.

Men Are Steadfast.

The contest between the two rival organizations of the workers takes on new phases along with that between the producing companies. Immediately upon the report that the Burke, or North Marion factory, in Indiana had signed the Burns scale, President John L. Denny of the new organization went to Marion. He reported to headquarters here yesterday over the long-distance telephone that all the men there are steadfast to his organization, have quit work, and will be placed elsewhere. Secretary John Phillips of the new organization of workers returned yesterday from a canvass of the eastern factories. He reports that all the men are holding to the organization, and that all factory owners there have met the wage advance of the American company.

Advance Is Being Met.

If the wage advance of the American company was intended to draw over men from other factories it has thus far developed little. All other interests are reported to be meeting the advance. The advantage of the American and its newly associated interests among independent and co-operative factories is that they are selling glass at a price alleged to be higher than the Independent Glass Company, which must meet the wage advance at once or lose its men. The Independent must pay the wage advance on the glass now selling at low prices, while the American does not have to meet it, as it has 1,60,000 boxes in stock.

Both factions of the workers are hard at work in the producing centers. New organization men report the American company short of men for 80 shops out of 40 in the Big Four plant at Fairmont, Indiana.

In the Cote factory at Lancaster, O., the advance of the American company was bested in an offer of $1 a box to blowers. If a blower could reach his limit of production he could earn $192 a month on this. Both factories at Lancaster have notices posted granting the new advance made by the American.

FOUR WERE BURIED UNDER TONS OF ROCK

Cave-In Caught Foreman and Three Laborers in Wabash's Greentree Tunnel.

The foreman of the work on the Wabash tunnel where it is entering Mt. Washington from Woodville avenue, and three negro laborers were severely injured yesterday morning by a fall of slate as they were shoring up the roof so the men could push the work of boring through the hill.

The accident occurred at a few minutes after 7 o'clock. During the night there had been a slight fall from the roof, about 50 feet from the entrance, and Foreman J. W. Gill took a number of negro laborers in with him to brace up the roof. While engaged at the work the rock fell upon them. Gill and three of the negroes were caught.

A rescue party at once went to work to dig out the men. Some of the pieces of rock were so large that they had to be broken with sledges before they could be moved.

Gill is in a serious condition. His collar bone is broken, his head severely cut, and he is injured internally, but how seriously the physician could not tell last night. Henry Henson, in addition to being badly cut by the pieces of rock, had his left leg broken. He was taken to the Homeopathic hospital. James H. Johnson had several ribs broken. He was taken to the camp on Grace street, as was also Andrew Feeney, who had an ankle sprained and was slightly cut.

HIS HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

Host of Lincoln and Douglas Passed the Century Mark Yesterday.

Jacob Spawr, of Lexington, Ill., celebrated his 100th birthday yesterday. He was born in Westmoreland county, Pa., on January 24, 1802, and came to Illinois in 1826, where he was engaged in farming for ten years. Mr. Spawr built the first house in what is now the city of Lexington in 1836. In early days Mr. Spawr entertained as guests Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, David Davis, Leonard Swett and other men of state and national note. He was the first postmaster of Lexington, and in 1840 took the census of the county.

Mr. Spawr has voted at twenty presidential elections, his first ballot being cast for John Quincy Adams and his last for William McKinley.

THE PENSION ROLL.

Veterans, Their Widows and Dependants Provided for.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—The following pensions were granted today:

Pennsylvania—Christy Robb, Butler, $8; William D. Reese, Harrisburg, $8; Albert Reifsnyder, Altoona, $6; Solomon Cassidy, Altoona, $8; John G. Artley, Streets Mills, $8; Thomas W. Dyott, Erie, $8; Samuel R. Hedrs, Erie, $10; Alexander Leslie, Spangler, $12; Morrick A. Stoner, Bedford, $12; Silas Hanah, East Stroudsburg, $8; Henry Kanline, Ross, $12; Abraham Lotterbury, Canonsburg, $12; Robert Nicholson, Confluence, $14.

Ohio—Amos Thompson, Fredericksburg, $10.

West Virginia—John Engelhardt, Charleston, $10; William A. Atkinson, Leon, $10; Jesse B. Fletcher, Farmington, $10; Richard Hall, Littleton, $12; John D. Reed, Hinton, $12.

PITTSBURGH'S ORCHESTRA MAY TOUR EUROPE

Victor Herbert Will Probably Attain Great Ambition Next Season.

IS SANGUINE OF SUCCESS

After Establishing His Organization as the Foremost of Its Kind in America, the Famous Leader Wants to Storm the Old World.

Victor Herbert and the Pittsburgh orchestra will in all probability make a tour through Europe next season. The advisability of the local musicians invading the lands across the waters will be considered further by Mr. Herbert when he visits New York next month. At this time it will be discussed by the celebrated leader and several enthusiastic promoters of that city. When seen yesterday during the intermission of his concert at Carnegie music hall he spoke favorably of the proposed tour.

He said that if a favorable decision is reached at this conference his troupe of musicians will leave for Europe after the conclusion of their coming season at Willow Grove park in Philadelphia.

The invasion of the local orchestra will be watched with a great deal of interest by music lovers in this city. Mr. Herbert has always been assured that the tour would be a success. He said so when the matter was first discussed at the banquet given the members of the orchestra by Andrew Carnegie in New York last year.

Herbert's Greatest Ambition.

Mr. Herbert said then that it was one of his greatest ambitions to lead his orchestra in Europe. He said on that occasion that he had lived in Europe and had played there, and he was sanguine that his orchestra would make a showing that would lead to illimitable success.

When seen yesterday afternoon Mr. Herbert said: "I have been contemplating this tour for over a year, but have never been in a position to discuss the proposition definitely. Last season it was spoken of for the first time. Of course, it was favorably received and I have been looking forward to taking some definite action in the matter. The tour would be a success in every respect. I have lived in Europe and I know about the musical conditions in both countries. We would be surprisingly successful, and that I am assured of.

Will Surprise Europe.

"The musicians of Europe only know of the Boston Symphony and Sousa's orchestras as the musical representatives of the United States. The fame of the Pittsburgh orchestra has never reached them. They only know of Pittsburgh as the place where the steel is manufactured and imagine it is a city of mills. As to anything like an orchestra ever being organized here, that is something that Europeans have never considered.

"This year we have a longer season than any orchestra in the country. We will play for forty weeks. So far we have been very successful and I think the success we have met with in seven years warrants the Pittsburgh orchestra making a tour through the musical cities of Europe."

PRINCE OF WALES MEETS THE KAISER

Crowds at the German Capital Exhibit Little Interest in the Visit of England's Future King.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

BERLIN, Jan. 25.—The prince of Wales, who has come to Berlin to represent King Edward at the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Emperor William next Monday, was received with great ceremony upon his arrival this evening. Emperor William, wearing the uniform of the First Royal Dragoons, accompanied by his second son, Prince Wilhelm Ettel-Friedrich, Prince Henry of Prussia, a number of other princes, the duke of Saxe-Coburg and Goths, the British ambassador and his staff and numerous distinguished personages, were on the station platform awaiting the arrival of the prince's train.

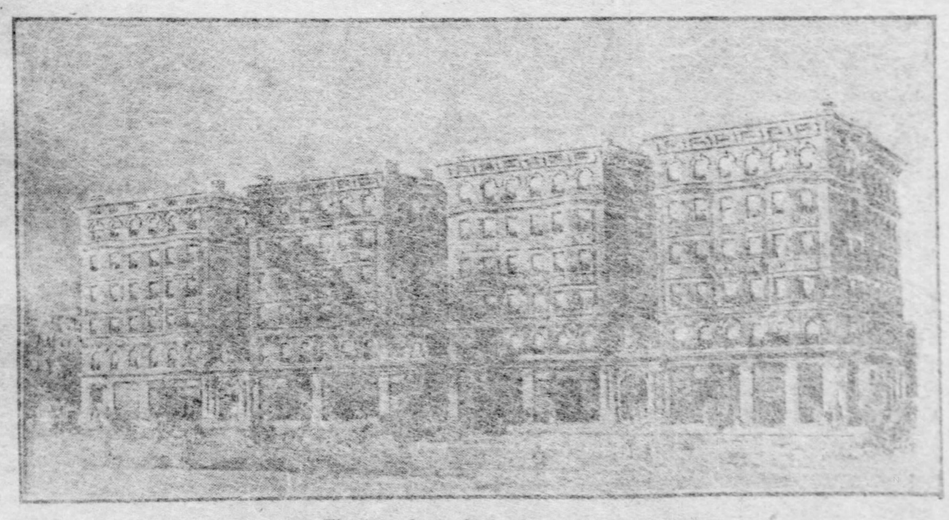
The prince of Wales, also wearing the uniform of the First Royal Dragoons, upon alighting from the train was greeted by the emperor, who advanced and warmly shook his hand. The station was filled with a brilliantly uniformed guard. The prince and the emperor, side by side, passed down the line of the guard, while the band played the British anthem. The military escort passed in review before the emperor and his royal visitor, who afterward drove in a state carriage to the palace, where they dined with the imperial family.

At Emperor William's special order, an unusual number of police occupied the streets. The crowds, however, were small and showed little interest.

The celebrations in honor of the prince of Wales have been limited to the greatest possible extent, owing to the existing Anglophobia. Nevertheless, the prince will lunch tomorrow with the officers of the First Royal Dragoons, Queen Victoria's own, at which function Emperor William is expected to speak.

A Beautiful Calendar.

The Welsbach Light Company have issued a calendar for the year 1902 which unquestionably is entitled to the credit of being one of the most artistic productions of the season. An embossed colored portrait of a strikingly pretty young girl constitutes the major make-up of the calendar. The months of the year are also cleverly arranged. The portrait is styled as the "Light of the Home." Anyone can secure a copy of this handsome calendar by calling at the salesrooms of the company at No. 722 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.



The New Iroquois Apartment Building.

Three Cities, 45 Boroughs, 36 Townships. Population 726,084. Area, Square Miles, 819.22.

Local News of All Pittsburgh

Fifth in Volume of Bank Clearings. Fourth in Rank Among Cities.

Contagious Diseases—Six cases of typhoid fever and five of scarlet fever were reported to the bureau of health yesterday.

Did it the Wrong Way—J. D. Baelor of Wilkinsburg stepped off a street car in Homestead the wrong way. Both his arms were broken.

Pittsburgh Stands Third—Pittsburgh stands the third city as to enlistments in the army for the month of December. San Francisco was first and Philadelphia second.

At Point of a Shotgun—George Lenhart of O'Hara township is in jail on two charges. It is alleged by his mother and sister that he drove them from the house at the point of a shotgun.

Talked on Nature Study—The Pittsburgh teachers' institute in the North school yesterday was addressed by Mrs. L. L. W. Wilson of Philadelphia. Her subject was "Nature Study."

Ground Broken for New Plant—Ground was broken yesterday for the new plant of the American Bridge Company at West Homestead. The range of the Homestead Gun club will be destroyed.

Injured Coaster Is Dead—Thomas Kearns, 21 years of age, living at No. 1821 Tustin street, injured in the coasting accident at Fifth avenue and Robinson street on Friday night, died in Mercy hospital yesterday.

Three Victims Have Died—James Rollinson, 55 years of age, of Duquesne, the third victim of the explosion of the compressor at the Carnegie furnaces at Duquesne on Tuesday morning, died yesterday morning.

Garbed Like a Priest—A man having the appearance and the garb of a priest, who gave his name as John Hearn of Louisville, was sent to jail for five days yesterday to recover from a prolonged debauch.

Will Be Allowed to Go Free—Fritz Moser, the negro who escaped from the workhouse on January 9 and evaded bloodhounds sent after him, has been arrested in New York. The county authorities will not send after him.

Leave for England—Thirty men from the Westinghouse electric plant at East Pittsburgh will leave for Manchester, England, next Wednesday to enter the new plant of the company at that place. A large number of men will leave the first week in April.

Tootnache Caused Death—James Corsey, aged 16 years, died at his home at Munhall yesterday of blood poison. The young man suffered with toothache for a number of days and a swelling began in his jaws. The swelling burst and blood poison developed, causing his death.

Scarcity of Molders—The A. Garrison Foundry Company, with plant at Sixth and Bingham streets, South Side, yesterday doubled the force of molders. The plant now employs 150 men of this trade. There is a pronounced scarcity of skilled men in the crafts.

Must Have Been Smokers—William Stinson, Lawrence Dorgan and Constantine Gallagher, aged from 13 to 16 years and residing in West Carson street, are under arrest for stealing from the platform of a street car 900 tobies, the property of B. Strauss of No. 35 Wooster street.

Wagon Struck by Train—Charles Kretz of DeHaven, in a heavy farm wagon, was struck by a train on the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh railroad at West Etna. Both horses were killed and the wagon demolished. Kretz was thrown into a snow bank and escaped with slight injuries.

An Auditing Company—The certificate of corporation of the Audit Company of Pittsburgh, issued by the state of New Jersey, has been received. The company will not only audit books and accounts, but will indemnify patrons against any loss which may occur through inadvertence or any error.

Was a Victim Herself—Susan Lambert, one of the women accused of throwing burning paper from a window and causing the death of Saverio Andrina, a 4-year-old Italian girl, and herself injured the following day by jumping from a burning building on Penn avenue, was unable to attend the inquest into the death of the child yesterday.

Alighted on His Head—A Hungarian laborer employed at Jones & Laughlins' Soho furnaces and known only by number was badly injured about 8 o'clock last night by falling from a tree to inside the mill yard. He alighted on his head and received a fractured skull. He was removed to Mercy hospital and at midnight had not recovered consciousness.

Milkmen Were Injured—William Banler and George Schmidt, Turtle Creek milkmen, returning home in their wagons last night, were run into by a street car at Brinton and severely injured. Banler had two ribs broken and was injured internally. Schmidt had his right arm broken, lost seven teeth and was cut about the head. Both wagons were wrecked.

Pickpockets Work the Cars—Pickpockets were at work on the cars in Braddock yesterday. John Allen, 72 years of age, had his pocket picked of two weeks' pay, $30, while on his way to his home in McKeesport. William Roberts lost $20 while in North Braddock on a car. John Gallagher, a North Braddock councilman, on the same car, felt the man at work on his pocket and saved his money.

Land Sold for Cemetery—George Snyder of Wilmerding has closed a deal for the sale of 100 acres of land in North Versailles township, the property of the Overholt heirs, to be used as a cemetery. The price was $20,000. It will be called Grandview cemetery, and is situated on the ridge between the Monongahela river and Turtle Creek. Arrangements are being made for its immediate improvement and platting.

On Harbor Lines—Mayor R. J. Black of McKeesport has been invited by letter by Capt. William L. Sibert of the corps of engineers to confer with him regarding the harbor lines along the McKeesport river frontage before final report is made to the war department. There has been some talk of a protest on the part of the steel interests owning river frontage, and something definite along this line is invited by Maj. C. F. Powell.

Could Not Agree—The congressional committee of Butler and Westmoreland held another meeting in Pittsburgh yesterday, but failed to agree upon a plan of nominating a Republican congressman. Westmoreland proposed a delegate for each 3,000 votes or a majority fraction. Butler wanted the conference method. At the next meeting Westmoreland will propose that it have the congressman six years in succession to the fore of Butler.

Will Meet Officials—Executives of the bridge and structural iron workers will on Monday of next week again meet officials of the American Bridge company in Philadelphia to submit the proposed new wage scale to date from May 1. The demand for Pittsburgh workers is 50 cents an hour, and an eight-hour day. After a conference lasting all the week the executive board of the organization of the workers adjourned last night. Three general organizers were appointed.

Said His Weights Were Short—H. C. McKnight of No. 331 First avenue had a hearing before Alderman John Groetzinger yesterday afternoon on a charge of false pretense made by M. S. Sims, a liveryman at No. 5928 Baum street. McKnight was the owner of a feed store until recently on Center avenue, East End, and Sims was one of his customers. Sims asserts that by means of short weight loads of feed which were delivered at his stable during a period covering two years were light and he was defrauded out of $1,200. McKnight was held for court and furnished $1,000 bail.

Doll Baby Exhibit—A pretty event was the annual doll day exercises held at the Allen school, Thirty-first ward, last Friday afternoon. The idea is original with Prof. C. B. Cook, the principal, and for years the small pupils have been looking forward to that one day in the year with great interest. About 400 little girls carried their dolls to the school and placed them on exhibition. They represented dolls from the "rag" baby to the expensive kind. These were all placed so they could be seen and the little mothers with them, and over 500 visitors together with the pupils from the upper grades, passed through the room where the exhibition was held. A program of songs and recitations relative to dolls was carried out.

N. G. P. REPRESENTED.

Pittsburgh Officer Given an Office in National Commandery of Spanish War Society.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—Col. Frank I. Rutledge of the Eighteenth regiment, Pennsylvania national guard, and Harry Alvan Hall of Ridgeway, Pa., were chosen as officers of the Naval and Military Order of the Spanish-American War, at its meeting here today. A national commandery was organized and officers were elected as follows: Commander-in-chief, President Theodore Roosevelt; senior vice commander, Col. Embury P. Clark, U. S. V., Massachusetts; junior vice commander, Col. Charles B. Dougherty, U. S. V., Pennsylvania; recorder-in-chief, Capt. John P. Hilton, U. S. V., New York; registrar-in-chief, Maj. Harry Alvin Hall, U. S. V., Pennsylvania; treasurer-in-chief, Capt. Taylor L. Brown, U. S. V., Illinois, and chaplain-in-chief, Chaplain Frank J. Phelan, U. S. V., Illinois.

The council-in-chief will consist of its following: Ensign S. W. Toppan, U. S. N., New York; Capt. Arthur R. Jarrett, U. S. V., New York; Lieut. Walter J. Sears, U. S. N., New York; Maj. Otis H. Martin, U. S. V., Massachusetts; Maj. James A. Frye, U. S. V., Massachusetts; Lieut. Robert K. Wright, late of the United States navy, Illinois, and Capt. F. T. Graves, U. S. V., Illinois.

The national commandery will have control of the different state commanderies with power to authorize and constitute a commandery of the order in any state or territory in which no such commandery exists. An executive committee was appointed to carry out the plans of the organization. It consists of the senior vice commander, Col. Clark, the recorder-in-chief, Capt. Hilton, and Lieut. Robert K. Wright.

Democrats Must Pay Costs.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA., Jan. 25.—The officers of the Blair County Democratic association of Altoona were acquitted of unlawful liquor selling in court this morning, but were mulcted for the costs. The officers of the Altoona Republican league are now on trial in a similar prosecution.

Cleveland Firm Assigns.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 25.—The Standard Tobacco and Cigar Company, No. 260 St. Clair street, made an assignment today. The assets are given as $40,000 and the liabilities $45,000. E. P. Watterson, secretary of the company, was named as assignee.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

The following marriage licenses were granted yesterday:

Thomas J. McKeever	Pittsburgh
Minnie Wieland	Pittsburgh
Joseph Jacko	Wall
Elizabeth Kanay	Wall
Steve Gazsi	Homestead
Annie Balko	Homestead
Dimtro Jovich	McKees Rocks
Anna Nesowega	McKees Rocks
John Wenzle	Pittsburgh
Mary E. Fields	Pittsburgh
John Guis	Pittsburgh
Katie Sakza	Pittsburgh
Felix Raczkowski	Pittsburgh
Mary Janczak	Pittsburgh
Oscar Krason	Allegheny
Kalla Flash	Pittsburgh
Georgi Odmoski	Pittsburgh
Julia Mordzinak	Pittsburgh
James C. Bailey	Allegheny
Maria A. Marvin	Allegheny
Walter Lovett	Whitaker
Nellie Wolff	Pittsburgh
George Onda	McKeesport
Kathie Barnovsky	Pittsburgh
Toth Istavan	Willock
Perool Lydi	Willock
Michael Hostnak	McKeesport
Mary Ambro	McKeesport
Peter Haegel	Allegheny
Pauline Schmid	Allegheny
Filippo Santucci	Coal Valley
Maddalena D'Amico	Glassport
Lovro Pollz	Braddock
Annie Horvat	Braddock
John Mihuvak	Pittsburgh
Katarina Blasut	Pittsburgh
James S. Morrison	Turtle Creek
Cetedell Neil	Turtle Creek
Michael Godrow	Munhall
Lottie Smink	Munhall

A GOOD CHANGE.

A Change of Food Works Wonders.

The wrong food and drink causes a lot of trouble in this world. To change the food is the first duty of every person that is ill, particularly from stomach and nervous troubles. As an illustration: A lady in Hickmon Mills, Mo., has, with her husband, been brought around to health again by leaving off coffee and some articles of food that did not agree with them. They began using Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food.

She says, "For a number of years I suffered with stomach and bowel trouble, which kept getting worse, until I was very ill most of the time. About four years ago I left off coffee and began taking Postum. My stomach and bowels improved right along, but I was so reduced in flesh and so nervous that the least thing would overcome me.

"Then I changed my food and began using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food in addition to my Postum Coffee. I lived on these two principally for about four months. Day by day I gained in flesh and strength, until now the nervous trouble has entirely disappeared and I feel that I owe my life and health to Postum and Grape-Nuts.

"Husband is 70 years old and he was troubled for a long time with occasional attacks and slept badly. Finally I prevailed upon him to leave off coffee and take Postum. He stood out for a long time, but after he tried Postum for a few days he found that he could sleep and that his cramps disappeared. He was satisfied and has never had coffee since.

"I have a brother in California who has been using Postum for several years; his whole family use it also, because they have had such good results from it."

STROTHER CONFESSES.

Admits He Killed Alexander Dean Cooper With a Hammer and Stole the Diamonds.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 25.—William Strother, the negro attendant at the Vista Turkish bath house at Grand and Franklin avenues, confessed today to the murder on Wednesday night, in the bath house, of Alexander Dean Cooper, the millionaire.

The confession was made before Chief of Police Kiley, Chief of Detectives Desmond and a police stenographer, who took the murderer's words verbatim. Strother signed the confession after it had been transcribed.

Strother, who had been constantly "sweated" by Chief Desmond, finally broke down this forenoon just prior to the hour for the coroner's inquest to begin and confessed all. He said that he took a coal hammer and brought it down on the head of Mr. Cooper, who was asleep on the cot. "I don't know why I did it," said Strother; "I guess I must have been drunk and mad."

DEATHS.

ANDREWS—Of pneumonia, On Friday, January 24, 1902, at the residence of his parents, 307 East End avenue, DONALD CHESTER ANDREWS, son of Homer L. and Genevieve M. Andrews, aged 4 years 2 months and 1 day.

Funeral today at 2:30 p. m. Interment private later.

CHUBBIC—On Friday, January 24, 1902, at her residence in Canonsburg, MARTHA R., wife of Benjamin H. Chubbic, aged 83 years.

Funeral services at late residence on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

COULTER—On Thursday, January 23, 1902, at 8 p. m., MRS. JULIA M'KOWN COULTER, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Fannie Hartsell, Academy street, Carnegie, Pa., in her 83rd year.

GESLER—On Saturday, January 25, 1902, at 9:30 p. m., EURROCA, daughter of George W. and Marshanna Gesler.

Funeral from residence of her uncle, William Wagner, 107 Woodland avenue, Allegheny. Notice of time later.

HILL—On Friday, January 24, 1902, at 6:25 p. m., at Carnegie, Pa., MARGARET A. HILL, sister of William Hill.

Funeral services at First United Presbyterian church, Carnegie, Pa., Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

LAYTON—On January 25, 1902, at 11 a. m., MRS. FIDDIS LAYTON, aged 71 years.

Funeral services at her late residence, No. 407 Orchard place, Edgerville, on Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Interment Tuesday afternoon at Scrubgrass stone church, Venango county, Pa.

LONG—On Friday, January 24, 1902, at 2:40 p. m., at her residence, 921 Maryland avenue, East End, MRS. REBECCA LONG, widow of Henry Long, in the 81st year of her age.

Funeral services at her late residence, Tuesday, 2 p. m. Interment private later.

M'CARGO—At Atlantic City, N. J., on January 25, 1902, at 6 o'clock a. m., DAVID M'CARGO.

Services 5360 Ellsworth avenue, Pittsburgh, Tuesday afternoon, January 28, at 3 o'clock. Interment private.

PATTERSON—On Friday, January 24, 1902, at 9:30 a. m. ELIZA F., widow of Robert W. Patterson, aged 77 years.

Funeral services at her late residence, No. 231 Millers street, Wilkinsburg, Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Interment private later.

STEWART—On Friday, January 24, 1902, at the home of Mrs. R. W. McKibbon, ISABELLE M'KIBBON, widow of James Stewart, in her 69th year.

Funeral services at the residence of Mrs. R. W. M'Kibbon, 2214 Sidney street, South Side, today at 2 p. m. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend. Interment private at a later hour.

WOODFORD—On Saturday, January 25, 1902, at 12:15 a. m., RICHARD WOODFORD, husband of Mary Ann Woodford (nee Burgess), in his 67th year.

Funeral services Monday, January 27, at 2 p. m., at his late residence, Southern avenue, Carrick, Baldwin township. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

J. HENRY LONG, Funeral Director and Embalmer
Private Chapel, 406 Lexington St., Chicago to Wm. Tel., Negle Hall 15; F. & A., 82.
BELLEVUE, Pa. Office, No. 205 Lincoln ave Phone 224-L.
11Hpwsu

East End Office REMOVED
to 6125 Penn Ave.,
Cor. Collins Ave.
Five doors above previous location.
Hours daily till 9 P. M.
Both 'Phones 828.
URLING BROS.
Corrugated Suction Plate
$10 Per Set
made and owned only by us—stick up fast—each section numbered—beware of imitators. FREE extracting intended and guaranteed in writing ten years.
Porcelain or Gold Crown and Bridge Work $5 per tooth,
made by specialists; cleaned same as natural teeth, and occupy no more space—no falling down, as they are fastened permanently to the adjoining teeth.
Filling 50c up.
Gold Filling $1 up.
Our filling is almost painless, as we use in one minute extract a living nerve from an aching tooth without pain, by a single application.
URLING BROS.
EXTRACTING PAINLESS
by Air, Gas or by our own preparation applied to the gum, under the personal care of Drs. Urling.
You must be satisfied, otherwise please inform Dr. Urling or the cashier—Born here and established exactly 15 years.
URLING BROS.
DENTISTS,
204 Sixth St., Cor. Penn Ave.
Opposite Hotel Anderson.
Hours daily till 9 P. M.
Wed. and Sat. 9 P. M.
Both 'Phones 2054.

GROETZINGER
A SECOND WEEK
OF THE
CURTAIN BARGAINS.
Inventory over with and a big lot of Curtains, Portieres, Nets, Muslins and salesmen's samples that must be disposed of quickly—
No time to quibble about cost or profit—they must go—
Special Lots
Will go on sale each day of the week—and they must be seen to get an idea of their value.
For tomorrow we quote the following:
All Grades of Curtains
Will be sold to clean up the sample Curtains, as follows:—
The first purchase of any number of pairs wanted—INCLUDING THE SAMPLE—
25 to 50% Underprice.
This will include Nottingham, Potato, Brussels, and all fine French Curtains, and offers some rich bargains—
Watch for our daily announcements. You will find just what you want at money-saving prices.
Groetzinger Carpet Co.,
627-629 PENN AVE.

1852 50th ANNUAL SALE OF 1902
Unredeemed Pledges
$75,000.00
worth of Genuine Diamonds, Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Chains and Gold Rings, must be sold at once.
Emanuel DeRoy & Son.
ESTABLISHED 1852.
643 Smithfield St., Near 7th Ave.

ROUNDED OUT NINETY-NINE USEFUL YEARS

Today Is the Anniversary of the Birth of John Lauffer.

HARRISON CITY'S FOUNDER.

Sturdy Pioneer and Oldest Citizen of Westmoreland County Approaches the Century Mark With Clear Mind and Steady Tread.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE GAZETTE.]

GREENSBURG, PA., Jan. 25.—John Lauffer of Harrison City has the distinction of being the oldest man in Westmoreland county. Tomorrow he will be 99 years old. Notwithstanding his great age he is as hale and vigorous as many men a quarter of a century his junior. His mind is clear and he can converse upon the topics of the day with the greatest fluency and with an intelligence that for a person nearing the century mark is indeed wonderful. His interest in the things of his town, county, state and nation is unabated. He reads the daily papers regularly and keeps in touch with what is going on in the world.

Pride of Harrison City.

When the weather is favorable he takes a stroll about the town and is given a cordial greeting by young and old, for there is no one there who does not know Grandfather Lauffer. Harrison City is proud of her venerable citizen.

His eldest son, 'Squire H. P. Lauffer, lives at Harrison City. He is 74 years old and is an honored citizen.

John Lauffer was born in Franklin (now Penn) township, Jan 28, 1803. His grandfather, Christian Lauffer, was born in Easton, Northampton county, Pa., presumably between the years 1748 and 1750. His father was born in Northampton county, March 8, 1769.

A Sturdy Family.

His grandfather and father came west of the Allegheny mountains in 1777, settling near Pleasant Unity. His grand parents are buried in the cemetery adjoining the Ridge church in Unity township. His father left Pleasant Unity about 1794 and settled near Harrison City.

His mother, Susanna Kemerer, was born in 1774 and died November 11, 1815, aged 41 years. His father died in 1851, aged 82 years. Both parents are buried in the old Denmark Manor graveyard. Mr. Lauffer is the third of seven brothers and the sixth of the family, whose names were Simon, Seth, Christian, Daniel, Henry, John and Jacob. He also had five sisters and two half-sisters.

The life of Mr. Lauffer has been not only long but eventful. He can relate many interesting stories of the olden time.

JOHN LAUFFER,
Aged 99 years, the Oldest Man in Westmoreland county. Mr. Lauffer Is Sitting to the Left in the Picture and His Son, H. P. Lauffer, Aged 74, Is at the Extreme Right.

He traveled on foot to Philadelphia and back, and also took a steamboat to Cincinnati, O., and returning visited different parts of Ohio. He has been one of the sturdy farmers of Westmoreland. He built a sawmill in 1834 which was rebuilt in 1851, the log yard being where the public schoolhouse of Harrison City now stands. In 1840 he and his brother Seth built a gristmill northeast of Harrison City. In the same year he and John Rankin laid out and named Harrison City, the plan being dated November 3, 1840.

He was first married May 8, 1827, to Esther Brinker, who died July 21, 1849. This union was blessed with ten sons and two daughters, of whom six sons have died. One of the sons is Capt. J. B. Lauffer of the United States mint, San Francisco, Cal. The rest of the children living are H. P., Jacob B., B. F. and his two daughters, Mrs. Stephen Redinger of Irwin, and Mrs. Susan Klingensmith of Harrison City.

In 1883 he was again united in marriage with Mary Buchanan, who died September 18, 1890. Since then he has been living with his widowed daughter, Mrs. Susan Klingensmith.

He is a Prohibitionist and votes that ticket regularly. He bids fair to reach 100 years and possibly far beyond it.

GRAND ARMY'S GUNS ARE MELTED AS SCRAP

Cannon Given by Congress to Local Posts Were Sold from Old Arsenal.

The historical relics stored in the Allegheny arsenal since its construction are being shipped out of Pittsburgh, and three cannon given by an act of congress to the local Grand Army posts have been sold and will be melted up. In the archives of the arsenal are records showing that three 10-pound guns were given to the Pittsburgh posts, but through carelessness they were never taken away. Only a few guns are left on the trucks, which were used at Antietam, and the Grand Army should get after them before they are disposed of. It is probable that the revolutionary trophies in the arsenal will come to Pittsburgh, as a bill has been introduced by Congressman Dalzell to save them for the city.

The ordnance stores are being rapidly taken away from the magazines, and teams are hauling shell and canister from the arsenal grounds. Interesting war relics, bought up by an employe of the government, can be bought at from 100 to 600 per cent over his bid at a Lawrenceville hardware dealer's. The relics consist of Remington pistols, heavy cavalry sabers, muskets and carbines.

Some of the best relics in the arsenal, and much sought after by relic hunters, are the Remington cavalry pistols. They were listed by the government at $1.75 apiece before the order for the abandonment of the arsenal was issued. After the orders went into effect over 1,000 of them were sold to this employe at 80 cents apiece, and he is now asking $6 a pair for them.

The final abandonment of the arsenal will take place about April 1. Col. John A. Kress said he thought that all the stores would be removed by that time, as they were rapidly being taken away.

WORKS WERE TOO SMALL.

Monongahela Land Company Denies Graff & Co.'s Claim to a Set-Off.

The plaintiff in the suit of the Monongahela Land Company against Graff & Co. for $50,000 damages, yesterday filed an answer to the defendants' claim to a set-off. It was alleged the plaintiff agreed to give the defendant several acres of land up the Monongahela and a bonus of $25,000 if it would locate its works on the property. The works were located there, but the plaintiff company contended Graff & Co. did not live up fully to the requirements of the contract, when the defendant company asked for a set-off of a balance due on the bonus.

The plaintiff says the works erected by the defendant company were not of the required capacity according to the contract and that any attempts to collect from the lot purchasers would be futile. The plaintiff company denies there was $17,000 collected from lot purchasers and that only $6,425 was paid to the defendant company. It is contended that the land company cannot make collections as the works erected by the defendant have not a capacity for employing 300 men, as it was agreed to have, and for this reason the payment upon lots was waived.

DEATH STOPS RECEPTION.

Gov.-Gen. Taft's Mother-in-Law Dies on the Eve of His Arrival Home.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 25.—Gov.-Gen. Taft's arrival at Cincinnati, which is expected early Monday morning, will be saddened by a death which occurred here today. Mrs. Harriet Collins Herron, wife of Attorney John W. Herron, formerly United States district attorney, and mother of Mrs. W. H. Taft, died suddenly today from heart disease.

A reception which had been arranged by the Bar association for Gov. Taft for Monday afternoon, has been abandoned on account of this affliction. Mrs. Herron has been in delicate health for several months.

RAILROADERS' STRIKES ARE CALLED CRIMINAL

Italian Government Has Announced That Such Action Will Be Punished Under the Penal Code.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS CABLE TO THE GAZETTE.]

ROME, Jan. 25.—The government has taken a decided stand in view of the rumors of an impending strike on all the great railways in Italy. The cabinet announces that it cannot consider a railway strike, affecting, as it does, great public interests, in the same category with a strike of ordinary workers, but will class such an action as a strike of public servants, punishable under the penal code.

While determined not to allow a railway strike, the cabinet recognizes the right of the working classes to improve their own condition, and, therefore, the government has approached the railway companies with a view of obtaining the desired concessions, which it is confident it can do.

HOME FOR HEBREWS.

Mass Meeting Will Be Held Tonight to Revive Interest in the Abandoned House of Refuge.

The Hebrews of Pittsburgh will convene in mass meeting at the synagogue of Beth Hamedrash Hagodol, in Washington street tonight, for the purpose of raising money for a home for indigent Hebrews. There will be a number of speakers, among them being Rabbi A. M. Ashinsky.

This is not a new movement among the Hebrews. Until two years ago there was such a place of refuge, it was abandoned because of a lack of interest and money. Now the needs of it are daily becoming more apparent, and the agitators of the movement are convinced that it will be supported. Only about $1,000 is necessary to set the movement on its feet.

The question has been talked among the Jews all the week, and it is expected that the meeting tonight will be the largest ever held by the Hebrew residents of the city.

BLOCK HOUSE WAS A LIVE QUESTION

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND G. A. R. ASSOCIATION HEARD OF IT.

Daughters of Revolution Committees Appealed to Senator Flinn and H. C. Frick—Former Joked With Women and Latter Opposed Park Project.

The block house question was exceedingly alive yesterday. It was discussed by a sub-committee of the chamber of commerce, created a turmoil in the Allegheny County Grand Army association, and was considered at an informal meeting of members of the Daughters of the Revolution at the Twentieth Century club. The sub-committee will submit its findings to the chamber of commerce, the Grand Army association has appointed a committee to formulate a report, and the Daughters are as determined as ever to prevent the removal of the block house from its present ancient location.

At the informal meeting of the Daughters of the Revolution, two committees made a report. One committee, consisting of Mrs. S. A. Ammon and Mrs. James R. Mellon told of their interview with State Senator William Flinn, whom they strove to enlist in the fight for the preservation of the block house; the other committee, comprising Miss Kate C. McKnight and Mrs. Joseph W. Marsh, reported the result of their talk with H. C. Frick, whom they supposed to be interested in the warehouse syndicate, which intends to remodel the Point district.

Flinn's Modest Statement.

Senator Flinn, the two ladies, who had met him said, assured them that he had no financial interest in the warehouse scheme. He asked them why the Daughters of the Revolution did not buy the two 20-foot lots adjoining the Penn avenue entrance to the block house lot. The senator had not known, he said, that the syndicate owned those lots, and he was assured by the two ladies that the syndicate probably would not sell them, as its efforts were directed to getting the block house out of the way altogether.

Senator Flinn said he would be glad to assist the Daughters financially if they wished to purchase the two lots in question. When Mrs. Ammon and Mrs. Mellon suggested that he could aid them effectually by inducing the city councils to open O'Hara avenue, Mr. Flinn looked pained and surprised.

Frick Opposes Park Plan.

"Indeed," he said with great gravity, "I do not possess over councils the influence with which I am sometimes credited."

Strange to say the Daughters who were present when Mrs. Ammon and Mrs. Mellon made their report, smiled audibly when Senator Flinn's last remark was quoted.

Mrs. Marsh and Miss McKnight said they had talked with H. C. Frick, who did not tell them that he was a member of the warehouse syndicate, but did say that he had interests in that neighborhood. Mr. Frick said in answer to the statement that the Daughters would like to have the block house the center of a small park that he favored parks and playgrounds, but in their proper place, not at the Point, as that district was needed for commercial improvements. Pittsburgh had a great commercial future before it and space needed for improvements ought not to be devoted to other purposes.

Afraid of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Ammon was asked what the Daughters of the Revolution think of the proposal to move the block house across the street to the triangle formed by Penn avenue and Water street. She said that the Allegheny society of the Daughters of the Revolution, the chartered body, that owns the block house, was opposed to the proposition, first, because the proposed park would be on a line with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's improvements and might be condemned, and, secondly, because the block house ought to remain on the spot hallowed by associations with old Fort Pitt.

At the regular meeting of the Allegheny county Grand Army association yesterday afternoon the block house question was brought up. A communication from Duquesne post No. 259, G. A. R., asked the association to aid the Daughters of the Revolution in their efforts to preserve the old landmark.

After a hot discussion, in which charges were made that the whole scheme was a political one, the matter was referred to a committee consisting of S. W. Hay, J. Hamilton Burtt and Bernard J. Coll.

Nicola Talked to Committee.

The sub-committee on municipal affairs of the Pittsburgh chamber of commerce met in the afternoon. The session was held behind closed doors with four of the seven members of the committee present. F. F. Nicola, representing the warehouse syndicate, which plans to remodel the Point district, attended the meeting and exhibited plans of the proposed warehouses.

The board of directors of the chamber will meet tomorrow afternoon, at which time a report from the committee will be presented. The report was being prepared yesterday afternoon, but no intimation of its contents was made public.

Prof. Charles Zeublin will lecture at Carnegie music hall on Monday evening, February 3, on "Parks and Boulevards," instead of on "Public Schools," as was originally announced. The change was made at the request of Miss Kennard, chairman of the committee on children's playgrounds and vacation schools. The committee is cognizant of the need of a park and playground in the Point district, and hopes to see a park made about the old block house, which would not only provide the breathing spot needed but serve to preserve the historic old building as well. At Prof. Zeublin's lecture slides will be exhibited showing the block house and scenes in the Point district.

PLANT WAS SOLD.

Braddock Machine & Manufacturing Company Changes Hands.

The Braddock Machine and Manufacturing Company of Braddock was sold out yesterday to Maj. Charles E. Stewart, a Braddock attorney. He refused to state last night for whom he purchased the plant or what he paid, but it was stated by one of the stockholders that it is to be a Carnegie interest.

The Braddock Machine and Manufacturing Company was organized two years ago with a capital stock of $200,000. Some 50 persons in Braddock are stockholders. A large plant was built at First street and Braddock avenue and the business was so successful that at the end of the first year a dividend of 25 per cent was paid. During the past year business has not been so good, although the machinery for the big plant of the Union Steel Company at Donora was built. James A. Russell was the president.

Will Not Get Too Cold.

Pittsburgh will probably not feel the full force of the cold wave which was said to be coming this way from the northwest. From the reports received at the local weather bureau last night it is evident that the storm will take a more southeasterly course, than was expected, giving Pittsburgh only a sample of what it carries. Rapids City reported 16 degrees below zero last night. Dodge City 2 below, a fall of 50 degrees during the day. North Platte reports 12 below and other towns in the Mississippi valley report a falling mercury.

Counterfeit Money in Porto Rico.

SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, Jan. 25.—The United States marshal has seized $3,000 in counterfeit silver near Ponce. The counterfeits were quarters, half dollars and dollars. Two men, Ramon Reutas and Moreno Ortiz, were arrested.

Bartlett Range—Quick Baker—with heat indicator, for coal or gas, makes baking easy and perfect. J. C. Bartlett Co., 532-534 Liberty st. Hy-wh

CHURCH UNION IS ADVOCATED BY DR. A. W. ARUNDEL

Address Delivered at Anniversary of Bishop Whitehead's Consecration.

NEEDS OF THE DOWNTOWN

Rector of Trinity Declares That It Is No Longer Possible for Any Single Congregation to Sustain Much Outside Organized Effort.

The Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead celebrated yesterday morning in Trinity church the twentieth anniversary of his consecration as bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Pittsburgh. The ceremony was beautiful and inspiring. Sixty clergymen robed in surplice and stole were present, in addition to one of the largest congregations the church has housed for years. Shortly after 10 o'clock the bishop administered holy communion and at its close made the annual allocution, taking for his text, "To bear my name before the Gentiles, the kings and the children of Israel." Addresses were also made by the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Costar, the Rev. Dr. J. Crockar White, the Rev. Dr. Alfred W. Arundel and George W. Guthrie, Esq.

With the probable exception of the bishop's address, Dr. Arundel's was the most interesting. It was an earnest plea for a strengthening of religious forces in the downtown district.

"Call it a Pittsburgh church trust if you will," he cried, "so that it helps to propagate the kingdom of God!"

The Churches and the Masses.

Dr. Arundel's address was on "The Relation of the Mother Church to the Diocese, Past, Present and Future." He gave a brief review of Trinity's history and the numerous churches that had sprung from it, then turned to the great question of the churches and the masses.

"It is impossible now," he said, "for any single congregation to sustain much outside organized effort. There are limits to the physical endurance of the clergy and only 24 hours in a single day. The inference is clear. Until there is some complete, more inclusive, organization of the clergy and laity of this great city of ours, the weaker portions of the diocese cannot receive from us that thrill of help and inspiration that is their due and which it is our responsibility and privilege to give.

"Call it a cathedral system, call it the diocesan center of united effort, call it, if you will, the Pittsburgh church trust for the helping on of religious business in the diocese—call it what you may, some such thing we ought to have, must have, aye, and in a much larger measure than now.

Trinity Sometimes Weakened.

"But I am called to say something of the present relations of the mother church. In the last 50 years her numbers and resources have often been weakened, sometimes it seemed, at what was the sacrifice of her permanent strength. Often has it been prophesied that her days of usefulness were numbered and she would have to grow old as gracefully as she could.

"Today, however, the mother parish shows no single sign of decrepitude, but, now, with renewed vigor plunges forward, hopefully at work in trying to fulfill her mission, to find out her downtown vocation and follow it in answer to the cry of the thousands hereabouts, handicapped in both body and soul. She is doing this, I say, much more so than some of her grown up children give her credit for. But what is the mother church called to do? I need not specify.

"Once upon a time Trinity was dubbed the 'fashionable, exclusively fashionable church of the city' and the like. If ever that name was deserved, it is deserved no longer.

Carrying Out Its Mission.

"This is largely due to the co-operation of those who stood by the mother church in its efforts to carry out its mission. We have a Sunday school with its nucleus of self-sacrificing men and women; we have clubs for boys and girls and men and women. The kindergarten takes hold of the lives of the little ones with a gracious influence that never dies.

"Home, knowing not the power of it, ignorantly deprecate this great child-saving instrumentality of modern times. All this kind of work costs money; it brings no social prestige to the parish, it leaves no time for fine preaching, offers no attraction for people who want to go into society, but it is a work that has merit of its own.

"The future will see more and better things. Other buildings will go up, if they have to go up in the air. More self-sacrificing men and women will be found, more money will be given.

Union of Three Churches.

"Some day Trinity, St. James and St. Andrew's will join hands in the great downtown work.

"Those who know the mother church will acquit her of either parochialism or selfishness. Twice in the last decade she has offered to sink her individuality in some form of amalgamation, for the future strengthening of the church in this city. Her bishop is as welcome to her chancel and pulpit as if it were a cathedral church, her doors are ever open for anything that helps promote God's work. The question often comes, why should not her life be merged more and more in the life of this great city? Why should not her individuality be lost in some large, holy enterprise that would end this isolated and sporadic effort that is such a pitiable waste of power."

Many New Churches.

In the 20 years of Bishop Whitehead's labors 65 new churches have been opened, 36 of which are consecrated. There has been an increase of 32 clergy, 21 missions and eight missionaries and over 3,000 communicants. Altogether there are, today, in the diocese 85 clergymen, with five vacancies to fill, 105 churches and chapels, five in process of building, 66 missions and an aggregate of 15,000 communicants.

The clergy of the diocese presented the bishop with a magnificent cathedral chimes clock. After the services, luncheon was served in the parish house, where the bishop spent the greater part of the day in receiving calls.

To Erect a New Bridge.

In the quarter sessions court a petition was presented asking for the appointment of viewers in the matter of the erection of a new bridge over Lowry's run, in Ohio township, on the road running from Ainsworth to Perrysville. It is alleged that the present bridge is inadequate to the public needs. The viewers appointed are Charles Davis, Samuel Taylor and Theodore A. Miller.

Do You Like Goodies?

Try

GRAPE-NUTS

For Breakfast
Lunch or Dinner

CARS WILL STOP ON THE NEAR SIDE

PITTSBURGH RAILWAYS COMPANY PLANS AN INNOVATION.

Passengers Will Be Taken on and Let Off on the Opposite Side of Crossings After February 1—Relief from Existing Congestion Expected.

An important change will be made in running street cars in Pittsburgh and Allegheny on February 1. Beginning on that day cars will stop on the near side of practically all streets to take on and let off passengers. Heretofore it has been customary for the cars to make a safety stop at all down-town crossings and then take passengers on after crossing the streets.

The officials of the Pittsburgh Railways Company have been much annoyed by the delays caused in travel down town, especially in the morning and evening. The system of stopping cars on the near side of the street has been in vogue in Washington, Baltimore and several other eastern cities for some years with considerable success, and officials here feel that service will be much improved once the public becomes accustomed to the change.

Soon to Post Notices.

Notices will appear in a day or two in all the cars of the company telling of the change and announcing four exceptions. At Fifth avenue and Market street, Fifth avenue and Grant street, Liberty avenue and Sixth street, and Liberty avenue and Seventh street, the stop will still be on the far side of the street.

This is made necessary at Fifth avenue and Market street by the terminus of the Southern Traction Company's system. At Fifth avenue and Grant street the grade on the near side of the street is too heavy to make a stop with safety. The Allegheny cars at Sixth street and Liberty avenue and the Pennsylvania railroad tracks at Seventh street and Liberty avenue make the other changes necessary.

The places where these changes will be felt most will of course be at the busy corners down town where crowds collect returning home from business.

Change at Sixth and Smithfield.

At Sixth avenue and Smithfield street the cars running to the East End, Wilkinsburg, the Hill district and Braddock, Homestead, and so on, will take passengers before crossing the tracks of the South Side cars. Once the car is loaded it will not stop after crossing the South Side car tracks until Sixth avenue and Wood street is reached.

At Fifth avenue and Wood street cars will all stop on the near side of the street, instead of crossing it as at present. At Fourth avenue and Smithfield street there will be no change, as the cars outbound stop on the near side now. Inbound Fifth avenue cars will stop on the upper side of Smithfield street before crossing the South Side car tracks. Allegheny cars at Sixth street and Penn avenues will also be affected, while the old Consolidated Traction Company's lines will continue to stop on the near side of the street. The Allegheny cars will take on passengers before crossing Penn avenue.

Fine New Cars Ordered.

The new double truck cars which the company is getting will also help the service. Their cars will be much larger than those now in use. Each car will be equipped with four motors of 50 horse power each. Two motors will be worked at a time, giving each car 100 horse power.

In case of accident to one set of motors the other will be instantly available. This increase in power will enable the heaviest loads to be hauled easily, and will practically do away with vexatious delays caused by fuses burning out or motors getting out of order.

Marvelous Growth of Hair.

A Famous Doctor-Chemist Has Discovered a Compound That Grows Hair on a Bald Head in a Single Night.

Startling Announcement Causes Doctors to Marvel and Stand Dumfounded at the Wonderful Cures.

The Discoverer Sends Free Trial Package to All Who Write.

After half a century spent in the laboratory, crowned with high honors for his many world-famous discoveries, the celebrated physi-

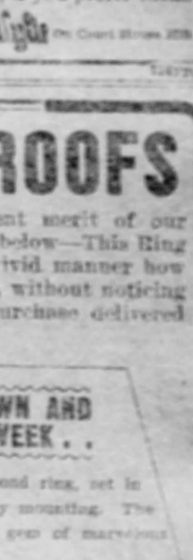
MISS HISLOP of New Zealand and Her Marvelous Growth of Hair.

cian-chemist at the head of the great Altrurian Medical Dispensary, 1000 Dunedin Bldg., Cincinnati, O., has just made the startling announcement that he has produced a compound that grows hair on any bald head. The doctor says the claim that after experimenting, taking years to complete, he has at last reached the goal of his ambition. To the doctor all heads are alike. There are none whom caution he cures by this remarkable remedy. The record of the cures already made is truly marvelous and even in age for the high standing of the great physicians and the consulting businesses of thousands of citizens all over the country it would seem too marvelous to be true.

There can be no doubt of the doctor's sincerity in making his claims, nor can his cures be disputed. He does not ask any person, woman or child to take his or anyone else's word for it, but he stands ready and willing to send free trial packages of this great discovery to any one who writes to him for it, enclosing a two-cent stamp to prepay postage. In a private letter he has stated how to grow on heads that for years have stopped falling hair on the brow. It matter fails no matter what the condition, age or sex. Old men and young men, women and children, all are profited by the free use of this great new discovery. Write today if you are bald, if your hair is falling out or if your hair, eyebrows or eyelashes are thin or short and in a short time you will be entirely restored.

Pittsburgh's Best Afternoon Newspaper—The Chronicle Telegraph.

Philadelphia



Here are the two best styles that good taste and hatters' skill can produce.

The Philadelphia derby, you will observe, has a wide brim. It's the hat that the nobby boys in Philadelphia are wearing at present.

You'll say that it's an extreme style to be sure, but did you ever see any swell style that didn't have an extreme appearance at the first glance?

The New York or Court derby is less extreme, it has a high, slightly tapering crown and moderate width brim.

Either style, $3.

New York

Acme $1.75 Hats.

The Spring style Acme derbies are so handsome that I won't hide them another moment.

I have pointed crown derbies, 5⅞ and 6 inches high, with eyelets and English hat guards; also low crowns, if you prefer them.

OTTO OETTING Hatter

Cor. Court House Alley

New Route Planned for Transatlantic Traffic

PENNSYLVANIA HAS NEW ROUTE TO EUROPE

Steamers to Leave Montauk Point and Land at Milford Haven, Saving Twenty-Four Hours.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has planned a new route for transatlantic traffic, which will, it is thought, in a short time become the main route for tourists or travelers in going to and from England. The new route involves the change of the point of destination on the island from Liverpool to Milford Haven, and extensive railroad improvement by the London & Northwestern, which will render the track between Milford Haven and London a model as to straightness and smoothness.

In connection with this move it is intended to change the point of departure for European ports from New York to Montauk Point.

The new plan is the result of a trip to England made last summer by President A. J. Cassett and his assistant, Robert Pitcairn of this city. They made the visit largely for the purpose of perfecting the plans for the new route, and while there they discussed the project at length with the officials of the London & Northwestern. As a result of this conference the officials of the latter road agreed to rebuild their line to Milford Haven, reduce the grades, eliminate all possible curves and shorten the schedule time to the lowest safe limit.

The recent rapid development of Montauk Point as the point of departure for transatlantic steamers has been backed by the Pennsylvania railroad interests, and the latest indications are that the ocean steamship lines will bow to a movement so well backed and economical to them, and make it the official starting point for the ocean greyhounds.

By the new tunnel the Pennsylvania will be able to take its passengers through New York and from there over the Long Island railroad, owned by the Pennsylvania system, direct to Montauk Point, the place of departure. The improvements and increased facilities at the point for handling freight and mails are expected to so influence shippers so that they will take advantage of the new route and the Pennsylvania will reap the consequent profit. P. A. B. Widener will give a banquet to prominent railroad officials and Atlantic steamship officials at Philadelphia tomorrow, at which the matter will be further discussed.

The reasons which are forcing Milford Haven forward as the destination point in England are the same which have been influential in bringing Montauk Point to the front on this side of the ocean. It will enable the transatlantic steamers to run steadily on a five-day schedule, which is 24 hours better than the one now used. The improvements which the English railroad company is to make in its line will also add to the attractiveness and speed of the new route. The whole is expected to operate so greatly in its favor that the old one will speedily be abandoned.

One great feature of the new route is to be the development of the American coal trade in England. The Pennsylvania is the greatest coal carrying road in the world, and its improved facilities and direct transit to Montauk Point, will make that port the great shipping point for American coal.

J. C. WILLIAMS,
Commercial Freight Agent Wabash.

Schedule Changes on Pennsy Lines.

Several minor changes take effect today in the new schedules of passenger trains of the northwest system of the Pennsylvania lines. The principal change is the abandonment of trains 226 and 227, the east and west service to Youngstown recently started. The trains are said to have proven unprofitable. The New Castle sleeper, to and from Chicago, which has been handled by these trains, will now be handled on other trains, the sleeper leaving New Castle at 7 p. m., as heretofore, and arriving at 7:50 a. m., earlier than the old arrangement provided.

WILL LET $3,000,000 WORTH OF CONTRACTS

President Ramsay of Wabash Will Be Here Next Week for That Purpose.

The completion of the preliminary plans for the Wabash entrance into Pittsburgh is expected next week. President Joseph Ramsay, Jr., of that road will arrive here next Thursday and the contracts for the work, so far not begun on this end of the line, will be let.

This work consists of 20 miles of road between this city and Jewett, O., and the substructure of the bridge over the Ohio river at Mingo. These contracts will involve an outlay of approximately $3,000,000.

After letting the contracts President Ramsay will investigate the Pennsylvania's plan to encircle the lower city with its tracks. It is believed among railroad men that the latter road is trying to bottle up the wholesale district of the city, block the Wabash plans for bridging the Allegheny river and generally disarrange the projects of its competitor for getting in and out of Pittsburgh.

The Wabash must get an eastern outlet, unless it would be at the mercy of the Pennsylvania in regard to the greater part of its traffic. The Wabash interests are believed to have secured the West Virginia Central, and are bidding for the Western Maryland, which will give them an outlet to the sea coast. There will still be necessary, however, in order that the road may compete successfully with its great rival, a connecting link, which does not have to run back westward in order to reach its lines to the Atlantic coast.

Entertainment at P. R. R. Y. M. C. A.

For Tuesday evening next a social entertainment of music and readings has been provided by the Pennsylvania railroad department of the Young Men's Christian association at the rooms of the association at Twenty-eighth street. Among those to take part are C. M. Carothers and Misses Grace Horner, Minnie Cleland, Tillie Harrison, Hartlett Quinn and Ida Hyland. The entertainment is free to railroad folks, all of whom are made welcome.

Railroad Surgeons Will Banquet.

The annual banquet of the surgeons of the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie will be held on the evening of St. Valentine's day, February 14. The banquet will be served in the banquet room of the Lake Erie terminal building on Smithfield street. It is expected that all of the 40 surgeons of the road will be present. The arrangements are in the hands of a committee of which Dr. W. F. Rogers of Pittsburgh is chairman.

FACTS BACKED BY CONVINCING **PROOFS**

—clear, concise example of the excellent merit of our POPULAR CREDIT PLAN portrayed below—This Ring and Stud proposition shows in a most vivid manner how easy it is to obtain the best Jewelry, etc., without noticing the expenditure. No security asked—Purchase delivered on first payment.

$25 $5 DOWN AND $1 A WEEK..

for this superb Diamond ring, set in 14-K solid gold—Tiffany mounting. The stone is a large pure gem of marvelous brilliancy.

$25 $5 DOWN AND $1 A WEEK..

for this Diamond Stud of unequaled quality and beauty. Any judge of jewelry will tell you it would be a splendid proposition at $40.

M. J. SMIT, ..212.. FIFTH AVENUE.

MADAME D'ARCY'S BEAUTY TALK

THIS WILL DEVELOP THE BUST AND ROUND THE SHOULDERS.

TWO EXERCISES TO GIVE THE SUPPLENESS OF LIMB AND GRACE OF MOTION.

TO BRING THE LINES OF BEAUTY IN THE SHOULDERS

NECK STRETCHING EXERCISE TO PLUMP IT OUT.

MAKING AN ILL SHAPED ARM FIRM AND WELL PROPORTIONED.

Massage for the Complexion

Olive-Hued and Transparent Skin—Light, Satiny Skin. Wrinkles and How to Avoid Them.

Written for The Sunday Gazette by JULIE D'ARCY.

THERE are six beauty secrets, the knowledge of which every woman must possess or she can not hope to be called pretty or even attractive—What they are and how to go about the transformation which shall turn the ugly duckling into a pretty one.

These are the things a woman wants:

Red, smooth lips.
Fine high eyebrows.
A satiny skin.
An arched mouth.
A creamy throat.
Even, good teeth.

Six attributes of beauty and a woman can have every one. Not one lies outside the pale of any woman's possibilities; and they are there for the plucking, hers to have and to hold, or hers to do without, just as she pleases.

Like all desired things, and like most good things, she may have to work for them, but her labor will be pleasant and continually lightened by the thought of the reward waiting for her. Yes, and her reward is not far off, for it comes little by little as she works for it.

The Six Requisites.

Just why, in this day when looks count for so much—and when was there ever a day when they did not count—just why any woman should be without good looks, or these six attributes of good looks, it is difficult to say.

One woman, to whom I talked, told me that she had given up trying, realizing that her case was a hopeless one. "My lips," said she, "chap hopelessly in winter, and, until late in the spring, they crack open and are a sight to behold."

They were, truly, a sight to behold, and an unpleasant sight at that. Wrinkled in a way to disgrace even a well regulated parchment, seamed and furrowed, with blood oozing from them and great pieces of skin sticking up here and there, they must have been as unpleasant to own as to gaze upon. How they could possibly have tempted even the most loving of her family is a mystery, and probably they did not!

Cold sores are one form of sore lips, and then there are the lips that seem to double in the middle and discolor, making two sets of lips. Most painful of all are the lips that crack at the corners and forbid the full opening of the mouth.

For sore lips try this:

Lip Salve.

Arrowroot, 1 drachm.
Camphor, 5 grains.
Ointment of rose water, 1 ounce.

Before going out in the air apply this:

For the Lips.

Lanolin, ½ ounce.
Almond oil, ½ ounce.
Tincture of benzoin, ¼ ounce.

It is a very good thing, however simple the formula, to let a druggist put it up, unless you are willing to go to the trouble of thoroughly mixing the ingredients.

Healthy lips will generally be red, but those that are pale can have a little color put into them by the very simple method of pressing them together firmly. A very soft pressure of the teeth will rosy them. If the lips are still too white there are simple colorants, but the best of all is a gentle oil which gives a gloss and assists in the work of softening instead of drying out the delicate skin. Be sure, for one thing, that sore lips are not a necessity and resolve that they shall never be yours.

Pretty Eyebrows.

The shape of the eyebrows can generally be regulated by the brush. There are small eyebrow brushes that should be upon every toilet table. With the eyebrow brush train the eyebrows, night and morning. Let them curve upward a very little in the center, but do not encourage them to the high arch. Brush always from the nose outward, never the other way.

To make the eyebrows grow apply a little vaseline nightly. This will also darken them and make them heavier. A bit of any good, cold toilet cream will assist and will answer every purpose.

The eyebrows are such an essential part of a woman's good looks that they should never be forgotten or neglected. Light, thin eyebrows can have a particle of dye applied to them in such a way as to absolutely defy detection. It must not be put on heavily, but very slightly. Just to bring the eyebrows to the color of the hair of a little deeper.

Eyebrows that meet over the nose, making beetle brows, are disagreeable upon some faces; upon others they act as a mark of distinction, and give an artistic expression. Many a pretty girl has had her looks spoiled by these beetling brows. Others are set off, as it were, by them, and made more attractive. Of this every woman must be her own judge. I prefer the little smooth expanse between the eyes, without the meeting brows.

If the eyebrows do meet and if it be unbecoming, then there are means of removing the superfluous hair. A bit of pumice stone, not pumice powder, but the ordinary little stone, rubbed between the eyebrows will remove the hairs, if they are very soft and not too numerous.

If too coarse for this, they can be plucked out with the tweezers; and if too numerous for this method, there is always the electric needle. This is expensive and painful, but better is anything than a patch of superfluous hair. This will make the eyebrows grow:

Eyebrow Grower.

Red vaseline, one small bottle.
Oil of lavender, 10 drops.

Mix well and apply to the eyebrows once a day.

A Skin Like Satin.

The matter of a satiny skin is one that is two-fold and three-fold in its requirements. It begins with the diet and ends with the care of the exterior. Included in the list of things one must do to have a good skin is that of bathing. The woman who is not hygienic in her habits, who does not take a bath at least every other day, who allows the pores of her skin to clog, will never have a good complexion.

It was a famous French specialist who said that he never questioned his patients about their habits of bathing, never asked a woman how many baths she took. By her complexion he could tell all. It is certainly startling to think that we carry around with us this exact external indicator of our habits.

The worst skin in the world—excepting always the skin that is diseased—will clear under the influence of a hot scrub every day. The scrubbing of the countenance will not help matters; in fact it will often make them worse; for, with the rest of the body clogged, the opening of the pores in the face will bring all the impurities into the surface.

But I insinuate that, if the girl with a muddy or pimpled skin will get into a bathtub once a day and diligently scrub herself with soap and water, so as to open the pores of the body, and set the skin into working operation, her skin will be three degrees clearer in one week's time.

Complexion Baths.

The bath, as understood by some, is not a bath at all. The water should be not quite as hot as can be borne, nor yet as cool, just medium, say about 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Little wooden thermometers can be come for a quarter. And if the afflicted woman will remain in this bath long enough to thoroughly remove all the clogging of the skin, she will emerge with many chances in favor of improving her looks.

A good sponge is an excellent thing to use, but a bag of common oatmeal makes a fair substitute. Use it, you would a sponge and throw away afterward.

Bran bags for the bath are glorious, but they are rather expensive. For the woman who can afford it a good dozen or more bran bags can be made from these ingredients and preserved for daily use.

Bran, 2 pounds.
Powdered orris root, ½ pound.
White pulverized Castile soap, ¼ pound.
Almond meal, 1 pound.

Mix well, fill the bags and use one daily instead of a sponge.

Expensive soaps, or, anyway, a good soap should be used and the face should be lathered, then washed off with hot water. At the close of the bath, after the complexion scrubbing brush—obtainable of any druggist—has been used, the water can be allowed to run off and clear water, slightly cooler, permitted to enter the tub.

Health Baths.

The evils of too quickly lowering the temperature of the body must be dwelt upon. If a hot bath be cooled to a cold bath the patient changes the temperature of her body from hot to cold very quickly, and the effects are apt to be bad upon the system. Many cannot stand this shock.

But, if the bath be to ten at night, not too hot, and the cooling process be one that is gradually accomplished as one sleeps, then there is no evil effect. A warm bath acts as a sedative, but a hot bath will keep a sensitive person awake. Like coffee, late at night, it is too stimulating.

It is a fact that, in spite of the modern improvements of the new homes, a hot bath at night is not always a possibility. The time of returning may be too late, for this is a country of social occasions, and the pleasure of coming home from an evening's enjoyment is spoiled by the thought that one must scrub for an hour afterward. Even the matter of obtaining water of the right temperature is an uncertain one at midnight, and, for that reason, she who is chasing the will-o'-the-wisp beauty must choose some other hour, if she is going to be certain of obtaining her daily bath.

Four o'clock, when one dresses for dinner, is a good time to take this beauty specific, and if one can lie down for 15 minutes afterward there is no danger of taking cold. Try it for a month, ye muddy faced woman, and see how you look at the end of the month.

It is maintained by physicians that bathing does not interfere with the natural functions and that one is at no time injured by the bath. As each individual is a law unto herself this is a matter for the individual to settle.

An Attractive Mouth.

Those two beauty requirements, an arched mouth and good teeth, go together. If one has good teeth the mouth will appear to describe a bow. This has been tested again and again. Uneven teeth, missing teeth, crowded teeth, teeth that are so discolored that the wearer involuntarily keeps her lips closed, all tend to destroy the contour of the mouth. Have the teeth made perfect by a good dentist and you will see how quickly your mouth will arch and bow.

Dimples will appear if the cheeks be plump and the mouth will be attractive. There is really no excuse for poor teeth in the mouth of a woman of today, and if she will take the money that was to be invested in finery and will put it into the dentist's hands, she will find that she has an abundant and lasting reward for her self denial. The part of the work, though this is a day of comparatively painless dentistry, will be forgotten in the pleasure of thinking that her mouth arches, like that of a Cupid, and shows the true bow; and that her lips may part easily without the fear that she is displaying discolorations and other unappetizing sights.

Habit will often control the arch of the mouth. The woman who makes grimaces, who draws the corners of her mouth down, who twists and distorts her lips in speaking, utterly destroys the Cupid bow and the lines of beauty. It would be a good thing if the woman would look at herself in the mirror while speaking—would talk to herself in the glass—so that she might see how she is abusing the muscles of her countenance.

The cream throat is so easy to obtain that there is really no excuse for going without it. Its first secret is massage. If your chin is too plump and your throat lined, take off your collar and go to work. Taking it for granted that it is clean as can be, and this is saying considerable for a part of the body so exposed as the neck, bathe it in clear hot water, then rub in this cream:

A Neck Cream.

White wax, ½ ounce.
Spermaceti, ½ ounce.
Cocoa butter, ½ pound.

Melt all together and stir in 4 drachms of orange flower water. Remove from the neck with hot water.

For the Neck.

Witch hazel, 1 ounce.
Rosewater, 1 ounce.
Borax, 1 teaspoon.

Use this daily as a wash, removing with very hot water afterward. It is also a good facial wash and can be used for chap and blackheads.

The starched stock or the very high one will certainly destroy a throat, and if the high stock is the style and it certainly is, there can be much done by diplomacy. The morning gown need not have such a stiff finish, nor need the dinner gown. The street dress must have its starched, or stiffened choker, but by bathing the neck well and massaging it, the dangers of discoloration and creases from the few hours it is worn are slight. The face skin which is rough and which needs a different treatment from the neck can have this applied to it:

Clover Cream.

Clear mutton tallow, 2 tablespoons.
White vaseline, 3 tablespoons.
Clover perfume, 5 drops.

Melt in a double boiler, stir vaseline and tallow until well mixed, remove and, when partly cold, add the perfume.

Our grandmothers had a way of removing the contents of an eggshell to leave it whole. Into this they poured this cream, which is an old one; and then, breaking the bottom of the egg so that it would stand, a la Columbus, they kept it as an ornament and accessory to the dressing table.

It may be that the face is discolored, and is covered with freckles and wind tan. What better than half a lemon, rubbed on the face, then quickly washed off? Lemon juice is an excellent complexion restorative and can be used without danger or injury. Do not leave it on, for it may wrinkle the skin. Rub on, wash off, use a little cream, then hot water and you will remove the blemishes.

I once knew a very good woman whose home was a marvel of cleanliness. Her brasses were especially the envy of her neighbors. "Why," said she, "I get up half an hour earlier every day in the year to keep them bright. No servant can do it well enough." As she spoke she reveled her shining andirons and her brilliant brass coal skuttle with much pride. They certainly dressed off the library well.

But the woman's hands as they lay in her lap were discolored and her complexion was yellowed and wrinkled. Her hair was dull, though smoothly combed, and her figure was flat chested. If she had been asked to rise half an hour earlier every day in the year and devote that time to her own beautification, she would have protested with horror against such a waste of good time. She put in the time scrubbing andirons which she was not willing to put upon herself.

THE ETIQUETTE OF DIVORCE.

Written for The Sunday Gazette by KATE THYSON MARR.

WE are aping the old world rapidly in many of the fads and fancies that regulate the social code, but divorce is peculiarly an American institution that must rally with Americanisms in all its forms and adaptations that must govern the future life of those interested, particularly the woman. To the man it signifies little, being often but the transfer of a trunk and a few parcels from one domicile to another, but to the woman it means the aftermath of social recognition.

A man whose business standing is good among men and whose club affiliations are congenial rarely meets a frost no matter what kind of record he unfolds to a gaping world whose nostrils are always ready to expand when scenting a new scandal, but it is on the woman that the burden falls either of sorrow, shame or the support of herself and her children.

There is an infinite pathos in the matter of the divorce itself, the severing of ties where the common interest should center in the children dear to both, but the world deals leniently, almost loosely in many instances by condoning the moral lapses that climax in divorce.

A man is never censured by the world at large no matter what his sins may be, and the same world that formerly so bitterly condemned the woman now seems to be inclined to smile pityingly and ignore the facts until it would appear that society is verging to a level of equality by estimating woman's peccadilloes with the same indifference formerly monopolized by the man, yet there are many, both men and women, who still retain an abiding respect for the sacredness of the marital obligations and by whom divorce is regarded with horror.

Good Fellows Are Bad Husbands.

A woman, no matter how true and loyal her life may have been, is always an object of suspicion irrespective of which business end of the divorce suit she may have figured. Men smile knowingly when remarking that Joseph, James or John was a "devilish nice fellow," whom any woman should have loved and been proud of, and it is frequently the case that these "devilish nice fellows" make the most unsatisfactory husbands. They are often to devilishly nice to everybody else at the wife's expense, and, then, too, they are habitually too much in love with themselves to entertain much love on the side for a wife, and when later she is made desperate by the charms so lavishly on exhibition everywhere save in the home, people tacitly condemn her because he was such a "devilish nice fellow." A good, solid business proposition in the man line will stand the wear and tear of strenuous matrimony more satisfactorily than the spoiled bargain counter product of unctuous smiles and cordial hand shakes.

A woman who procures a divorce is in a very different position from one whose husband divorces her.

I do not indorse the magnanimity of a man who thinks that a woman should be shielded even in her dishonor, by furnishing her the evidence against himself and allowing her to obtain the divorce, although it is common among men to protect the woman, especially in New York city, where a man who will not agree to such a compromise is liable to be subject to very harsh criticism. They fail to recognize the injustice done thereby to every good woman forced into the courts by an accumulation of wrongs.

The Value of a Good Name.

The code of ethics governing a woman's life and conduct after securing a decree should be rigidly adhered to if she would escape gossip. It is a difficult matter to quiet criticism or to live down adverse commentaries, but in time, despite the cruelties of calumny a woman can do so, and provided her life be worthy it will prove itself in a worthless, but all potential vindication.

To marry again before the ink signing the decree is dry is self-evidently the most damaging testimony against a woman. It is very true that she may be in an awful hurry through her fear of losing the "other fellow," but worldly-wise people look askance at the woman too manifestly eager to be "off with the old love and on with the new."

A woman in such cases, or the woman who has been the defendant in a divorce suit, should under no circumstances be the one to signify a desire to continue to receive or to be received by former associates. There is much good, old-fashioned respect for morality still existent in this led-astray old world of ours, that would lead people to resent even a bow of recognition from a woman against whom slander has raised its hydra-head, though granting that they may have cherished a friendship for years. Such a woman should wait until advances are made by these friends of other days, and by so doing she may save herself the humiliation of a cut direct.

Where the woman has applied for and obtained the decree she should have some short notice to that effect inserted in the local papers by her lawyers that the decree has been granted her, provided, of course, the case has not been violently agitated, in which event etiquette demands that cards or a note of congratulation be sent her by such friends as may wish to continue the acquaintance. This will settle definitely the question. Personal calls and congratulations should be made at once where greater intimacy exists. For a newly-divorced woman to make the first call upon friends is horribly bad form. She should wait until in some manner assured that the friendship is desired on the same footing.

To send out invitations for any formal social gathering without such guarantee is infinitely worse.

Execrable Taste for a Divorcee.

For a woman to don mourning for a husband from whom she has been divorced is the worst possible taste, and will subject her to ridicule; this is always excepting where unexplained extenuating circumstances may exist. If neither one nor the other married subsequently to the divorcement, and a death-bed reconciliation is effected, then the woman would be perfectly justified in pursuing either course that appealed to her. Not to assume mourning would be tantamount to letting her friends see that a death-bed repentance and reconciliation did not efface the records of old wrongs, or the woman may have learned to live elsewhere, and simply went to the man who lay dying because of her womanly sympathy and to soothe the last hours by the evidence of forgiveness. Under such circumstances it would be mockery to assume the habiliments of woe.

On the other hand, if some love combined with an infinite pity scattered both heart and blotted out old memories with tears, and no other love had entered her life, then she would be justified in assuming the robe and garb of a widow.

For a woman who has lived miles apart from her husband unto the bitter end, whether divorced or only separated, it is folly to change her mode of life or garb in any way, particularly if the husband's life has been a living affront to her. To assume a widow's role under such conditions is horrible, although there might be unknown reasons justifying it, yet a woman's pride should deter her from betraying grief for a man who had lived and died as the companion of another woman.

When the man dies from whom a woman has been divorced for years it is good form to ignore the fact and not even mention it to the former wife, unless she should introduce the subject and silently show that any comments can neither wound, offend nor grieve her.

There occurs to me here a funny little anecdote heard not long ago, when a man died from whom a lovely woman had obtained a divorce after being begrared by him and separated for years. The man had assumed other relations; the woman, however, had been retained to remain unencumbered. But little good could have been truthfully said of the deceased. A few days after his funeral an old and very dear friend called on the newly widowed divorcee. "My dear," she said sympathetically, "so he's dead, after all these years. I did not know what to write, whether to condole or to congratulate you, so came myself. I feel like the old country parson who was called upon to bury a man who had been branded for horse stealing. He could put no anything good of the man, and his conscience would not allow him to say anything unkind of the dead, so he confined his remarks to 'brethren, we have before us a nice, cold, quiet corpse,' and that applies to your ex—"

Death Makes All Things Even.

There is something so awe-inspiring in the contemplation of death to many sensitively organized women that no matter how great the wrongs she may have suffered, or how deep the resentment, in that awful presence the voice of justice is hushed, and the former wife remembers only the days when he was of her soul a part. It may be a sort of hysterical reaction, accompanied by a few tears, but they are rather a tribute to old memories than to the lifeless form so long in reality dead to her.

In the question of stationery a divorced woman should immediately resume her maiden name, if she has embodied such a prayer to her petition, but if she has children she should retain the surname of the husband and her full name before her marriage should be substituted for the husband's given name on her cards. A widow should retain her husband's full name. The divorced woman uses her maiden name, which designates such. The philosophy of this mandate of etiquette is evident, because should a divorced woman through pique or for any other reason continue to use cards bearing her former husband's full name, in the event of his marrying again it might lead to embarrassing complications.

It is wisdom for a woman, no matter how independent or outraged she may feel to observe conventionalities, and during the few months following the obtaining of the decree to guard every act, for in the end very few people eventually respect a woman who puts herself on exhibition.

To marry immediately on gaining legal freedom stains a woman indelibly and tends to confirm any gossip to her detriment, besides, one unhappy marriage should keep a woman in holy fear of again getting into matrimonial mischief.

Divorce is always horrible. The flaunting of unsoiled-up domestic linen is nauseating when accompanied by reverting exposes, and while there's no denying that an unhappy marriage is a packed edition of [illegible] can possibly be endured I am a hearty advocate of the "kiss-and-make-up" theory and practice.

A MAN'S INVENTION.

Origin and Making of "Mercerized" Fabrics.

Every woman who visits the stores is more or less familiar with "mercerized" fabrics, but comparatively few know why they bear that name, or how the name originated.

The cotton yarn with its silky luster, from which these various goods are made, was first produced by a Frenchman named Mercer. The process was discovered by him more than 40 years ago, but it has only come into popular use within the last few years. He discovered that by treating cotton yarn to a bath in caustic soda and sulphur it would become translucent and elastic, and that all impurities would be removed. This treatment was given the yarn, which was then stretched to prevent its shrinking and afterward was subjected to the usual process of dyeing or bleaching. When the yarn is woven it is closer than ordinary cotton, and also has the beautiful luster which is entirely foreign to cotton not thus treated. The luster is often supposed to be a mere surface luster only, which will wear off as would a cotton back sateen, but this is not the case. The luster is inherent in every particle of the thread, and will last as long as the fabric into which it is woven. The mercerized cotton, being free of all impurities, takes a dye much more readily and is not likely to fade, since neither light nor chemical action affects it readily.

Within the last few years the mercerized cottons have been utilized by manufacturers to this and in other countries extensively, and the fabrics made from it are not only so beautiful in appearance, but so strong and durable in quality that they are likely to prove one of the staple lines of manufacture.

Vogue of the Polka Dot.

Just now polka dots are everything. They are seen in dress fabrics, stockings, hats and now the ultra-smart shoe shops are showing shoes with polka dots on the backs. The favorite is a black suede with white dots. Then there are red ones with black dots and blue ones with white spots. The polka dot stockings are popular, and ribbons of this variety are the daintiest things imaginable.

TOUCHED by the Magic Wand of Progress the old and famous city of Pittsburgh is now gaining a thoroughly metropolitan aspect. It's building activity has been wonderful within the past twelve months. Massive and stately structures, graced with all the beauty of architectural design, tower aloft and pierce the azure dome of the sky. Some are yet within the course of construction, which, when completed, will be equally as impressive. This page is devoted to the advertisements of the most prominent building contractors, designers and outfitters by whose ingenuity and tact these modern edifices are erected.

Wm. Miller & Sons,

Building Contractors,

1208-09-10 Carnegie Bldg., PITTSBURGH, PA.

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTRACTS UNDER CONSTRUCTION:

Union Station	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Arrott Office Building	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Carnegie Library	Duquesne, Pa.
C. M. Schwab Industrial School,	Homestead, Pa.
L. C. Phipps's Residence	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Allegheny County Morgue	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Pickering New Store Building	"Nuf Ced."

George A. Fuller Company,

Building Construction.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON,
PITTSBURGH, BALTIMORE, PHILADELPHIA.

CONSTRUCTORS OF THE

FRICK BUILDING

...AND...

PEOPLES BANK BUILDING.

"THE NICOLA BUILDING CO."

Contractors and Builders.

SPECIALTIES:

Blocks of Small Buildings,
Residence and Business Blocks,
Warehouses.

During the year 1901 we have erected 1,500 buildings, some of these operations being:

200 Houses for The Sharon Steel Co.
120 Houses for The Crucible Steel Co. of America.
100 Houses for Jones & Laughlins.
100 Houses for The Union Steel Co.
50 Houses for W. L. Mellon.
50 Houses for Park Land Co., in Belmar Place.

Room 501 German National Bank Building,
Sixth Ave. and Wood St.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Stinson, Kennedy & Co.,

SANITARY PLUMBING,

FINE GAS AND ELECTRIC FIXTURES,
INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATERS,

No. 213 WOOD STREET,

L. D. 'Phone, Court 741. PITTSBURGH.

Keystone Engineering Co.,

G. E. TURNER, President.

Contracting Engineers

AND CONSTRUCTORS OF

ELECTRICAL AND POWER PLANTS

Offices, 703 Bijou Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HIGH-GRADE GAS ENGINES OUR SPECIALTY

Walrath Gas Engines, Western Electric Generators,
Westinghouse Generators, Steam Engines, Storage Batteries
And All Kinds of Power Plant Apparatus.

Estimates cheerfully given on application. Send all communications to the

KEYSTONE ENGINEERING COMPANY, G. E. TURNER, President,
703 Bijou Building, Penn Avenue, - - Pittsburgh, Pa.

TELEPHONE No. 1267. P. & A. 1012.

D. F. CRAWFORD,

Carpenter and Builder.

603 Fifth Avenue,
One Square From Court House.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Repairing Attended to Promptly.

McKnight & Victory,

PLUMBERS,
GAS AND STEAM
FITTERS

DEALERS IN

GAS FIXTURES,
LAMPS, PUMPS,
LEAD PIPE,
HOSE, ETC.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO NATURAL GAS FITTING.

TELEPHONE, 769.

413 Fourth Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Cut This Out For Future Reference.

BUILDING PLANS...

We have on hand a large assortment of "BUILDING PLANS" for low cost 4 to 12-roomed dwelling houses. They are well arranged and any carpenter can build from them. We also design and supervise Hotels, Business Blocks, Office Buildings, Schoolhouses and Churches anywhere.

A. E. LINKENHEIMER, Architect,
438 FOURTH AVENUE.
Phone P. & A. 2929 Main.

SECOND SECTION.
EIGHT PAGES.

The Pittsburgh Gazette.

...LE NEWS.
CLASSIFIED ADS.
FINANCIAL REVIEW.

PITTSBURGH, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1902.

LATEST NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN CAPITALS

ARMY FACTIONS ARE AGAIN DISTURBING FRENCH NATION

Military Officers in the Republic Have Been Taught That They Are a Class Apart.

DREYFUS AFFAIR PROVED THE SYSTEM WRONG

By J. CORNLEY.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE GAZETTE.]

(Copyright, 1902, by The New York Herald Co.)

PARIS, Jan. 25.—Gen. Andre, minister of war, last week, in defiance of sectarian opinion, restored to his command Gen. Geslin de Bourgogue, who had been removed from active service some months ago for making a very absurd speech, attacking the government. According to the cabinet's view of the matter, the general had taken his punishment in quite correct fashion and a temporary error did not call for an enduring penalty. The Republicans had resigned themselves and the reactionaries had applauded.

Next day the reactionaries came within an ace of overturning the ministry because of Gen. Andre. One of them was making an interpellation relative to officers' "tableaux de dassement." It must be mentioned that a score of years or so ago, while M. de Freycinet was minister of war, in order to ingratiate himself with the generals, he turned over to them the duty of selecting officers for promotion. This sufficed to make of the army a cast apart, a sort of congregation which looked upon itself as separate from the rest of the nation.

System Dangerous.

The Dreyfus affair demonstrated the danger of the system. That is why Gen. de Gallifet, to begin with, and Gen. Andre later, claimed for the minister of war—that is to say, for the head of the executive power—the right to regulate promotion. That is the system that prevails in all monarchies, but the French reactionaries, who complain that the republic does not resemble a monarchy, fall into a rage whenever a republic imitates a monarchy. Hence they take Gen. Andre to task for what they describe as his usurpation of power. In the course of the debate one of their spokesmen told a story of how an officer had been retired for having written a private letter referring in uncomplimentary terms to a Republican politician. Thereupon the Right as one man averred that tale-telling flourished in the army.

In an Embarrassing Position.

Gen. Andre was in a somewhat embarrassing position. Comte de Montebello, an opponent of the government, moved an order of the day blaming the cabinet. This was rejected by a majority of only 20 votes, among which were eight ministerial votes.

"What has become of the government's majority?" it was asked; and for a moment great was the excitement. This, however, speedily changed into hilarity when it became known what was the real cause of the apparent defection. Here is the reason:

In one quarter of Paris there is an infantry barracks with one entrance on a square and another on the Rue Moffetard. The use of this latter gate was forbidden by the colonel in command at the barracks, with the result that the soldiers, not going out of barracks by the Rue Moffetard, bought nothing in the Rue Moffetard shops.

Tradesmen Were Angry.

The tradesmen doing business in that street got up a committee to defend their interests and the socialist deputy of the quarter, M. Gras, was delegated to call the attention of the government to the unfortunate situation of the tradesmen of the Rue Moffetard, whose interests had suffered grievous injury owing to the condemnation of their gate. The whole matter had been referred by the government to the colonel commanding.

Now the deputy mentioned has been delegated by his socialist colleagues to vote for them, in favor of the government, on an order of the day condemning tale-telling in the army. He coolly suppressed some 40 votes. The moral of the affair is this: Next day Gen. Andre became aware of the incident, and the day after that he made a personal call at the barracks and had the Rue Moufftetard gate thrown open.

Story Was Suppressed.

This hitherto unpublished story is a trait of parliamentary methods that deserves to be noted in a week in which parliament takes first place and which is marked by a profound peace, scarcely rippled by the inoffensive legal suits directed against the recalcitrant congregations.

The debates in the chamber of deputies have been interesting. A satisfied glance has been cast over the role played by France on the world's stage, in connection with the debate on the budget of foreign affairs, and everything that M. Delcasse asked for was granted, including the retention of the French embassy to the vatican, although the traditional reservations were made relative to the Armenian massacres and the Transvaal war.

Collectivists Defeated.

There occurred outside of parliament a political move rather interesting. A certain manufacturing town of the North of France has for some years past been a sort of Collectivist Mecca. It lightened the yoke to some extent by electing as deputy a notable employer of labor named M. Motte in place of M. Jules Guesde, and now it has definitely broken with the Collectivists by refusing, last Sunday, to re-elect its former municipal council, which was composed of Collectivist members.

There is only one method of blocking the march of the revolutionaries of Collectivism, and that is by experimenting with what is practical in the socialist program. This is being done now in some measure or other everywhere. This action is possibly unconscious, but very real on the part of the "Mutualiste," whom all our statesmen, M. Loubet as well as M. Waldeck-Rousseau and M. Paul Deschanel, are encouraging.

And this suggestive incident: Ten sailors deserted within 24 hours from torpedo boat No. 174, as a method of protesting against the ill-usage to which they were subjected by one of their officers. They were punished by a Toulon court-martial, but it is stated authoritatively that the minister of marine will take action against the offending officer.

New Cure for Smoking.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—The latest cure for smoking too much is to use cigarets made of coffee leaves. They are not unpleasant, can be smoked ad lib without injury and produce an unconquerable aversion to tobacco. Everyone is smoking them.

SPEEDING CORONATION PREPARATIONS.

Latest Photograph of the King and Queen of England in Their Royal Robes.

Precedence of Diplomats at Coronation Ceremonies Has Been Settled.

Ancient Relic Will Attract Attention at Coronation Ceremonies.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—As details of the coronation ceremonies little by little are made public, interest naturally increases. Yesterday it was stated that the special representatives of foreign powers would take precedence in the order in which they reported their respective arrivals in this country.

It will be interesting to see which report will receive first honors. Americans are hoping that Whitelaw Reid will not put off his departure from America too long.

Since the lord mayor laid claim to the privilege of carrying the crystal and silver mace at the coronation there has been a great deal of interest displayed by Londoners to know the significance of this mace and what it is like, for it is no exaggeration to say that not one out of 100,000 was aware that this curious and ancient relic was still in existence. It is, indeed, a curious thing. The staff is about 18 inches long and composed of crystal, cut and channeled with alternate bands of gold and silver. The divisions are decorated at intervals with eight strings of large seed pearls. The coronet is composed of four crosses and four fleur de lis, decorated with three rubies and three sapphires, besides six very large seed pearls. Other pearls are arranged in groups.

There is no record of the period when this curious relic was made. It is evident that it has been altered from time to time, but in its present shape it has been assigned to the early part of the fifteenth century. This emblem of the lord mayor's authority has not been seen at any state function since the coronation of George IV. It will likely, therefore, be one of the objects of most curious interest next June.

CARELESS COACHMAN.

Upset Mme. Sardou and Daughter in Paris Street.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—Madame Victorien Sardou, wife of the world-famous dramatist, has had an unpleasant experience of the carelessness of Paris omnibus drivers.

While riding with her daughter, Mme. Robert de Flocrs, at the junction of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue du Havre, her cab collided with a heavy double-decker, which completely overturned the carriage. The women were dragged out through the window, miraculously unhurt.

QUESTION OF POUNDS.

New Regulations Applied to Enlistments in French Army.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—The strength of the French army will henceforth be computable by pounds. A rule whereby conscripts have been hitherto enrolled according to height has been superseded by a regulation to the effect that recruits must weight 100 pounds per 5 feet in height and proportionately.

Young men liable to military service will now train like jockeys to reduce their weight below the standard so as to avoid enlistment.

WOMAN'S MAD FAITH.

Severs Her Hand and That of Her Young Daughter.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—A freshly amputated hand lying on a bedroom floor—this is what M. Hollquerac, a pianist, found on reaching his home. The bed curtains were drawn and on the bed were his wife and little daughter, apparently dead through loss of blood. The child's hand was nearly cut off.

The woman was found to be a raving lunatic and suffers from the persecution mania. Neither victim is expected to recover and Hollquerac is crazed.

BOERS' CREDENTIALS ARE NOT SATISFACTORY TO THE GOVERNMENT

Arthur Balfour Has Virtually Admitted That Delegates in Holland Have Sued for Peace.

ROSEBERY SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE INTERMEDIARY

BY HERBERT PAUL.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE GAZETTE.]

(Copyright, 1902, by The New York Herald Co.)

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Mr. Arthur Balfour has virtually admitted in the house of commons that overtures for peace were recently made by the Boer delegates in Holland, and were rejected because, in the opinion of his majesty's government, the credentials of these delegates were unsatisfactory. This admission brings the government into a sharp conflict, not only with the regular opposition, but with Lord Rosebery and the Liberal Imperialists.

It may or may not be true that Lord Rosebery was himself the medium of the communication between the government and Mr. Kruger's advisers. But it is certain that in his Chesterfield speech he expressly advised treating with the European Boers, if they took, as they evidently have taken, the initiative. Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler and Sir Edward Grey have all proclaimed their entire agreement with everything said by Lord Rosebery, therefore they must be in favor of the negotiations which the cabinet has declined.

Unconditional Surrender Cheered.

The imperialist ministers are no doubt strong enough in parliamentary support to do as they please and cheers can always be obtained for the policy of no terms with the Boers, except an unconditional surrender. Mr. Balfour says that an unconditional surrender is purely political and does not preclude a personal amnesty.

That is true, but on the other hand an unconditional surrender implies a separate capture and disarmament of every Boer commando, which may take years. For Joseph Chamberlain, when he argued last Monday that Mr. Kruger could not bind the Boer generals in the field, went on to assert that Gen. Botha could not speak for Gen. Delarey or Gen. De Wet. This seems quite inconsistent with the action of the cabinet last March, when they allowed Gen. Kitchener to negotiate directly with Gen. Botha as commandant of the Boer forces.

Independence Waived.

As parliament is sitting, further information can speedily be procured. But it may be safely assumed that an absolute and formal independence was or would have been waived by those who directly or indirectly approached the British government. Most of the people believe, with Lord Rosebery, that the visit of Dr. Kuyper, the Dutch prime minister, to London, was connected with these pacific efforts. It also is understood that the principal opponent to these negotiations was Lord Milner. But after all, Lord Milner is only a servant of the cabinet, and not its master. And it is the cabinet which must bear the brunt of needlessly prolonging the war.

The division on Mr. Cawley's amendment was a great triumph for the government. A majority of 229 against a vote of no confidence is almost beyond the dreams of political avarice.

Irish Would Not Vote.

The numbers are, of course, subject to explanation; that the Irish Nationalists, 80 strong, deliberately abstained from voting. Eighty from 229 leaves 139, which is about the normal excess of ministerialists over the opposition. Although the Freeman's Journal explains that Ireland is against the war, not from the old hatred of England, but from a love of justice, it does the English and Scottish Liberals no harm to be dissociated in a matter of this kind from men who avowedly sympathize with an enemy. The government, moreover, would have lifted a regular stop-the-war amendment, which would enable them to say that they were hampered by a faction in conducting the arduous campaign.

Discipline Essential.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and those who thought fit to join him in consultation must have weighed these things with others. Sir Henry was ungodly supported by Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who argued with much skill that the amendment was in accordance with the Chesterfield speech. Some Liberal Imperialists voted for it and the whole of the "Pomster" who might have been estranged by a more drastic motion. Mr. Lloyd George's bitter attack upon his leader gave no satisfaction to anyone except to Tories and the Irish, who are willing enough to act together when it suits their mutual convenience.

LIBERTY CLOTHING COMPANY'S
WATER-DAMAGED CLOTHING SALE
OFFERS MIGHTIEST BARGAINS EVER KNOWN

The bursting of a water pipe in the establishment of the LIBERTY CLOTHING CO. flooded the stock room and damaged so much of the clothing that a Special Wet Goods Sale is necessary in order to to enable the Company to adjust its affairs before the annual stock taking. The wonder is that the accident did not cause the loss of the entire stock. However, hundreds of the suits and overcoats were only dampened, and many were not affected at all but notwithstanding the Liberty Clothing Co. will clear out all these goods at a gigantic special sale . . . . . .

BEGINNING TOMORROW MORNING AT 8 O'CLOCK

It is of no use to dwell upon the details. Every man of common sense can tell whether he wants a suit or overcoat for a third or half its value. And that's just what this sale means. The goods speak for themselves. Don't be late. The early customers will get the best bargains, and we assure you there are more remarkable values here for the men of these cities than any other two clothing stores ever got together.

OVERCOATS

Like These Were Never Before Sold at Such Prices.

None are damp enough to be noticeable—stand before a fire five minutes and you would never know they had been wet.

SPLENDID overcoats in medium and heavy weight Oxford, cut extra long, Worth $12.00. Sale Price... **$3.98**

MEN'S nice Black Melton Overcoats, stylish cut, Worth $14, or money refunded. Sale Price..... **$4.95**

MEN'S Blue, Black and Brown Castor Beaver Overcoats, very stylish, absolutely worth $18. Sale Price. **$5.69**

THE biggest snap of all, Men's Oxford Yoke Overcoats, swell long cut, and loose fitting, very swell, sizes from 34 to 42. Worth $22.00. Sale Price..... **$6.98**

MEN'S Black Royal Kersey swell, loose fitting Overcoats, such as the finest Merchant tailors handle, Worth Double our Sale Price of..... **$7.98**

FINE suit Men's Clothes, all to match, Worth $10, Wonderfully handsome. Sale Price..... **$3.95**

MEN'S fine suits in Cheviot and Scotch Plaids, Worth $12.50. Sale Price..... **$4.98**

MEN'S SUITS

Like These Would Cost Double in Any Other Store.

Yes, and in most stores three times these prices are asked. Most of the suits here show no sign of dampness.

MEN'S very stylish suits, strictly tailor made and absolutely all wool, Worth double our Sale Price... **$5.69**

MEN'S splendid suits in Velour Cassimere, all shades, Worth $16. Sale Price..... **$6.95**

THE finest Cassimere, Cheviots and worsted suits in all shades, also Black Vicunas included, Worth $18 and $20 or your money back, but Sale Price is only..... **$7.98**

MEN'S suits made of Imported Scotch Cheviots, the new shade of brown rough effect, just the suits for present use, Worth $24. Sale Price only..... **$7.98**

MEN'S fine Dress Pants at **78c, 98c, $1.39 and $1.79**

A lot of Stiff Bosom Monarch Dress Shirts **43c**

WHITE VESTS

Double-breasted White Vests—worth $1.25; sale price..... 79c

Single-breasted White Vests—worth $1.00; Sale price..... 59c

Single and Double breasted White Vests—worth $1.50; Sale price..... 79c

Full Dress White Vests—worth $1.50; Sale price..... 98c

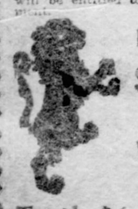
☞ BY MAKING A SMALL DEPOSIT WE WILL RESERVE ANY OF THESE GOODS FOR YOU IF YOU CAN'T CONVENIENTLY PAY ALL DOWN AT THE TIME OF PURCHASE

LIBERTY CLOTHING CO.

NOT SIXTH STREET **646 Liberty Street, Cor. 6th Ave.** PITTSBURGH

FREE Gold Crown OR Gold Filling

During January we will give a Gold Crown or Gold Filling free with every best set of teeth contracted for; persons having teeth extracted now for plates will be entitled to this special inducement.



BEST SETS $8 & $10

Work, Material and Fit Guaranteed.

Teeth Reset $6 with a Gold Crown Free

If you are wearing a set of teeth that does not just suit, we will reset them on a new plate for $6, adding a Gold Crown Free.

VITALIZED AIR, our own make, for the Painless Extraction of Teeth.

GOLD CROWNS AND BRIDGE WORK, The Best, $5 Per Tooth.

Silver Filling 75c. Teeth Cleaned 75c.

(Established 12 years.)

Pittsburgh Dentists,

310 FIFTH AVENUE,
Over Woolworth's 10c Store.
Sunday 10 till 1.

FREEDMAN'S ACTION MAY END WAR

FREEDMAN'S ACT LOOKED UPON AS LIFE SAVER

Appointment of Horace Vogel Regarded as a Shrewd Move to Save Club.

MAY END BASEBALL WAR

New York's Owner Is Likely to Join Richard Croker and Spend a Year in England—Soden and Brush Want to Save Themselves.

The latest move of Andrew Freedman in securing Horace Vogel, the well-known sporting writer, to manage the New York team this season caused a lot of discussion in local baseball circles yesterday. By experts the move is looked upon as the beginning of the end of the National League baseball war, because the move is regarded as a plan whereby the New Yorker can get out of the game as an individual, but still retain his ownership.

The Giants' new manager is a man who has the confidence of the leaders on both sides of the National League, as well as the friendship of Ban Johnson and the club owners of the American League. At the National League meeting in New York, when the break between the magnates occurred, Vogel was there representing a Philadelphia paper, and was regarded as a Spalding supporter. It now looks as though Freedman has at last been forced to see that the Spalding forces mean business and in order to save himself he will retire from the game and spend the next year with his friend, Richard Croker, in England. The mysterious visit of A. H. Soden to New York on Wednesday night is likely to have had for its object this move, because Vogel's engagement followed right on the heels of the Boston leader's visit.

Must Save Their Clubs.

This move is probably intended to save the New York, Boston, Cincinnati and St. Louis clubs from being frozen out of the National League circuit. The declarations made by Mr. Spalding last week and seconded by President Dreyfuss that the Spalding faction stands ready to go ahead with a four-club circuit, opened the eyes of the opposing four and made them hustle to get in out of the wet. A move of this kind meant more to Soden and Brush than the shutting out of both Boston and Cincinnati, because it also meant the ousting of New York, in which club both Soden and Brush have a heavy financial interest.

This solution of the baseball problem is borne out by the recent action of the Boston triumvirate, who have been showing a strong disposition toward deserting the Brush-Freedman crowd and lining up with Spalding, thus breaking the league deadlock. It is pointed out that while Soden was in New York paving the way for peace, his partners in Boston were wiring out interviews highly eulogistic of A. G. Spalding as being the one man who could place the game back at its old-time standard. Billings has all along been a Spalding man, and he seems to have won his partners over to his way of thinking.

And Freedman Will Get Out.

As soon as the men most interested in this latest move see fit to make official announcement of their change of heart the situation in the National League will be materially changed. The accession of Boston will give Spalding five of the eight votes in the league, and this means a working majority. Furthermore, it will clear his title to the presidency of the organization and practically enable him to shape and control the future policy of the league.

On the other hand, the desertion of Boston would prove a body blow to the Freedman-Brush faction. For it will leave them with only three clubs, namely New York in the east and Cincinnati and St. Louis in the west.

From the viewpoint of an impartial and unbiased outsider, the breaking of the existing deadlock between the Spalding and Freedman factions will result, in all probability, in some sort of a compromise between the contending forces, by the terms of which Freedman will retire from active control of the New York club and allow himself to be succeeded as president of that club.

Salary Reduction Will Follow.

Directly this is accomplished the last annual meeting of the National League, which, by the way, was never formally adjourned, will re-convene in New York at an early date and the existing tangle be quickly straightened out. The suits brought by Freedman against Spalding and which are now pending will be dropped, the election of Spalding as president will be approved, and things will resume their normal condition.

Having accomplished this much, the magnates of the National League will get together and do their very best to agree on some scheme by which they can meet the club owners in the American League and frame up a treaty of peace satisfactory to themselves and their lusty young rival.

The leading men in both the National and the American Leagues are anxious for peace, and it will not be difficult for them to construct a new national agreement and a new salary limitation, under the terms of which both the big eight-club circuits can be operated in peace and harmony.

STILL HOLDS THE LEAD.

South Side Team Ran Away From Carnegie Steel.

The Junior league game at Odd Fellows' hall last night between South Side and Carnegie Steel was a walkover for the Junior league champions and puts Carnegie Steel out of the race for first place. The South Side boys played an exceptionally fine game, appearing to score almost at will, which dazed the Carnegie Steel boys and apparently put them completely out of the game, the final score being 61 to 19. Line up:

Liebau	F.	Seibel
Leithead	F.	Hay
Davies-Schmitt	C.	Lewis
Windeknecht-Bradley	G.	Beitshoover-DeMuth
Stolzenbach	G.	Orr

Field goals—Liebau 6, Leithead 7, Davies 5, Schmitt, 4, Windeknecht 4, Stolzenbach, Seibel 4, Lewis 2. Foul goals—Liebau 7, Seibel 7. Officials—Little and Mackrell. Attendance—500.

NEW DRIVING PARK.

Braddock Man Buys One and Names It After Schwab.

P. J. Brennen of Braddock has concluded the purchase of the property and buildings of the Salem Fair association at Salem, O., and he intends spending $20,000 in improving the same and making it one of the very best race and training tracks in this part of the country. Among the improvements contemplated is a $80,000 grandstand and training stable. Mr. Brennen intends calling his new track "The Schwab Driving and Riding Park." The Braddock man will open the new track with a race meet on Decoration day. Mr. Brennen has a stable of speeders and added to it last week for $3,000 a horse which has a record of better than 2:15.

Charleroi's Stars Defeated.

The H. B. A. C. basketball team had but little difficulty in defeating the star team from Charleroi at the Homestead gymnasium last night. The final score was 22 to 2 in favor of Homestead. The game was played under National league rules, and four 10-minute halves. A large and enthusiastic crowd was in attendance. Homestead showed better team work than the fast Charleroi boys in a game of generalship. Line-up:

"Toots" Preston, the Pittsburgh Speed Skater, Entered in the Amateur Championship Races at Verona, N. J.

CRACK SHOOTING BY LOCAL EXPERT

ITTEL MAKES A POSSIBLE 250 TARGET AT 75 FEET.

Ten Consecutive Shots in a Half Inch Center Equal Any Scoring on Record. Phillips Does Well—Iroquois Marksmen Meet the British Team Tuesday.

Right on the eve of the match shoot between the teams of the Iroquois and the British-Westinghouse clubs, Louis P. Ittel, the star shooter of the Iroquois and believed by many to be the champion rifle shot of the world today, has done some of the most remarkable target shooting ever recorded.

In the medal match of the Iroquois range last Monday Ittel perforated the half-inch center of the German-Ring target 10 successive times at a distance of 75 feet, giving him the sensational score of 250 out of a possible 250 points. This is the most remarkable shooting ever done by the unerring Ittel in all his brilliant record in this city, and it is a question whether there is another such target on record in the United States.

Plugged the Center Each Time.

Not only were the 10 bullets from Ittel's rifle in the half-inch center, but they were so true to the center that it is impossible to distinguish the several shots.

Ittel's best previous record here was on the old 50-foot range, with a possible 50 out of five shots. Not satisfied with the 250 target the two out of Ittel's three targets in the medal match on Monday were each 247, but three shots on each having hit the second or 24 ring. This means that out of 30 consecutive shots at a half-inch center, which can be barely distinguished at 75 feet, Ittel scored 28, the equal if not the superior, to any shooting ever done in this country.

The first half of the match with the British marksmen will take place Tuesday night on the English range in Wilkinsburg.

There will be three targets of seven shots each on the Bisley English target, commonly called the "magpie." The first target will be shot standing, the second kneeling or sitting and the third lying down. The open sight guns of the Englishmen will be used exclusively.

The second half of the match will be decided on February 4 on the range of the Iroquois club, three targets of 10 shots each on the German-Ring target, all standing, with globe sights and the guns of the South Side shooters used exclusively.

Phillips Also Shot Well.

In the shooting last week on the Iroquois range R. F. Phillips did some shooting which, but for Ittel's sensational work, would have attracted unusual attention in itself. He has not been doing any target shooting for months, yet his four targets on Monday night were each 246 out of a possible 250.

The scores made on the new range last week were as follows:

Medal Match—A. F. Hofmeister, 231, 240; R. F. Phillips, 244, 246.

Record Match—A. F. Hofmeister, 245; R. F. Phillips, 249.

Monday, January 20, 1902.—A. Huebner, 238, 240; R. Rahm, 226, 231; A. L. Hertig, 241, 242; W. Altenberger, 228, 228; J. O. Smith, 226, 232, 235; R. F. Zoeller, 228, 226, 229; H. Sperling, 234; A. F. Hofmeister, 231, 232; L. P. Ittel, 247, 247, 250; A. Heubner, 242; J. O. Smith, 235; L. P. Ittel, 249.

Thursday—O. L. Hertig, 240, 237, 238; A. F. Hofmeister, 236, 236, 236; R. F. Zoeller, 228, 232, 232; A. Huebner, 240, 239; W. Altenberger, 233, 231, 211; D. L. Aber, 245; R. F. Phillips, 248, 246, 248; O. L. Hertig, 245; A. Huebner, 234; A. F. Hofmeister, 235; R. F. Phillips, 246.

SHAMROCK THE THIRD.

The New Yacht Will Be Built by the Thorneycrofts.

GLASGOW, Jan. 25.—As the result of an exhaustive examination of the Shamrock I, the first offer of a contract to build the Shamrock III will go to the Thorneycrofts. The examination which has just been completed was made with the special object of determining the relative merits of the workmanship of the Shamrock I and the Shamrock II, and William Fife is so satisfied with the condition of Sir Thomas Lipton's first challenger for the America's cup that he wants the Thorneycrofts to try again on the Shamrock III. It has been found that the old boat, except where aluminum was used, has stood the strain and wear admirably. The plating was always truer than in the Shamrock II and her underbody has never shown the weakness in the riveting which caused so much trouble in the case of the last challenger.

Basketball Notes.

The Bellefield Jrs. of Lower Allegheny would like to hear from all teams with halls. Address William Rose, 44 Superior avenue, Allegheny.

The Lyceum Jrs. will play their regular game Tuesday evening at their hall. Two games will be played. Rina Jrs. and P. C. H. S. Reserves, both play Lyceum Jrs.

There will be two great games of basketball played next Wednesday evening at Masonic hall, Allegheny, between the newly organized Bristol team and the Carnegie Steel Jrs. Manager Mason, who returned from the east last Monday, declares he has a few surprises in store for the Carnegie team. The Wergly Clubs will play the Central Juniors preliminary to the above game.

The Railroad Third basketball team would like to arrange games with any 14 or 15-year-old teams. Games to be played at home or abroad. They would like to have a game with Panther A. C. at Pollard hall for Thursday, January 30. Glenfield, South Side Reserves and Avalon High school please write for games. Address Edward C. Mosite, Pennsylvania Railroad Christian association, 1906 and 1907 Sidgwick Hotel, Allegheny.

THE FRONTENAC TEAM DROPPED BUT ONE GAME

Declare P. A. C. the Strongest Local Seven After Fast Tie Game.

HAD TO RUSH FOR TRAIN

Canadians Were Unable to Finish Contest—Play Speedy and Rough from Beginning to End—W. U. P. Defeated Shadyside.

After closing their engagement here last night in a speedy contest with P. A. C., which resulted in a tie of 2 to 2, even after ten minutes of extra play, the Frontenacs one and all united in declaring the Red and White local champions as the strongest of the three Pittsburgh teams. Capt. Murphy said: "P. A. C. is the most evenly balanced team we have met. The forward line is the fastest and most expert at stick handling, while the defense loses nothing by comparison. Keystone is very fast, but the score against us cannot be taken as a measure of strength, as we had had nothing to eat and almost any team could have defeated us."

Canadians Hustled For Train.

The Frontenacs played the extra minutes reluctantly as their train left at 10:50. The crowd cried for a decision, but did not understand the situation. Frontenac lost the first game to Keystone by a score of 7 to 0, and tied with both Bankers and P. A. C. by the same score.

The crowd last night was very enthusiastic over the fast play in vogue during every minute of the long contest, and had good reason, as it will have to wait long before seeing a faster or more evenly balanced game. The P. A. C. team is made up mostly of Frontenac boys and the rivalry was intense. The play was rough at times, but both offended equally and the crowd enjoyed it. The pace was so fast that neither team could make much of a success of team work, but P. A. C. had the better of this feature.

Both Sevens Strong on Defensive.

Both teams played remarkably stubborn and tight defense games, and it was here they were so evenly matched. Mills at goal for the Canadians easily saved the game for them by his sensational stops. He is a big man and filling the net he stopped shot after shot even of the unerring Smith. Lamb did not have much to do, but Curtin played a star game at point, while Hamilton was always there.

Robinson and Smith played the star offensive games for the locals and Embury and Rodgers for Frontenac. Rodgers made some beautiful long shots. He was a member of the champion Ottawa team last season, which Smith coached. The game was full of amusing features, as player after player was dumped by the rough play.

P. A. C. Scored Quickly.

Thirty seconds from the start Robinson got a loft of Curtin which had been blocked, carried down and scored. Ten minutes later Robinson and Smith carried down and Smith shot from within six feet of the net. Score 2 to 0.

With 15 minutes of the first half passed Embury carried down and passed to Rodgers, who scored from a hard angle to the right. Two minutes from the end Rodgers carried the rubber past cover and point and tied the score from the left of the net. It was a great play.

The most stubborn defensive play of the game ensued in the second half, and neither team scored. Score and line-up:

P. A. C., 2.		Frontenac, 2.
Lamb	Goal	Mills
Hamilton	Point	Murphy
Curtin	Cover point	Elliott
Robinson	Center	Embury
Reynolds	Forward	Walsh
Smith	Left wing	Rodgers
Shields	Right wing	Preston

Referee—Himes. Goal judges—Garrett and Higcock. Goals—Robinson 1, Smith, Rodgers 2. Benched—Powell 2.

FINE SPEED SKATING.

Amateur Champion Jones and Letts Will Race.

Exciting speed races and fast time are promised at Duquesne garden this week, when A. Leslie Jones, the amateur champion skater, and William T. Letts, the local speeder, will meet on the ice. Both are confident of winning the majority of the events, which promise to be close.

Jones won his great reputation by defeating Leroy See, the heretofore champion of America, who had held this proud title for five years and finally succumbed to the Meriden boy. Jones now claims all records from one-quarter mile up, his one-quarter mile is 41 4-5 and half 1:24, both of which are flat records. He won both the one and five mile national indoor championships of America and Canada at the Clermont rink, New York, on March 5 of last year. He also defeated Benson Hartney of Winnipeg, Manitoba, in a half mile pursuit race on February 23, 1901.

Letts is well known to the lovers of the ice game in this city and has often brought forth cheers by his speed at Duquesne garden. In addition to his speedy gait, Letts is one of the gamest men who ever traveled on the steel blade. His strong point is the manner in which he turns the corners. With these two skaters in races that will surely be for blood it will not be surprising if some of the records of the garden, or maybe some of the amateur indoor records of the world, are broken.

Wops First Victory.

In the afternoon the W. U. P. team won its first game of the season by defeating Shadyside 1 to 0. Phillips scored the only goal of the game. He secured the the puck in the middle of the ice in the second half, passed Overend, Ahl, Hutchinson and Dravo and shot the goal. Overend was knocked down owing to a check in the second half, was cut in the lip and had to retire from the game. The lineup was as follows:

W. U. P.		Shadyside.
McCready	Goal	Hall
McKenna	Point	Dravo
Mosier	Cover point	Hutchinson
McLain	Center	Williams
Phillips	Forward	Ahl
Hays-Forner	Left wing	Overend-Key
McMurray	Right wing	Preston

Referee—Hill, Keystone. Goal judges—Smith and Edmundson. Goal—Phillips.

Rochester Starts in Early.

ROCHESTER, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—Arrangements are now being made by the Rochester Athletic association to organize a baseball team for the coming year, and the manager, Lawrence Shuster, is anxious to secure several good players, including a pitcher. Players interested are requested to communicate with him at once.

Wash.-Jeff. Freshmen Won.

WASHINGTON, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—Several hundred people turned out to see the basketball game between the Freshmen and the Senior teams at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium this afternoon. The Freshmen proved to be the better players and won by the large score of 40 to 16. Many visitors were out for both teams, but the Freshmen had the best support.

Not Likely to Have a League.

IRWIN, PA., Jan. 25.—Much has been said about an amateur baseball league for Westmoreland county next season to comprise the locals of Mt. Pleasant, Scottdale, Greensburg, Jeannette, Manor and Irwin. The only thing that has been done is talk, as to form the organization. The lack of playing grounds, as well as past experience when the games have not made money, makes the move this year is not considered advisable.

SEVOY WON THE SELLING STAKE

BIG SPRINTER BROKE THE SEVEN FURLONG TRACK RECORD.

Went to the Front Right at the Start and Was Never Headed—Owners of Judge Steadman Suspended for Horse's Poor Showing.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Jan. 25.—Sevoy cantered off with the Cotton Selling stakes, worth $1,485 to the winner, today, and incidentally lowered the seven furlongs track record to 1:26. The big sprinter went to the front at his leisure. He was the only successful favorite of the day. Light showers fell during the forenoon, but the track was fast. The stewards have suspended George Land & Co., their trainer and horses, pending an investigation of the performances of the horse Judge Steadman. Jessie Jarboe lowered the track record for a mile and a sixteenth to 1:46¼ in her race, and the stewards promptly suspended Jockey McCann, who rode the mare yesterday, when she was beaten badly in an inferior field. Weather cloudy; track fast.

First race, 1 mile, selling—Ecome, 112, J. Winkfield, 13 to 5, won; Sir Florian, 107, Dominick, 3 to 1, second; Garter Ban, 104, Brennan, 5 to 1, third. Time, 1:41½. The Bronze Demon, Lovable, Free Admission, Juanetta and Volantine also ran.

Second race, 3½ furlongs—Frank Rice, 115, F. Jones, 5 to 1, won; Computation, 115, R. Williams, 11 to 5, second; Dark Planet, 110, R. Brown, 11 to 5 third. Time, .43. Tom Maybin, Halcyon Dale and Dr. Miles also ran.

Third race, 1¼ miles, selling—Major Mansir, 106, J. Miller, 3 to 1, won; Campus, 102, Minder, 5 to 1, second; Admetus, 105, T. Dean, 4 to 1, third. Time, 2:37. Dandy H. and Judge Steadman also ran.

Fourth race, 7 furlongs, Cotton Selling stakes—Sevoy, 115, E. Robertson, 3 to 1, won; Granter, 110, T. Dean, 4 to 1, second; Velma Clark, 96, Boyd, 10 to 1, third. Time, 1:28. Morice, Scarlet Lily, O'Hagan, Lemnep, Cast Iron and Digby Bell also ran.

Fifth race, 1 1-16 miles, handicap—Jessie Jarboe, 90, Louden, 7 to 1, won; Reseda, 98, G. Thompson, 2 to 1, second; Johnnie McCarter, 96, Helgeson, 7 to 2, third. Time, 1:48½. Intrusive and Bed Chance ran.

Sixth race, 6 furlongs—Gala Day, 96, R. Murphy, 6 to 1, won; Ante Up, 99, G. Thompson, 5 to 1, second; Echodale, 104, Lindsey, 10 to 1, third. Time, 1:14. Pigeon Post, Small Jack, Bangalore, Woodstick, Inniscara and Waban also ran.

FAVORITES FARED BADLY.

Eonic Won the Handicap and Fooled the Talent.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 25.—Favorites fared badly at Oakland today. A field of six went to the post for the Lissak handicap, the feature of the program, with Diderot and Corrigan about equal favorites. Both finished outside the money. Muresca set the pace, but Janice took command in the stretch and looked like a winner until she swerved near the finish. Jackson brought Eonic up on the inside and she won in a drive by a head. Summary:

First race, five-eighths mile, selling—Chandoo, 112, O'Connor, 5 to 1, won; Dwight Way, 110, Troxler, 6 to 1, second; Breton, 102, Conley, 6 to 1, third. Time, 1:04⅘. Baltest, Andie May, John H. Carr, Sir Claus, Major Bird, The Maniac and Argeleno ran.

Second race, mile and three-eighths, hurdle handicap—Duke of York, 141, 148, Mattiee, 6 to 5 won; Maso, 130, Peters, 2 to 1, second; Solano, 128, Higgins, 6 to 1, third. Time, 2:48. Spry Lark and Loyal S. ran.

Third race, half mile—Sylvia Talbot, 115, O'Connor, 1 to 3, won; Adirondack, 115, Bullman, 3 to 1, second; Dotterell, 107, L. Jackson, 15 to 1, third. Time, :51. Irish Lassie, High Chancellor and Prestocure ran.

Fourth race, mile, Lissak handicap—Eonic, 102, Jackson, 5½ to 1, won; Janice, 108, O'Connor, 4 to 1, second; Muresca, 85, Winslett, 15 to 1, third. Time, 1:45⅘. Diderot, Corrigan and The Pride ran.

Fifth race, eleven-sixteenths mile, selling—Berendos, 113, McGinn, 4 to 1, won; Screenwell Lake, 101, L. Jackson, 3½ to 1, second; Marineuse, 113, Bullman, 2½ to 1, third. Time, 1:11. Eldred, Schotillate, Koenig, Cesdale, John Welch, Intrada and Clarella ran.

Sixth race, three-fourths mile, selling—Marcato, 109, Bullman, 9 to 5, won; Nellie Forest, 104, Redfern, 3 to 1, second; Merops, 102, Hoar, 10 to 1, third. Time, 1:18⅘. Sea Lion, Cousin Carrie, Ben Ledi, Clarando, Remora and Monda ran.

Sharon's Show Will Be Large.

SHARON, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—On account of the large number of entries in the Sharon beach poultry and pet stock show, January 30, 31 and February 1, the managers have been compelled to rent an additional hall, in which the poultry will probably be exhibited. The Sharon show ranks as a two-point show, or of equal importance to the Pittsburgh exhibition.

South Side Tigers Beaten.

BEAVER, PA., Jan. 25.—(Special.)—An interesting and largely attended basketball game was played here in the Beaver college gymnasium between the South Side Tigers of Pittsburgh and the Beaver college preps. The score being 16 to 9 in favor of the preps.

A Poor Way To Treat CATARRH

No one would be so foolish as to kindle the fire on top of a pot to make it boil, yet the treatment of Catarrh is often just as senseless and illogical. Douches, sprays, ointments, so-called tobacco cures, and various other applications, are diligently used, but the little good accomplished is swept away by the first breath of winter. When you attempt to cure a constitutional disease—one affecting the entire system—with purely local remedies, you are applying the fire to the top of the pot, you are doctoring symptoms, and, like thousands of others, get disappointing results. In Chronic Catarrh, the whole system becomes involved; the entire mucous membrane, or inner covering of the body, is in a state of high inflammation. The pressure of blood upon the glands and cells produce excessive secretion of mucus, much of which is absorbed into the blood and distributed to all parts of the body. In this way the stomach, kidneys and intestines are often seriously affected.

The nose, throat and ears are most frequently attacked by this foul disease, because the mucous lining is exposed to the cold, damp air, which attracts the vitiated blood to the surface, causing congestion of the little blood vessels and glands, making breathing difficult and labored; the throat becomes parched and dry; the hot, watery discharge from the nose gradually changes to a yellowish color and becoming more profuse and tenacious, drops back into the throat, causing gagging and almost constant coughing to dislodge it. This offensive discharge, in spite of all precautions, finds its way into the stomach, and extreme nausea and an obstinate form of dyspepsia follow.

St. Joseph, Mo., March 24, 1901.
I had a bad case of Catarrh; my nose was always stopped up and my head ached continually, and the odor of my breath was sickening. I had a most annoying cough, also. I tried a number of remedies and was treated by several doctors, but got no relief—my case was thought to be incurable. S. S. S. being recommended to me, I began its use, and after taking nine bottles was cured, and have never been troubled with Catarrh since. MISS MARY L. STORM, 601 Francis Street.

Blinding headaches, neuralgia of the eyes and dizziness are also symptoms of this disease, and when the inflammation reaches the delicate mechanism of the ear, hearing is lost, and, as the blood becomes more deeply poisoned, the tissues and soft bones in the head are eaten out, greatly disfiguring the face. At this stage of Catarrh the breath becomes insufferably offensive. S. S. S. is the simplest and most effective treatment for Catarrh, and when taken into the circulation reaches all parts of the system and cleanses the blood of all Catarrhal matter and restores it to a normal condition. When rich, new blood begins to flow through the veins, the obstructed glands and broken down cells resume their natural functions, and the hot and inflamed membranes are lubricated and moistened with a soothing, healing fluid that quickly brings relief to the congested parts. S. S. S. puts the blood in such perfect condition and so strengthens and invigorates the general health that the local manifestations of the disease gradually disappear, the discharge from the nose ceases, the head clears, breathing becomes easy and natural, the appetite improves, and a perfect and permanent cure is effected.

SSS

S. S. S. is the only guaranteed purely vegetable blood purifier. It contains no minerals to further poison the blood and derange the digestion, but can be taken with perfect safety in all stages and forms of Catarrh. Our physicians will gladly advise, without charge, all who write them about their case. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

PILES CURE GUARANTEED.

Every week something of interest to sufferers from any Rectal disease will appear in this column.

A Wise Man Doesn't Dig With a Razor Nor Shave With a Spade,

Neither is it the part of wisdom if you suffer from any given disease to seek the services of a physician whose whole training and practice has been along some line radically different from your complaint. In a nutshell—you want the most efficacious treatment. To get it, you must go to that specialist who is best fitted by experience and knowledge to treat and cure your particular ailment. If it is any form of Rectal disease Dr. Warner is unquestionably the physician to consult. HE IS THE ONLY EXCLUSIVE RECTAL SPECIALIST IN PITTSBURGH. His skill, wide experience and thorough knowledge best equips him to treat your case intelligently and with most effective results. As a Rectal Specialist he solicits the most obstinate cases. His is the skill that cures where others fail. His offices were established here 18 years ago, and his achievements during this period leaves no room to doubt his ability in his special field of practice.

SEPARATE AND PRIVATE PARLOR FOR LADIES.

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That means 18 years' constant and exclusive attention to
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DR. WARNER CURES
Without Knife, Pain or Detention from Business.
NO EVIL AFTER EFFECTS.
No Side Issues!
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A. R. McKAIN, Hatter, 15th ave and Sixth ave.
JOHN KIRKPATRICK, Fire Insurance, 327-329-331 Fourth ave.
EDW. DAVISON, JR., Contractor, Forty-Second and Davison sts.
W. S. McKEE, Glass Mold Mfr., 237-239 First ave.
JOS. LAUFFER, Russell Block, representing J. S. Kirk & Co., Soap Makers, Chicago.

D. O. C. Dunn's Own Compound D. O. C.
For Liver, Kidneys and Blood.

40,000 Boxes Sold in Allegheny County Alone in Four Years.

2,000 References in Pittsburgh and Allegheny—Not in Canada or Kansas.

HERE IS ONE—GO AND INVESTIGATE IT:

I had rheumatism in back and limbs so badly that I could not attend to my store—could not move about except with great pain. I was cured by Dunn's Own Compound. I got better from first dose. I have advised many others to use it and all praise it as I do.
M. MINNICK, Grocer, 140 Main St., West End.

It is as Vegetable, as Bread or Apples!

IT CURES Backache, Lumbago, Stooping Pains, Stiffening Muscles, Acute Rheumatism, Gout, Urinary Troubles, etc.

IT CURES Habitual Constipation, Pains in Back or Sides, Loss of Appetite, Coated Tongue, Distress of Stomach, Bloating, Yellowness, Melancholia, etc.

DUNN'S OWN COMPOUND CURES Pimples, Boils, Old Sores, Tetter, Eczema, Scrofulous Swelling and Eruptions, all Itching Troubles, any taint or virus in the blood—Use D. O. C. until cured, and a little longer.

Satisfaction guaranteed or price cheerfully returned. 50 cents per box, 6 boxes $2.50. Sold by druggists and by mail. Call or address

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See that Spot!

You dont, but your friends do.

Why don't you have it covered? It can be done. The trouble is not chronic, but functional. It is caused by a weakened condition of the hair follicle, due to a microbe that feeds upon and destroys the delicate mucous membrane with which it is lined.

The hair-root, deprived of its nourishment, gradually becomes weakened, shrivels up and the hair easily falls from its collapsed follicle.

This very common condition—known as premature baldness—is overcome by the use of Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food, the only safe and scientific cure for all hair and scalp diseases. It strikes at once at the seat of the disorder, destroys the microbe that causes it and assists in feeding the weakened hair follicle back to health.

Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food is not greasy or sticky, and contains no disagreeable or dangerous sediments. It is clean, pure as crystal, and delightful to use. Its odor is pleasant, yet not pungent. The important thing is—it grows hair.

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SPECIAL NOTICE—If you have a thinly-covered spot like that shown above you are becoming prematurely bald. Don't wait until your case becomes chronic. Write the Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Institute, 526 West Broadway, New York City, and send a small sample of your hair (cuttings), state in your letter if you have dandruff, falling hair or itching scalp, when our physicians will make a microscopic examination of the hair, mail you a report upon its condition and prescribe curative treatment free of charge.

To all who send hair we will mail free a 48-page illustrated book, entitled "Hair Cure;" also a sample of the Cranitonic products.

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THE SPORTING SITUATION VIEWED BY EXPERTS

IT LOOKS LIKE TWO CIRCUITS OF FOUR CLUBS

National League Factions Are Preparing to Play a Lone Hand.

SMOKY CITY'S POSITION

Dreyfuss Will Stick to Spalding, but the American League Is Waiting With Open Arms for Pirates Preparing for Training Trip.

By JAMES M. NELLIS.

Will it be a four or an eight club league during the coming season? is a question that is agitating not only the minds of the ball players but it has the club owners guessing, and the baseball public has shown a disposition to make a few inquiries in the matter. The present outlook, so far as the Spalding end of the affair is concerned, is for four clubs.

This will seem like a queer little league made up of Pittsburgh, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Chicago, but the projectors of it will have one satisfaction at least, and it is that it will beat any circuit the Brush-Freedman faction may be able to form. It looks very much as though the present muddle will come down to a case of freezeout, and in a game of that kind the Spalding crowd hold all the trump cards. They have four good baseball towns and four pretty good teams. The other crowd has only two good towns and likewise two fairly good teams. Their good towns will be New York and Cincinnati and Boston. Freedman is left with Mathewson, Taylor and a few other players, while St. Louis can only boast of Patsy Donovan.

Spalding's Quartet the Strongest.

On the other side every one knows the strength of the Pirates, while Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Chicago have managed to gobble in a strong lot of youngsters who are liable to upset the calculations of the older players. Then again, the Spalding crowd would have the best of it so far as the plan of circuit is concerned, because there is not one of the cities that cannot be reached in a night's ride, whereas on the other hand, it would take the New York or Boston clubs two full days to jump to St. Louis and trips of that kind are not relished because it is railroad fares that eat into the clubs' finances. From almost any point of view the Spalding four would have the best of it, and that is one reason why they will stick together to a finish in the present fight.

Those stories which John T. Brush has been sending out of Indianapolis attempting to clear his skirts of the trust scheme and saddle the responsibility of it on A. G. Spalding are very laughable to those who attended the last National league meeting and had that trust business dinged-onged in their ears until they were sick and tired of it. It may be that John T. is right in his contention that the trust scheme was never formally taken up by the league, and the minutes of the meeting are likely to show no official action, but it is true that the magnates spent at least four days in the discussion of it, and the only reason the plan was not formally presented was because Brush was feeling his way before offering his pet plan for official action.

Dreyfuss Deserves the Credit.

The trust scheme was there all right, and Brush is the only one of the faction who has the hardihood to attempt a denial of it, if that scheme had ever gone through it would have been all day with the Pittsburgh team so far as a champion club was concerned. That scheme which John T. is now trying so hard to disown, not only meant to corner the game, but to corner the players as well. It would have put an end to any Players' Protective association, and it would have disrupted the Pirates, because it practically gave Brush and Freedman absolute control, and they wouldn't have done a thing but sanmacorded the Pirate stars and fattened up their own teams.

It didn't take President Dreyfuss long to tumble to that fact, and when John T. came here on one of his famous gum shoe missions he got such a turn down from the Pirates' president that it jarred his spinal column. That was the first jolt the trust had received, because the Brush-Freedman crowd had counted on the Pittsburgh owner as a sure one, but Colonel Barney fooled the schemers and got in on the side of clean baseball. The next jolt it got was when the magnates voted that the league did not expire with the 10-year agreement, but like Tennyson's "brook" it went on forever. Brush made a strong fight against that action because had the league been declared dead he could have sprung his trust scheme, but Mr. Dreyfuss again blocked that avenue. The whole credit for the defeat of the trust belongs to the Pittsburgh leader and to no one else.

Pittsburgh in a Good Position.

The local followers of the game who are getting themselves all worked up over the baseball possibilities for the coming season need have no alarm, because there is really no reason for it. The Pittsburgh club is today in the best position of any club in the National league, and there will be baseball here and with a good team if the whole league goes to smash. The American league would open its arms at any moment to receive the Pittsburgh club and would be glad of the opportunity. Ban Johnson, the leader of the American, is on record to that effect. He not only likes the team and the town, but he admires President Dreyfuss and says he is the best man the game has had in 20 years. It wouldn't take the American long to make room for Pittsburgh, and it must be admitted that there are a lot of Pittsburghers who would be glad to see a shift of that kind. This baseball war is not over yet, and there is liable to be some queer doings before the end of it is reached.

If the owner of the Pirates is not a bit careful he is liable to have a lot of bondholders on his playing list next season. The latest addition to the list of Pierpont Morgans is "Happy Jack" Chesbro, who seems to be trying to get a corner on all the real estate there is in New England. Manager Clarke received a letter from "Happy Jack" the other day in which he states that he has just purchased a four-acre tract on which there are three dwellings, two stables and numerous other buildings. He has the houses all rented, the farm leased out on shares for the coming summer, and says he already feels like a little fat landlord. Chesbro also sends word that his pitching arm, which went to the bad toward the close of last season, is all right again and in fine shape for the coming season.

Getting Ready for Spring.

Manager Clarke is already preparing plans for the Pirates' spring training trip at Hot Springs. It is the intention of Manager Clarke to start for the training trip on March 25, that is if that resolution adopted last year is abrogated. That resolution forbids teams starting for training quarters before April 1. He will take all his players along; those living in the east will report in this city and those in the west will go direct to the springs.

THE IROQUOIS RIFLE TEAM.

L. P. ITTEL. DR. C. L. HERTIG. H. P. PIERCE. B. K. RAHM. A. F. HOFMEISTER.

LOCAL SCHOOLS ARE UNITING IN ATHLETICS

Best Understanding in Years Promises Well for Inter-scholastic Sports.

BALL LEAGUE FORMING

Boom in Track Sports Augured by the Popular Choice of Schenley Park for Numerous School Meets. Local Skater After Honors.

By J. N. PATTERSON.

There is joy at present in the camp of the followers of local school athletics over the most healthful and most promising state of affairs that has obtained among the schools of the Smoky City district for many long years. The organization of the interscholastic basketball league, which is now well under way, was a satisfactory enough move in itself if there had been no attendant developments, but the better feeling and understanding which the new organization has brought about between several of the schools promise great things for school athletics, of which the most immediate are the organization of an interscholastic baseball league and the strong possibility of holding here at Schenley park the annual interscholastic field and track meet for the schools of Western Pennsylvania, which for several years past has taken place at Washington, Pa., under the auspices of the W. & J. preparatory school.

Lack of Proper Spirit in Past.

Among all intelligent observers the lack of a proper understanding between the Western Pennsylvania schools in the past has been greatly regretted. Without healthful competition school athletics can never thrive as well as with it, and the effect of school leagues is strongly felt wherever organized.

The course of the basketball league so far has been a most satisfactory one, and with the baseball project well under inception it will have indeed served a worthy purpose if a football league is organized in the fall. At a meeting last week the baseball league was fully discussed and at present there seems no obstacle to successful organization. Shadyside academy, Pittsburgh high school, East Liberty academy and Allegheny preparatory school are the members of the basketball league which are organizing the ball league.

The best part of the organization of these four-club leagues is that they are conducted on the strictest possible policy of amateurism. Every player must be a bona fide student and must also be up in his studies in order to participate in the contests.

Anxious for School Track Meet Here.

The project of holding the annual interscholastic field meet this year in Pittsburgh, and if possible at Schenley park, was launched last week at the annual meeting for the election of officers of the Pittsburgh High School Athletic Association. Kiskiminetas and Shadyside academy are one with High school in efforts to bring the meet here, and there seems every reason for the success and little against the move. These three schools are among the strongest competing, and Shadyside last year won the first honors at Washington.

There is everything in favor of holding the meet here at Schenley park, and on Decoration day as suggested. There should in all reason be far more interest in a meet held in a city like Pittsburgh than in one held at Washington. There would be more public interest, and on a holiday it is likely that an attraction would draw a large crowd. The argument that more schools would compete here than at Washington is a reasonable one, and the result would be a healthy stimulus to track and field athletics, for which there has long been room among Western Pennsylvania schools.

W. U. P. Busy With Many Track Meets.

As the annual intercollegiate meet for Western Pennsylvania is to be held this year at Schenley instead of at Washington, and as the Western university will also hold there in addition an interclass and an interdepartment meet, there should be an awakening in school athletics and in track and field sports such as has been long overdue.

The interdepartment meet to be held by Western university is a distinct ovation and is creating great interest at the school, where there is much rivalry between the six different departments. One of the most satisfactory developments of the past year in local sports has been the increased activity at Pittsburgh's leading college. Something more than a football team is now found to be necessary and never before has the gymnasium been so busy with indoor athletics and training for the track teams.

In the interscholastic basketball league the two steady rivals in local school sports, Shadyside academy and Pittsburgh high school, are tied for the first honors, with two victories and no defeats each. In hockey Shadyside still has the bulge by a certain good margin. East Liberty enthusiasts had much to enthuse over in the stubborn no-score tie game played with Pittsburgh high school on Tuesday. High school will have to look out for E. L. A. or it will be another "academy" hustling Shadyside.

Glory for Keystone Skaters.

The Keystone skaters were to the fore again last week in the hockey competition of the major league and in the games with the Frontenacs of Kingston, Can. The scores made in both contests were the record tallies of the season, the six mark established on Tuesday being broken on Thursday with a seven. In the league game Keystone again assumed the leadership of the league, for which the Bankers had been tied by the defeat of Keystone on the Friday previous by P. A. C.

The Keystones in their victory over the Bankers by a score of 6 to 2 played all around the Money Handlers, and though there may happen much before the end of the season to change the status of affairs, there can be no disputing that on the record so far this season and on the play at present Keystone appears to be the strongest seven in the league.

Of course the champion P. A. C. bunch defeated Keystone in their last game and gave evidence of reawakened form, but it was only by a score of 3 to 2, and on such a close margin the honors must be adjudged nearly equal. P. A. C. undoubtedly has the talent and may get together in a manner that will upset Keystone's calculations, but so far Keystone has made what talent she has count for its worth by concerted, hearty, enthusiastic action, while with P. A. C it is now you have them and now you haven't.

Big Advantage at Goal.

In addition to the perfect concord and unity of action in the team, Keystone has a big start on the other sevens at goal, with Hern, who is easily the peer of anything that has ever played for a Pittsburgh team.

Both the Bankers and P. A. C. have material which with proper use and the fortunes of war many land either at the top, but on the standing at present and the form so far displayed Keystone has every reason to be judged the most promising candidate for the local hockey honors. "The united we win divided we lose policy," which has done so much so far, should do more and more as the season advances and should tell in the strain of the home stretch.

A Speedy Pittsburgh Skater.

Something in which all local followers of the ice sports are taking a great interest is the entry of Clarence Freeten of Pittsburgh in the national amateur speed skating championships to be held at Verona Lake, N. J., commencing the last day of this month. Clarence, familiarly known as "Toots," is well known here, not only as a speedy skater, but as a hockey player for the old D. C. & A. C. team. He not only claims the championship of Pennsylvania at speed skating, but is in every sense of the word a simon pure amateur, which term cannot be recklessly handed out right and left in these days of professional sports from the box office standpoint.

FITZ'S TUMBLE GAVE FIGHTER A SEVERE JAR

Macon Says the Australian Was Loaded With Pure Water at the Time.

SAILOR AFTER SHORT END

Sharkey Would Not Have a Ghost of a Show With the Big Champion. Pure Amateur Boxers Said to Be a Rare Thing.

By J. B. (MACON) McCORMICK.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—Bob Fitzsimmons came within an ace, not only of retiring from the ring, but also from life itself early last Tuesday morning over in Brooklyn. About half past 9 o'clock he stepped into the private office of Percy Williams, the manager of the Orpheum theater, to see that gentleman with a view to inducing him to become his financial agent, a backer in a side bet in a match against Champion Jim Jeffries. He was "dead cold sober," and I state this fact because a Brooklyn paper said in its account of the mishap that he was "somewhat under the weather."

Mr. Williams does not usually retire until "the wee sma hour ayant the twal" and consequently, as a rule, he does not rise with the lark. Fitz found that he was too early to interview him so he started out through the door leading to the main foyer of the house. Immediately outside at right angles to the foyer is a marble staircase of twenty steps leading down to a Rathskeller or beer saloon underneath the auditorium of the theater. The front of the house was in semi-darkness and Fitz turning sharply to the right stepped into this staircase opening. Had he pitched over, full length, the chances are that he would have been instantly killed, but he is a favorite of fortune and the blind goddess did not utterly desert him in this emergency. Instead of lurching over or pitching headlong down the stony stairs, he sat down suddenly and then slid down the whole twenty steps on the base of his spine.

Fitz Said a Few Things.

Now, if Fitz had been fluent and apt of speech he might have ejaculated, "Wouldn't that jar you?" but he didn't. What he did do was to groan a few groans, which plainly told that his feelings were hurt, and then he verbally emphasized the fact in language which while very expressive, is hardly fit for quotation in "a newspaper of general circulation to be read in the home circle." His angry wails brought several of the house attaches to his aid and they assisted him up stairs. He was in great pain and complained of the injury to the base of his spine. He was seated temporarily in a chair. He didn't actually faint, but he was so badly shocked and stunned that he pitched forward and would have fallen on his face had not friendly hands caught him and held him up. A glass of brandy was procured and given him, and due to its stimulation he soon revived sufficiently to be able to limp to a trolley car and come to this city.

He soon recovered sufficiently to make light of his mishap, but the fact is that he was quite severely jarred and shocked, and time alone will tell whether his injuries are only temporary or more serious than he now thinks they are. As yet he is unmatched with Jeffries.

Just a Bit of Faking.

A few weeks ago when it was announced that John L. Sullivan had been engaged to play Legree in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," I wrote a paragraph in a semi-humorous vein in which I pictured the dire results which might befall the Uncle Tom of the show should Sully become realistic in the whipping scene and ply "the black snake" in real earnest. Sully's press agent saw the paragraph, and it gave him a hint for an advertisement for the big fellow. One night last week it was wired through the country that at Chelsea he had become so imbued with the spirit of his part that he used the whip so enthusiastically and so energetically on the Uncle Tom of the night that the impersonator of the black saint screamed out in agony and writhed and contorted in pain. Of course, nothing of the kind really occurred. It was a bit of faking cleverly executed, but it served its purpose well. I have been a press agent myself, and I am familiar with most of the tricks of the trade. Sully's man ahead is no dub.

That Quaker Fiasco.

The fistic fiasco of the "Hibernian Brothers," Messrs. Sharkey and Maher, has not killed the game in Philadelphia as many thought it would, though it has knocked out the industrial club and apart from its officials and beneficiaries there are few who regret its demise. While I regret that a sporting reporter who is the head of the Central Athletic club, was the instigator of the legal proceedings against McFarland, the main guy of the Industrial club, and Sharkey and Maher, some extenuation for his non-professional conduct may be found when it is known that he and his club instigated and bore the expense of the legal proceedings which resulted in Judge Martin deciding that boxing was lawful. This should in common gratitude have insured the Central right of way, and non-interference with its date, and not a boorish appropriation of it. Some people will only learn in the school of experience. Mr. McFarland has a slice of it, and also a bunch of the gulled public's money.

Jeffries as a Teacher.

Jack Bonner of Summit Hill, and also of the oil of mustard ointment for boxing gloves, and Jack McCormick, the "Champion of Pennsylvania," boxed six rounds in Philly last week, and though Bonner was handicapped nearly three stone in the weight, the result was that one Jack was as good as the other. McCormick is a very decent fellow for a professional boxer and wrestler. He doesn't drink and he decently supports seven relatives. He doesn't like to train properly, however, a sad fault in a man in his business.

25,000 Boxes Free!

Rheumatism Cured by a New Remedy of Which Any Suffering Reader Can Have a 50-Cent Box Free.

82 Years of Age. Entirely Cured of Rheumatism After Having Suffered 42 Years

Rheumatism has yielded to a marvelous discovery and today this remedy is offered free to all who suffer. Scarcely a grown person has escaped its twinges and thousands have been so deformed and misshaped that they hardly look like their former selves. If you are such a sufferer, send your name and address to John A. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis., and by return mail you will receive a 50-cent box of Gloria Tonic free. This is the most wonderful remedy ever discovered and has enabled many a cripple to abandon crutch and cane. Mrs. Emma Wallace of 159 Oak st., Vincennes, Ind., writes: "Gloria Tonic saved my life; it cured me, after spending over $500 with doctors, who claimed that I was 'incurable'"—An old gentleman of Leon, Mo., 82 years of age, writes: "Gloria Tonic cured me after suffering 42 years."—In Denham, Ind., it cured a lady who then cured 15 of her neighbors. Rev. S. Hand of Harrisville, Wis., testifies that this remarkable remedy cured two members of his congregation, one who had suffered 18, the other 25 years. In St. Louis, Mo., it cured Mr. F. Farber of the Concordia Publishing house after doctors, medicines and baths failed. The most elaborate illustrated book ever published on the subject of rheumatism, which will tell you all about your case, mailed free with trial box. No man, woman or child need suffer longer. The first box proves its power over rheumatism, and is free to all. Address:

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These Four New Preparations comprise a complete new treatment for Consumption and nearly all the ills of life.

The Food-Emulsion is prefer to some the Emulsion and Tonic by others, the Expectorant by others, the Oxidell Cure for Catarrh by others still and all four, or any three, or two, or any one, may be used simply or in combination, according to the needs of the case. Will inaugurate with each set of four free remedies represented in this illustration. Also 96 page My Doctor Book.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Slocum System of Treatment for the cure of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Lung Troubles and Consumption is medicine reduced to an exact science by America's foremost specialist, and the readers of The Pittsburgh Gazette are urged to take advantage of Dr. Slocum's generous offer.

These four remedies represent a New system of treatment for the Weak and those suffering from Consumption, wasting diseases or inflammatory conditions of Nose, Throat and Lungs.

The treatment is Free.

By the new system devised by DR. SLOCUM, the great specialist in pulmonary and kindred diseases, all the requirements of the sick body are supplied by the FOUR remedies constituting his Special Treatment, known as The Slocum System.

Whatever your disease, one or more of these four preparations will be of wonderful benefit to you.

According to the needs of your case, fully explained in the Treatise given free with the free remedies, you may take one, or any two, or three, or all four, in combination.

A cure is certain.

The remedies are especially adapted for those who suffer from weak lungs, coughs, sore throat, Catarrh, Consumption and other pulmonary troubles.

But they are also of wonderful efficacy to the building up of weak systems, in purifying the blood, making flesh and restoring to weak, sallow people rich and healthy constitutions.

The many ailments of women and delicate children are speedily relieved.

The basis of the entire system is a flesh-building, nerve and tissue renewing food.

Every invalid and sick person needs strength. This food gives it.

Many people get the complete system for the sake of the perfected Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, which they themselves need, and give away the other three preparations to their friends.

The second article is a Tonic. It is good for weak, thin, dyspeptic, nervous people. For those who have no appetite, who need bracing up.

Thousands take only the Emulsion and the Tonic.

The third preparation is a medicinal healing Ozojell, in a patent Ozojell nasal tube. It cures catarrh. It heals all irritation of the nose, throat and mucous membranes. It gives immediate relief. It is also a splendid application for sore lips and rough skin.

Perhaps many readers of the Pittsburgh Gazette need the Ozojell cure for catarrh.

The fourth article is an Expectorant and Cough and Cold cure. The only expectorant that can positively be relied upon. Is absolutely safe for children. Goes to the very root of the trouble and not merely alleviates, but cures.

The four remedies form a panoply of strength against disease in whatever shape it may attack you.

THE FREE TRIAL.

To obtain these four Free preparations, illustrated above, all you have to do is to write to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 Pine Street, New York,

giving full address. The four Free remedies will then be sent you, direct from the laboratories, in the hope that if they do you good you will recommend them to your friends. When writing the Doctor please tell him you read this in The Pittsburgh Gazette, and greatly oblige.

RUPTURE

I am the only physician who can guarantee to cure Rupture without the knife, pain or danger—the way it will remain cured forever—because I am the originator of the ONLY TREATMENT ON EARTH THAT HAS NEVER FAILED TO CURE RUPTURE—THE ELECTRO CHEMIC. When you entrust your case to me, you can do so with confidence that you will receive A PERMANENT CURE and expert services which cannot be secured from any other physician. YOU GET A WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

If you happen to fall into the hands of EXPERIMENTERS, painting themselves off as RUPTURE SPECIALISTS, remember their failure to cure you is no argument against me, or the matchless power of my Electro Chemic Method to conquer all forms of this disease.

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I want you to publish a statement of my cure. I suffered with a rupture about two old years. I tried trusses without benefit, and my rupture was continually growing worse. Being afraid to trust to a surgical operation, I concluded to try your Electro Chemic Method. I am glad to say I am now cured sound as I ever was.
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PILES AND FISTULA
A CURE GUARANTEED.

I cure Piles, Fistula and all Rectal diseases by scientific forces, which make a recurrence of the affliction impossible. Remember, my treatment is not dangerous, and leaves no distressing after effects—but is soothing and stimulating.

Satisfactory arrangements can be made for credit. Only a reasonable charge for services. No charge for consultation and examination. Booklet mailed free. Please state whether you desire the one on Rupture or on Piles and Fistula.

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(Eastern Standard Time.)
Leave Station, Fourteenth and Water Streets.
LINES EAST. Depart. Arrive.
Cumberland Accom. ... * 6.30 am * 9.55 am
Connellsv. & Mt. Pleasant ... * 9.00 am † 4.45 pm
Wash. Spec. & New York ... * 9.00 am * 7.40 pm
Connellsv., Uniontn & Fairmont ... * 9.00 am * 7.40 pm
Connellsv. & Mt. Pleasant ... † 3.00 pm † 9.55 pm
Connellsv. Accom. ... * 5.00 pm † 1.40 pm
Connellsv., Uniontn & Fairmont ... * 5.00 pm † 9.55 pm
Connellsv. & Mt. Pleasant ... † 11.30 pm † 7.40 am
Cumb., Wash. & Balt. ... * 11.30 pm † 7.40 am
Connellsv. Accom. ... * 4.00 pm † 4.45 pm
Sleeping cars, Cumberland and Washington.
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LINES WEST VIA WHEELING.
Wash. (D. C.) & Wheel. Ex. ... * 9.00 am *10.10 am
Cin. Chi. & St. L. Ex. ... * 9.00 am * 7.40 pm
Wheel. & Cin. Ex. ... * 9.00 am * 7.40 pm
Wash. (D. C.) & Wheeling ... * 5.00 pm * 9.55 pm
Cin. Chi. & St. L. Ex. ... * 5.00 pm * 1.40 pm
LINES WEST VIA M. V. DIVISION.
Cleveland Express ... * 9.00 am * 9.55 pm
Chicago & Cleveland ... * 9.00 am *10.55 pm
Chicago Limited ... * 7.00 pm * 7.40 am
(Louis F. & W. Station, Allegheny.)
Butler Accom. ... * 7.00 am * 7.25 am
New Castle, Youngstown ... * 9.00 am * 7.25 pm
Pittsburg, Butler, Etna ... * 9.00 am * 7.25 pm
Kane & Foxburg ... * 9.00 am * 7.25 pm
New Castle & Butler ... * 9.00 am * 7.25 pm
Butler ... * 5.15 pm * 9.30 am
Butler, Greenville, Erie ... * 5.15 pm *12.05 pm
Butler, Clarion ... * 5.15 pm * 9.30 am
Butler, Clarion, Brookv. ... * 5.15 pm * 9.30 am
Butler, Kane & Foxburg ... * 5.15 pm * 9.30 am
Butler ... * 5.15 pm * 7.25 pm
Butler ... † 7.00 pm † 7.25 pm
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Schedule in effect Nov. 17, 1901. Trains leave P. & W. Depot, Allegheny.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
For Erie, Girard, Meadville and Conneaut, 6.00 a. m. and 1.15 p. m. Greenville, Mercer, Grove City and Kittanning, 6.00 a. m., 1.15 and 5.20 p. m. All trains daily except Sunday.
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Soft Welding Steel and Iron, Bolts for Railways, Wagons and Agricultural Implements.
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E. W. Harden's Daily New York Business Letter

NEW INTERESTS NOW TO CONTROL ALLIS-CHALMERS

Judge Gary Elected Chairman, but Denies Merger With Steel Combine.

RAW MATERIAL QUESTION

Independent Manufacturers Concerned Not for the Present Supply, but for the Future—A Clearer Monetary Sky.

[BY PRIVATE WIRE TO THE GAZETTE.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—The news from Chicago of the election of Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the United States Steel Corporation, to be chairman of the board of directors of the Allis-Chalmers Machinery Company, excited a great deal of interest today in Wall street and in steel trade circles generally. Mr. Gary's elevation being contemporary to the retirement of William Ellis and other surface evidence of the ascendency of new interests.

It immediately gave rise to the suggestion that the United States Steel Corporation had become directly interested in this very important company, and was "branching out." It was suggested, too, that the combine was going into building. How little of truth there may be in all of this it is not for an outsider to say. Judge Gary himself overturned the more interesting of the rumors current by giving the following official statement:

"There is no foundation for the suggestion that the United States Steel Corporation will absorb the Allis-Chalmers Company. Since the organization of the latter company I have owned some of its stock, and at the last meeting was elected chairman of the board of directors. The position, however, is merely nominal. No change in the management of the company is intended."

The Raw Material Question.

Although the discussion this past week of the movement among certain independent steel and iron manufacturers to co-operate in securing sources of raw supplies independent of the United States Steel Corporation may have been farfetched in respect to iron ore, the question of billet supply has present application. Word was received here today of the arrival of a consignment of billets, equal to about 30 carloads, at Newport News from Antwerp. Another consignment from Antwerp, amounting to about 5,000 tons, is expected to reach New Orleans next week. Canada also is finding a market here for a considerable amount of billets.

Imports in such volume cannot fail to lend general interest to the tentative plans of certain independent manufacturers of finished products who are dependent on the United States Steel Corporation and one or two other large concerns for their raw supplies, and now face the danger of being cut off from their sources.

Looking Out for the Future.

For the present, furnaces are well supplied with ore, there being no dearth of supply; but it is in prospect for the smaller independent manufacturers that at some future time they will be unable to get ore as well as billets. Even with its control of 80 per cent of the ore output of the Lake Superior district, the United States Steel Corporation is constantly prospecting, and not, it is said, with any very great success.

It was estimated today by a competent authority that it would require two years for the independent manufacturers to construct the plants necessary to supply them with the billets for which they are now dependent upon the combine and one or two other companies. This would leave the question of ore supply still to be solved.

Two Opinions on Supply and Demand.

Trade authorities here cannot agree with the views recently expressed by a well-known writer on steel and iron topics that, owing to the enormously increased production of steel plates, the present demand seems not to afford certainty of operations on the current scale for more than two or three months. This writer insists that he has made full allowance for the large bridge and shipbuilding, locomotive and boiler shop orders, and with all these counted in, still fails to see how the demand is going to keep up with the visible means of supply.

These views are discredited here. A representative of one of the largest eastern steel plate companies said today that he could see no signs of a reactionary tendency in the trade.

"We have orders booked six months ahead," this gentleman said, "and more steel than ever before is under order for structural work. New York is taking an enormous quantity of structural iron. The subway is drawing largely upon the general output. If the present general demand continues, and I see no signs of an abatement, you may put me down as saying that the steel plate business will be much better this year than last."

Individual Bank Reserves.

The percentage reserves of the clearing house banks continued gradually to improve. The average of all as shown by the returns for this week is 27.7, as compared with 27 the past week. Fewer banks are below the required 25 per cent, there being only 13 delinquents this week, seven national and six state banks. The individual percentage reserves, as compiled from official averages, follow:

Banks.	P. C. Res.	Banks.	P. C. Res.
B. of N.Y.,N.B.A.	25.6	Oriental	25.4
Manhattan Co.	35.5	Impts. & Traders.	26.0
Merchants Nat.	27.0	National Park	32.4
Mechanics' Nat.	25.7	East River Nat.	28.3
America	29.9	Fourth Nat.	25.7
Phoenix Nat.	26.5	Central Nat.	24.5
National City	28.4	Second Nat.	25.0
Chemical Nat.	30.0	First Nat.	33.4
Mer. Ex. Nat.	26.0	N. Y. Ex. Nat.	26.0
Gallatin Nat.	27.5	Bowery	20.6
Nat. But. & Dray.	27.0	N. County	24.7
Mech. & Traders.	22.3	German Nat.	25.8
Greenwich	38.4	Chase Nat.	25.0
Leath. Mfg. Nat.	25.4	Fifth Avenue	25.3
Seventh Nat.	25.2	German Ex.	34.0
State of N. York	28.5	Germania	20.1
Am. Exchange	25.0	Lincoln	25.5
Nat. B. of Com.	23.0	Garfield Nat.	25.0
Nat. Broadway	26.1	Fifth Nat.	27.1
Mercantile Nat.	26.6	Metropolis	24.7
Pacific	24.9	West Side	26.3
Chathain Nat.	26.0	Seaboard Nat.	25.5
Peoples	29.5	Western	27.8
N. B. of N. Am.	27.1	First Nat. Bklyn.	23.4
Hanover Nat.	28.7	Liberty Nat.	26.4
Irving Nat.	27.7	N. Y. Prod. Ex.	25.4
Nat. Citizens	25.6	Amsterdam	25.0
Nassau	21.2	Astor Nat.	30.3
Market & Fulton	29.0	Hide & Leather	28.4
N. Shoe & Leath.	23.8		
Corn Exchange	25.8	Totals	27.7

Better Outlook for Money.

The financial situation at large has greatly cleared during the past week. Following the example of the Bank of Germany the week before, the Bank of England on Thursday reduced its rate of discount from 4 to 3½ per cent, which is sufficient indication that there is no pressing need of money at that center. The weekly report of the Bank of France showed a considerable gain in gold, thus lessening the probability of withdrawals of gold from New York on London account for shipment to Paris. Indeed, it is apparent that so long as Paris does not press London for payment of the latter's obligations London will not press New York bankers for payment of their banking indebtedness.

Local authorities still expect that gold exports on a considerable scale will occur within the next 30 days, and for this reason the weekly bank statement today, showing an increase of $6,270,050 in surplus reserves, was especially satisfactory. That traders should have sold the market on the appearance of the statement, was wholly irrelevant. They were scalping small profits. The gain in cash, amounting to nearly $9,000,000, was larger than the preliminary estimates. Total surplus reserve now is $25,332,400, as compared with $30,709,450 for the corresponding period of last year.

Copper Trade Picking Up.

Quite apart from the Wall street rumors affecting the shares of the Amalgamated Copper Company, producers of copper generally remark improvement in the trade situation. The present demand for the metal is said to be better than at any previous time for six months or more. Consumers not only find their needs enlarging in consequence of greater activity in the lines of manufacture into which copper largely enters, but lately they have been buying metal with greater confidence. Doubtless this comes of the metal having halted for as much as a fortnight in its downward progress from 17 cents. Consumers never buy on a falling market, but once they are persuaded that bottom has been reached, the turn is sudden. Signs now are that the turn has come, according to the trade experts.

E. W. HARDEN.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

CENTRAL STOCK YARDS,
Saturday, Jan. 25, 1902.

Cattle—Receipts light and market steady. Choice, 1,400 to 1,600 lbs, $6 40@6 60; prime, 1,200 to 1,600 lbs, $5 80@6; good, 1,200 to 1,400 lbs, $5 35@5 60; fair butchers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs, $5 35@5 65; fair, 800 to 1,000 lbs, $2 75@4 75; heifers, $3 50@4 75; fat cows, $1 50@4; bulls and stags, $2 50@4 25; good to fresh cows, $40@60; common to fair fresh cows, $20@30.

Hogs—Receipts light; 10 double decks on sale; demand good; market active, and from 5@10c higher; prime heavies, $6 50@6 60; best mediums, $6 40@6 45; heavy Yorkers, $6 25@6 35; light Yorkers, $6 10@6 20; pigs, $5 70@5 80; roughs, $5@6.

Sheep and lambs—Supply light and market steady; best wethers, 90 to 100 lbs, $4 50@4 65; good, 85 to 90 lbs, $4 25@4 50; mixed, 75 to 80 lbs, $3 40@4; culls and common, $1 50@2 25; yearlings, $3@4 85; choice lambs, $5 85@6; common to good, $4@5 80; veal calves, $7@7 50.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—Beeves—Receipts, 625 head; all consigned direct; no sales reported; dressed beef steady; city dressed, native sides, 6½@10c per lb; cables last received quoted American steers at 12½@13½c dressed weight; refrigerator beef, 10@10½c per lb; exports today include 1,639 beeves and 5,959 quarters of beef to date. Calves—Receipts, 17 head; about 120 head on sale, mainly western cows, which not reported sold; market quoted steady; few Jersey veals sold at $5 00@8 20 per 100 lbs; city dressed veals, 9@10c per lb. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 4,145 head; 15½ cars on sale; market uncommonly dull; only 2½ cars reported sold up to late hour, mainly lambs, sold at a slight further decline from yesterday; a few sheep for slaughterers sold at $3 50; a few head for export at $4 75; lambs at $6 00@6 10; dressed mutton, 08@8c; dressed lambs, 8@10c per lb. Hogs—Receipts, partly estimated, 2,894 head; cars on sale not sold up to late hour; the market quoted nominally steady.

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 200 head; steady; good to prime nominal, $6 50@7 25; poor to medium, $4 00@5 00; stockers and feeders, $2 55@4 30; cows, $1 40@4 50; heifers, $2 50@5 00; canners, $1 60@2 40; bulls, $2 25@4 50; calves, $2 50@6 25; Texas fed steers, $4 00@5 00. Hogs—Receipts today, 17,000 head; Monday, 37,000 head; left over, 5,000 head; steady, closed weak; mixed and butchers, $5 90@6 00; good to choice heavy, $5 90@6 00; rough heavy, $5 60@5 85; light, $5 80@6 00; bulk of sales, $5 90@6 00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,000 head; steady; good to choice wethers, $4 30@5 00; western sheep, fed, $4 00@5 20; native lambs, $3 50@5 80; western lambs, fed, $5 00@5 85.

EAST BUFFALO, Jan. 25.—Cattle—Receipts light; market active and steady; all grades; veals lower; tops, $8 00@8 50; others, $5 50@7 75. Hogs—Receipts, 8,200 head; market active and generally 5@10c higher; best heavy, $6 55@6 60; mixed packers, $6 40@6 50; pigs, $6 00@6 10; roughs, $5 40@5 75; stags, $4 00@5 00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 4,000 head; market slow; mixed sheep, tops, $4 10@4 35; wethers, $4 50@4 75; yearlings, $4 50@5 00; culls to good, $2 00@4 00; top lambs, $5 85@5 90; culls to good, $3 50@5 80.

The Treasury and the Banks.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—(Special.)—In redemption of checks drawn by debtors of gold at the Seattle assay office today's records show that the sub-treasury paid out yesterday $578. Total payment by government to New York banks for the day, $4,168,000. Payment by banks to government, $2,717,000. Balance on the day's transactions, $472,000 paid by government to banks, against $513,000 similarly paid for the corresponding period a week ago. No deposits were made by banks for payment at interior points.

Coroner's Verdict Affects New York Central Stocks

PROFESSIONAL TRADERS TOOK THEIR PROFITS

Favorable Bank Statement Failed to Attract Buyers in Any Number.

LOSSES IN SPECIALTIES

Amalgamated Copper Showed Good Power of Absorption — National Lead Advances on Better Quotations for Lead.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—The weakness of today's stock market was about as narrow as the recent show of strength and seemed equally due to professional operators, who took their profits in specialties that have advanced recently. Sugar, Metropolitan Street Railway, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis and Amalgamated Copper were all thus affected, the last showing good power of absorption. New York Central was depressed by the coroner's verdict holding its officials responsible for the Park avenue tunnel disaster. There were sharp advances in Rutland preferred, St. Lawrence & Adirondack, Peoria & Eastern, Chicago & Eastern Illinois and the National Lead stocks, the last on the announced advance in the price of lead.

The Bank Statement.

The decline on the bank statement was probably due to its failure to attract any buying to absorb the profit-taking. The gain in cash was fully up to expectations. The fact that interior institutions have been placing loans in New York led to some hope that a corresponding reduction in deposits would result to the New York banks, but the statement failed to show this. On the contrary, loans of the local banks have expanded $2,413,500. The influence of this showing is emphasized by the compilation of the annual showing of the New York trust companies. The loans on collateral by these institutions on December 31 were $540,208,706 compared with $387,811,414 a year before. They report cash on hand of only $9,858,702. Of cash on deposit, they report $111,187,094, but these deposits are mostly with New York clearing house banks and figure in their reserves as against outstanding loans and obligations by those institutions. The market closed active and easy at about the low point.

Movements Have Been Sluggish.

Prices of stocks have drifted sluggishly upward or downward during the week. The operations have obviously been entirely in the hands of professional operators, and as their buying was simply with the purpose of re-selling at a slight advance, and as their selling was simply profit taking on earlier purchases or to cover a slight decline in prices, the week's transactions have resulted in little real change in the relative position of holdings. The few stocks in which there have been dealings of any consequence or in which the price movement has been appreciable have been influenced by individual cases. In a general way, their course was downward early in the week and upward by recovery in the latter part of the week. The somnolent condition of the market is suggestive of indigestion and surfeit due to enormous activities and deglutination of last year.

The Return of Money.

The conspicuous feature of financial affairs during the week has been the large reflux of money to the great reserve centers of the world. New York has felt this tendency, though not to the degree that foreign reserve centers have experienced it. In foreign markets, also, this reflux of money has had a very perceptible stimulating effect on speculation, while in New York the dullness of the market has been rather accentuated. The most pronounced recuperation of money reserves has been in Berlin, where a condition approaching abundance has resulted. The Prussian and imperial loans, amounting to about 600,000,000 marks, have been subscribed for many times over, and Berlin has been buying discount bills in London to an extent sufficient to affect the market rate there, and there has been a fall in the market discount rate in Berlin at the same time.

Money Conditions Abroad.

Probably this was an influence upon the action of the Bank of England directors in reducing the bank rate, as the German demand for discounts would offset the dreaded withdrawal of French capital from London in the event of a fall of interest rates there. The bank of France also shows a strong condition in Paris and there is little inducement to call home capital to that center. This condition has a direct bearing on the New York money market, and promises opportunity for renewal of the foreign operations of this market, which are known to be heavy, and which it was feared would have to be met by gold exports. The export of less than $500,000 in gold Tuesday was believed to be on account of New York subscriptions to the German loan, and not a regular exchange transaction.

Turning Point in Germany.

The accumulation of idle capital in Berlin was a condition sure to result from the prolonged liquidation and depression in Germany, and the movement to reinvest it may be fairly regarded as a sign that a turning point from the long depression has been reached there. No sign has been seen, however, that German capital is seeking any investment in the New York securities market. In London, also, the easier money conditions and the hopes of an early termination of the Boer war have led to a lively revival of Kaffir stocks, but London has shown no disposition to embark in New York stocks. In fact, London has been a steady but moderate seller of stocks in New York all the week. The recuperation of the condition of New York banks has continued to a liberal extent, and interest rates have become easier in consequence, but without stimulating stock speculation.

Borrowing in the Interior.

In spite of the easier money conditions the fact has developed this week that some large loans for New York account have been secured at interior money centers. This is one of various symptoms that the New York banks are desirous of keeping their reserves in hand for the present. The report of the comptroller of the currency for December reveals that the national banks of the country have expanded their loans during the year some $331,700,000. During the same period the cash reserves increased only about $10,000,000. It is well known that a large proportion of the reserves of interior banks are on deposit with New York banks. The same is true of the great trust companies in New York city, whose operations and whose loan expansion have had a great growth during the past year.

Responsibilities of the Banks.

As holders of the ultimate reserves of the banking system of the whole country a special responsibility is therefore thrown upon the New York clearing house banks in the event of any credit contraction. There is a general feeling of satisfaction, therefore, in conservative financial circles, that speculation should be allowed to lie dormant for a time, to allow the natural forces at play in the country's prosperous activities to overtake, in some degree, the expansion of credits.

The business in the bond market has been larger in proportion than in stocks and many long dormant issues have become active at advancing prices. Denied States refunding 2s, the 2s registered and the new 4s, advanced ½ and the old 4s ½ per cent. The 5s registered declined ½ and do coupon ¼ from the closing call of last week.

WALL STREET FEATURES.

Total sales 240,500 shares.

New York Central depressed in consequence of coroner's verdict in tunnel disaster.

Liquidation in recent specialties carried all downward.

Advances were scored by National Lead, Rutland preferred, St. Lawrence & Adirondack, Peoria & Eastern and Chicago & Eastern Illinois.

United States Steel common closed 42½.

United States Steel preferred closed 92¾.

CLOSING BOND PRICES.

U. S. ref. 2s, reg.	107½	A. T. & S. F. gen. 4s	94½
Do 2s, coup.	107½	Balt. & Ohio 4s	103½
Do 3s, reg.	108	Do 3½s	95
Do 3s, coup.	108½	Can. So. 2ds	107
Do new 4s, reg.	139½	Ches. & Ohio 4½s	107
Do 4s, coup.	140	Chi. Ind. & L. 4s	89½
Do old 4s, reg.	111½	Chi. Mil. & St. P. 4s	102
Do old 4s, coup.	111½	Chi. R. I. & P. gen. 4s	104½
Do 5s, reg.	108	C. & N. W. gen. 7s	140
Do 5s, coup.	108	Chi. Term. 4s	90
Do 6s, reg.	102½	Chi. Un. Tr. 4s	90
Do 6s, coup.	102½	C. C. C. & St. L. gen. 4s	103½
Atchison gen. 4s	103½	Col. & H. C. & I. 5s	100
Do adj. 4s	89½	Del. & Hud. 4s	144
Do 4s	95½	Del. L. & W. 7s	175
Atl. & Dan. 4s	90	Den. & R. G. 4s	103½
Bal. & O. S. W. 4s	101	Do 1st con. 4s	94
Can. Sou. 2ds	107	Erie prior lien 4s	96½
C. & O. 4½s	107	Do gen. 4s	83½
C. & O. 5s	118	F. W. & D. C. 1st 6s	140
C. & O. S. W. 6s	116	Ga. Pac. 1st 6s	118
C. & N. W. 7s	140½	Do 2ds	110
C. & N. W. 7s	140½	Hock. Val. 4½s	107½
C. B. & Q. 4s	103	Do 5s	110½
C. B. I. & P. 4s	100	Iowa Cent. 5s	105
C. C. C. & St. L. 4s	104	Kan. & M. 4s	97
Chicago Ter. 4s	103½	Do gen. 4s	97
Chi. & Alton 3½s	93	Lake Erie & W. 5s	110
Do 6s	130	Do 2ds	100
Chi. Ind. & L. 6s	118	Lake Shore 2ds	107
Chi. & E. Ill. 6s	118	L. & N. gen. 6s	118
C. & A. 4s	96	L. & N. N. & M. 6s	118
C. & A. 5s	110	L. & N. & M. & M. 4s	96
C. & A. 6s	120	L. & N. South Joint 4s	96
C. & A. Pg. 4s	103	Mex. Cent. 4s	70½
C. & N. 7s	140	Mex. Nat. 6s	100
C. & N. gen. 6s	142½	Mex. Nat. 4s	80
C. R. I. & P. 6s	130	Minn. & St. L. 4s	93
C. C. C. & St. L. 4s	104	Mo. Kan. & T. 4s	94
Chicago Ter. 4s	103	Do 2ds	80
Chi. & North. 4s	103	Mo. Pac. 4s	103½
Chi. & Alton 3½s	93	Nash. Chat. & St. L. 4s	102
Do 6s	130	N. J. C. gen. 5s	130
Chi. Ind. & L. 6s	118	N. R. of Mex. 1st 4s	70
Chi. & E. Ill. 6s	118	N. R. of Mex. 2d 4s	30
C. & A. 4s	96	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
C. & A. 5s	110	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & A. 6s	120	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & A. Pg. 4s	103	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
C. & N. 7s	140	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & N. gen. 6s	142½	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. R. I. & P. 6s	130	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
C. C. C. & St. L. 4s	104	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Chicago Ter. 4s	103	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Chi. & North. 4s	103	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
Chi. & Alton 3½s	93	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Do 6s	130	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Chi. Ind. & L. 6s	118	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
Chi. & E. Ill. 6s	118	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & A. 4s	96	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & A. 5s	110	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
C. & A. 6s	120	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & A. Pg. 4s	103	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & N. 7s	140	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
C. & N. gen. 6s	142½	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. R. I. & P. 6s	130	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. C. C. & St. L. 4s	104	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
Chicago Ter. 4s	103	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Chi. & North. 4s	103	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Chi. & Alton 3½s	93	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
Do 6s	130	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Chi. Ind. & L. 6s	118	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Chi. & E. Ill. 6s	118	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
C. & A. 4s	96	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & A. 5s	110	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & A. 6s	120	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
C. & A. Pg. 4s	103	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & N. 7s	140	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. & N. gen. 6s	142½	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
C. R. I. & P. 6s	130	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
C. C. C. & St. L. 4s	104	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Chicago Ter. 4s	103	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
Chi. & North. 4s	103	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Chi. & Alton 3½s	93	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Do 6s	130	N. Y. Cent. 7s	130
Chi. Ind. & L. 6s	118	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½
Chi. & E. Ill. 6s	118	N. Y. C. & St. L. 4s	103½

The Local Stock Market Was Dull and Narrow, Price Changes Being Insignificant

A. W. GLASS WAS MARKED UP A POINT

Common Stock Was Advanced Steadily on Sales of 500 Shares.

AIRBRAKE RALLIED TO 175

The Steel Shares Were Dull and Neglected—Fire Proofing Issues Firmer, but Very Quiet—Pittsburgh Coal Stocks Dull and Easier.

There was not much of interest at yesterday's proceedings of the Pittsburgh stock exchange. The market was very dull and almost without features throughout, and though the secretary prolonged the regular session fully 10 minutes he did not succeed in getting more than about 2,000 shares recorded. After that some 600 more went up, making the day's total the poorest in a good while. Nor were there any radical or significant changes in the price list. American Window Glass common has almost subsided because the public does not know what to make out of the situation. Of course, each side to the war price scale controversy has an idea of its own intentions, but it is pretty safe to say it is about as much in the dark as to the ultimate results as the public at large. So the trading in the stock drooped and yesterday only 505 shares were sold. It opened at 48⅛, went up to 48¾ and closed at 48½, $1 higher than Friday. Why it went up, or didn't go down, is an equal guess. Then there was River Coal common. During the week over 11,000 shares of this stock have changed hands within a range of a point and yet no one can give a satisfactory reason for such activity. Some say it may be cheap and may prove a good thing later on, but it has never paid any dividends and during the last year earned less than 2 per cent. Yesterday 600 more shares sold and it closed ⅛ lower at 13½. The preferred was unchanged. Pittsburgh Coal was also easier and each issue lost ⅛ at the close, though the trading was so small as to be insignificant. Why these stocks go down and the River issues up is another mystery nobody will solve. It is strange, too, the difference in the announced politics of the two companies, and all the more so when it is known that their interests are practically identical. For instance, the policy of the Pittsburgh Company is to acquire a surplus of new coal lands, but the policy of the River Coal people discourages this. In fact, in his last annual report the president said this would not be wise, though the company has purchased such additional lands as make its acreage October 31, 1901, the same as on October 1, 1899, when it commenced business. Yesterday Pittsburgh preferred went down to 83½, but rallied to 80⅞ at the close, there being the lowest prices in a long time. The steel stocks were very dull and badly neglected, though the price changes amounted to but little. Fire Proofing issues were firmer and fractionally higher, though, like everything else, very dull. Westinghouse Airbrake sold 65 shares at 175, an advance of $2 over Friday, thus recovering the break of 4¼ that occurred earlier in the week. Electric firsts rallied $1, on a small sale, but the seconds went off ⅛ to 87 on sales of but 52 shares. Consolidated Traction common receipts were active but lower, 2,290 selling at 23½@23. Bonds were almost entirely ignored, no sales occurring and no important changes in the quotations being made. In the stock quotations Pittsburgh Trust advanced $5 to $585 bid and Pittsburgh, Virginia & Cincinnati Railroad made a new high record by going up $1 to $139 bid. The close was very dull.

PITTSBURGH FEATURES.

Bank exchanges gained $4,900,022 80 for the week.

Total sales Pittsburgh stock exchange yesterday 2,564 shares and 2,200 receipts; the week 48,020 shares, $109,000 bonds and 7,056 receipts.

Window Glass common sold 505 shares. Closed at 48½.

River Coal common was ⅛ lower at 13½. 600 shares sold.

The steel stocks were badly neglected.

Fire Proofing common closed at 42½ and the preferred at 49½.

Westinghouse Airbrake rallied $2 to $175.

Electric firsts gained $1 at 89 and the seconds lost ⅛ at 87.

Bonds were very dull.

THE PITTSBURGH STOCK EXCHANGE RECORD.

SALES AND QUOTATIONS. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1902.

The public sales in detail were:

At Call.

100 N. F. Proof. com.. 42
25 N. F. Proof. com.. 42⅛
100 N. F. Proof. com.. 42¾
20 U. S. Steel pfd.. 93
50 West. Airbrake.. 175
50 N. F. Proof. pfd.. 49½
50 N. F. Proof. pfd.. 49½
5 Equitable Trust.. 178
10 West. Elec. 1st s.. 89
14 Crucible Steel pfd.. 85⅜
100 Crucible Steel pfd.. 85¾
5 American Trust.. 122
100 A. V. R. R. pfd.. 126⅞
50 M. R. Coal pfd.. 26⅞
100 A. W. Glass com.. 48½
20 A. W. Glass com.. 48⅝
50 P. B. & L. E. com 30¼
50 Crucible Steel com.. 42⅜
50 U. S. Steel com.. 42⅜
20 West. Elec. 2ds.. 87½
20 West. Elec. 2ds.. 87¾
12 West. Elec. 2ds.. 87
1040 Fgh. Brew. pfd.. 44½
50 A. W. Glass com.. 48¼
25 A. W. Glass com.. 48
50 A. W. Glass com.. 48
50 A. W. Glass com.. 48
20 A. W. Glass com.. 48
25 A. W. Glass com.. 48
50 A. W. Glass com.. 48¼
20 A. W. Glass com.. 48⅛
50 A. W. Glass com.. 48⅝
50 A. W. Glass com.. 48⅝
15 A. W. Glass com.. 48⅜
5-25 Monon. Water war.. 42
1 Monon. Water war.. 42
50 Fgh. Coal pfd.. 89½

After Call.

85 Fgh. Coal pfd.. 89⅝
14 Fgh. Coal pfd.. 89⅞
31 Fgh. Coal pfd.. 89⅝
100 Fgh. Coal pfd.. 89⅞
50 Fgh. Coal pfd.. 89⅝
1,000 Con. Tr. com. rcts. 23⅝
200 Con. Tr. com. rcts. 23¾
200 M. R. Coal com.. 13⅜

After Call.

22 Fgh. Coal com.. 25
100 Chart. Val. Water.. 47
10 N. F. Proof. com.. 42½
1,000 Con. Tr. com. rcts. 23⅝
50 M. R. Coal com.. 13⅜
50 M. R. Coal com.. 13⅛
200 M. R. Coal com.. 13⅜
50 M. R. Coal com.. 13⅜
15 West. Airbrake.. 175

The total public sales were 2,564 shares of stock, 2,200 stock receipts and 15-25 warrants; total preceding Saturday, 6,820 shares of stock, $17,000 bonds and 25 7-20 warrants; total same day last year, 13,004 shares of stock and $24,000 bonds.

Closing bids and offers at the day's one call were:

STOCKS.	Par.	Bid.	Ask.
Stock Exchange Seat	$100	$700	....
Pittsburgh Banks.			
Bank of Pittsburgh	50	....	142
Exchange National	50	....	86
National Bank of West Pa.	100	197	....
Pittsb'gh Nat. Bank of Com.	100	....	450
Tradesmens National	100	....	177
Trust Companies.			
Mercantile Trust	100	....	195
Pittsburgh Trust	100	585	590
Safe Deposit & Trust	50	104	....
Equitable Trust	100	....	180
Real Estate Trust	100	59½	....
American Trust	100	122	....
Allegheny Banks.			
Bank of Secured Savings	50	70	....
D. S. F. & T.	50	238	250
Ohio Valley	100	....	125
Allegheny Trust	100	155	....
Railroads.			
Allegheny Valley pfd.	50	....	27¾
Chartiers Railway	50	....	175
Pgh., Va. & Charleston	60	199	....
Electric.			
Westinghouse Ists	50	88½	....
Do 2ds	50	87⅜	87⅝
Miscellaneous.			
American Window Glass	100	48¼	48⅜
Chartiers Valley Water	50	44⅝	....
Consolidated Gas pfd.	50	84	....
Consolidated Ice	50	13½	14⅝
Do pfd	50	27	30
Crucible Steel	100	24¾	25
Do preferred	100	85⅜	86
Monongahela River Coal	50	13½	13⅝
Marsden	100	....	2½
Monongahela Water	50	40½	41½
Pa. B. & L. E. R.	50	30½	....
Do preferred	50	72⅜	....
Pittsburgh Brewing	50	25½	26
Do preferred	50	44¼	44¾
Pittsburgh Coal	100	25	25¼
Do preferred	100	80⅞	90
Pittsburgh Plate Glass	100	....	151
Philadelphia Co.	50	46⅝	46⅞
Pressed Steel Car pfd.	100	84	....
United States Glass	100	34½	....
Westinghouse Airbrake	50	173	176
National Fire Proofing	50	42	42½
Do preferred	50	49½	49⅝
United States Steel	100	42⅞	....
BONDS.			
City Railways.			
Pittsburgh & Birmingham	1939	....	117½
Second Ave. Trac. con. 5s	1904	118	....
Miscellaneous.			
Consolidated Gas 5s	1948	....	113
M. I. & P. 5s	1949	109	....
Monongahela River Coal 6s	1949	116⅜	....
Pittsburgh Brewing 6s	1949	....	111

The following is a complete summary of yesterday's official transactions on the Pittsburgh stock exchange. It shows the change in the closing selling prices, compared with the last preceding sales, the total sales of each security, the opening, high, low and closing prices and final bids and offers:

SECURITIES.	Total Sales.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.	Bid.	Ask.	Ch'ge.
American Trust	20	122	122	122	122	122	190	0
Equitable Trust	5	178	178	178	178	....	....	0
Westinghouse Electric firsts	16	89	89	89	89	88½	....	1 +
Do seconds	52	87⅛	87½	87	87	87⅛	87⅝	⅛—
Allegheny Valley Railroad pfd.	130	26⅝	26⅝	26⅝	26⅝	....	27¾	0
P., B. & L. E. R. R. com	20	30½	30½	30½	30½	30½	....	0
American Window Glass com	505	48¼	48⅝	48⅛	48½	48½	48¾	⅛ +
Chartiers Valley Water	100	47	47	47	47	....	....	1 +
Crucible Steel pfd.	114	85⅜	85⅞	85⅜	85⅝	85⅜	86	0
United States Steel	100	42⅜	42⅝	42⅜	42⅝	42⅝	....	0
Do preferred	20	93	93	93	93	....	....	0
National Fire Proofing	233	42	42¾	42	42¼	42	42¾	¼—
Do preferred	100	49¼	49¼	49⅛	49⅛	49¼	49⅝	⅛+
Monongahela River Coal	600	13⅝	13⅝	13½	13½	....	....	⅛—
Do preferred	100	83½	83½	83½	83½	....	....	⅛—
Pittsburgh Coal	32	25	25	25	25	25	25¼	0
Do preferred	250	80⅜	80⅞	80¾	80⅞	80⅜	90	⅛—
Pittsburgh Brewing pfd.	100	44⅝	44⅝	44⅝	44⅝	....	44⅝	⅛—
Westinghouse Airbrake	65	175	175	175	175	175	175	2+
Total	2,564							
Consolidated Trac. com. receipts	2,200	23½	23½	23	23	....	....	....
Monongahela Water warrants	1 5-25	42	42	42	42	....	....	6 —

Financial Drift.

43½ was bid on call for 25 River Coal preferred.

Speer & Co. bid 98¼ for Pittsburgh, McKeesport & Connellsville Street Railway 5s on call. After call they advanced the bid to 98⅜.

After call 46½ was bid for Chartiers Valley Water.

Henry Sproul & Co. bid 64⅛ for 500 Consolidated Traction preferred stock receipts on call.

For 25 Crucible Steel common 23⅜ was bid on call.

The regular morning call was prolonged 10 minutes.

For Peoples Trust of the South Side 108 was bid on call.

C. L. McFarlane offered 500 Trada Dollar Mining on call at $1 75 a share.

Judge Van Brunt holds that stock exchange seats are property and are taxable.

The Wilkinsburg Trust Company is said to be in a state of formation, but the names of the promoters are still kept secret.

McMullin bid 151 for 50 Federal National Bank on call. He also bid 280, an advance of $5 and a new high record, for City Trust Company.

New York Central was the object of selling and bear talk on account of the verdict of the coroner's jury, which places the responsibility for the disaster on the company.

During the call a block of 1,000 Consolidated Traction common stock receipts sold at 23⅛, which was ⅜ below Thursday's price. After the call 1,000 more sold. The buying was all by one firm.

After the call closed there was a street sale of $4,000 United States Steel 5s, series D, at 115½ and interest. Robinson Bros. bought and Miller sold. The price is a new high record for this series.

It is reported that there are plans under way to increase the capital stock of the Lackawanna Iron & Steel Company to $40,000,000. The authorized capital is now $25,000,000 and $20,000,000 has been issued.

It is semi-officially reported that the directors of the American Can Company will hold a meeting prior to the annual meeting in March for the purpose of discussing dividend matters. The company will then have a full year's dividend in arrears on the preferred stock, which is cumulative.

The Sun reiterates its assertion that $11,500,000 of Big Four stock will be purchased by the New York Central out of $25,000,000 new stock recently issued. In addition to this the Central will also acquire between $8,000,000 and $8,000,000 more Big Four stock, which has gradually been acquired by the Vanderbilt interests within the past year.

At the annual meeting of stockholders of the Pittsburgh Drygoods Company, held January 23, the following board of directors was elected: J. B. Shea, F. H. Lloyd, W. A. Given, H. W. Neely and W. F. Dalzell. The board was organized by the election of F. H. Lloyd, president; H. W. Neely, vice president and general manager; W. A. Given, secretary and treasurer.

It is again confidently reported that a better understanding between the chief factors in the copper trade is about to be established. The belief is also had that Amalgamated Copper Company has succeeded in disposing of about all its accumulated stock of copper, thus removing a weight which has been hanging over the copper market ever since the decline in prices for the metal began.

In his regular weekly market letter issued yesterday Humphries Miller grew quite facetious and drew an analogy between the bargain counters of the big department stores and the stock market. Mr. Miller has long had a reputation for wit on the exchange and, as in the present case, it is wit with a keen point. So he says, dropping the analogy: "This week we have seen a renewal of the efforts to bring the public to the Wall street bargain counter, but the public has continued its attention and cash to staples, and apparently bought in a hand-to-mouth way, knowing that the market will be here next month and the month after. In Pittsburgh the two fancies—Window Glass and Fire Proofing—have had the call. The former is an old staple, but operated under new conditions by men of long experience and a record for business success. Fire Proofing is comparatively new, but its products are becoming all the style, and as it enters the staple class it is attracting the attention of big building contractors, who think they might as well have it as another side line. Now and then a few persons were seen picking up a bundle of River Coal, because it is cheap so little and may come in handy to have some in the house six months from now. There have been signs that some leading persons intend to make it 'the style' later on. Occasionally a piece of fine old staple stuff like Pittsburgh Trust was picked up at an advance of $50 a share and laid away, and other goods of a similar brand received more attention than for a long time. That one time prime favorite, Philadelphia Company, has been permitted to lie upon the counter neglected all week, mainly because of a political agitation to increase the tax upon it. Such agitation, however, usually die out with election day. To drop the figure and put the situation in a nutshell, it may be said that all the industries of Pittsburgh continue active and flourishing. Surplus profits are accumulating, and sooner or later these will be seeking investment. The best investments for the average man will be the preferred shares of the best managed industrials, and the most attractive field for the speculator will be in the common shares of the same companies. In our opinion, railway, bank and trust securities of the better class average too high to price for the man of ordinary means."

Whisky.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 25.—Whisky, distillers' finished goods, quiet on the basis of $1 32.

BROKE ANOTHER RECORD.

The Week's Bank Exchanges Bigger Than for Any Similar Week in Pittsburgh's History.

Pittsburgh bank exchanges for the week ending yesterday broke all records for any similar period in the history of the clearing house. They were about $4,000,000 larger than the same week in 1900, and about $12,000,000 larger than in 1901. These hold the preceding records. The exchanges for yesterday were slightly less—about $20,000, this for the same day a year ago. The total for the year to date shows a gain of nearly $21,000,000. The local money market shows signs of easiness, but as yet no great change has occurred, the rate for call and time loans standing at 6@6 per cent. The detailed clearing house reports are as follows:

	Exchanges.	Balances.
Yesterday	$6,944,581 54	$1,448,862 71
Previous Saturday	7,197,099 15	1,229,327 45
Last year	5,806,480 00	1,154,184 50

Yesterday's decrease, $50,121 06.

The figures of the clearing house for the week ending yesterday compared with those for the preceding week and the same week last year are as follows:

	Exchanges.	Balances.
This week	$44,768,403 62	$7,407,469 02
Daily average	7,461,283 74	1,217,911 50
Last week	46,402,722 47	8,140,711 23
Daily average	7,775,420 41	1,365,818 54
Last year	30,808,110 82	8,961,741 60
Daily average	5,064,719 47	1,476,908 74

This week's increase, $4,500,402 85.

The exchanges for the week ending yesterday compared with those for the corresponding weeks in previous years were as follows:

Week ending:	
January 25, 1902	$44,768,403 62
January 26, 1901	39,868,340 92
January 21, 1900	32,170,196 49
January 28, 1899	22,562,401 33
January 29, 1898	18,843,702 02
January 30, 1897	19,618,812 35
Total to date—	
1902	$164,695,207 29
1901	143,892,803 81
1900	115,050,106 44
1899	90,124,601 40
1898	77,884,206 19
1897	66,910,206 81

Reports from other cities were:

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.—Clearings, $27,620,462; balances, $2,250,720. Posted exchanges, $4 86 for 60 days and $4 88 on demand. New York exchange, 30c premium.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25.—Clearings, $18,062,402; balances, $1,696,816; for the week, clearings, $114,752,197; balances, $13,867,240; money, 5 per cent.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—Exchanges, $272,687,480; balances, $11,404,536.

BOSTON, Jan. 25.—Exchanges, $21,778,693; balances, $2,405,193.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 25.—Money, 3@6 per cent; exchanges, $2,360,650; New York exchange, 20c premium.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 25.—Clearings, $4,221,026; balances, $981,923; money, 4½@5½ per cent. New York exchange, 20@30c premium.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 25.—Clearings, $3,500,-000; balances, $360,802; for the week, clearings, $21,380,532; balances, $2,453,963; money, 4½ per cent.

Consolidated Stock Exchange.

On the Consolidated stock exchange yesterday the posted sales in detail were:

25 shares National Fire Proofing.....42¾
20 shares United States Steel pfd.....92
20 shares National Fire Proofing.....43½
50 shares National Fire Proofing.....43¾
50 shares Crucible Steel.....85⅞
50 shares Allegheny Valley Ry.....39½
25 shares Monon. River Coal.....13⅝
20 shares Pittsburgh Brewing.....44⅜
25 shares American Window Glass.....48⅛
20 shares American Window Glass.....48¼
25 shares American Window Glass.....48⅜
20 shares Consolidated Traction rcts.....23¼
25 shares Consolidated Traction rcts.....23⅜
25 shares Monon. River Coal.....13⅝

The Panhandle's Annual Report.

The estimated results of the operations of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway Company for one month and the twelve months ended December 31, 1901, and the increase or decrease as compared with the corresponding periods of 1900 shown:

December.	1901.	Increase.
Gross earnings	$ 1,779,667	$ 58,457
Operating expenses	1,313,792	*30,784
Net results from operation	$ 465,875	$ 89,241
Interest on bonds, rentals, etc.	265,028	294,227
Profit	$ 169,277	*$115,000
January 1 to December 31—		
Gross earnings	$20,686,214	$1,611,337
Operating expenses	14,675,580	611,593
Net results from operation	$ 6,000,324	$1,026,674
Interest on bonds, rentals, etc.	4,661,298	542,534
Profit	$ 1,947,026	$ 947,140

*Decrease.

WEEK'S SALES WERE SLIGHTLY LARGER.

The total public sales on the Pittsburgh stock exchange during the week ending yesterday were 48,020 shares of stock, $109,000 bonds, 7,056 receipts and 34-90 warrants. These figures compare with 41,062 shares of stock, $83,000 bonds, 4,427 receipts and 26-71 warrants the preceding week, and 26,054.8⅝ shares of stock and $82,000 bonds the same week a year ago. Generally, the market was very irregular during the week, becoming very dull and narrow at the close. A feature was the breadth and strength of the business in the bank and trust shares, several of which made new high records and others big gains.

The following statement is a complete summary of the publicly recorded transactions on the Pittsburgh stock exchange during the week beginning Monday, January 20, and Saturday, January 25, 1902. It shows the total sales, opening, highest, lowest and closing prices, and the changes in the selling prices as compared with those of the preceding week and the nearest date to that time:

STOCKS.	Shs.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.	Change.
Central National Bank, Washington	80	135	*139	135	139	....
Farmers Deposit National Bank	10	340	340	340	340	+5 —
Federal National Bank	80	125	125	125	125	+5 —
First National Bank, Pittsburgh	70	308	310	308	310	+2 —
Iron City National Bank	32	165	*168	165	165	+1 —
Keystone Bank	40	105	105	105	105	....
Metropolitan National Bank	10	115	115	115	115	+5 —
Allegheny Trust Company	10	275	275	275	275	....
Equitable Trust Company	5	178	178	178	178	+1 +
Dollar Savings Fund & Trust Company	10	240	*250	240	250	+5 +
Peoples Trust Co., South Side	10	105	105	105	105	+2 —
Pittsburgh Trust Company	10	580	*585	580	585	+5 +
Real Estate Trust Company	10	59½	59½	59½	59½	....
Penn Trust Company	10	120	120	120	120	+5 —
Union Insurance	10	130	*140	130	140	+5 +
Trade Dollar Mining	200	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	— —
Westinghouse Electric firsts	25	88	89	88	89	+1 +
Do seconds	5	87	87	87	87	— —
Allegheny Valley Railroad preferred	44	26½	26⅝	26½	26⅝	+⅛ +
Chartiers Railway	5	175	*175	175	175	....
P., B. & L. E. R. R. common	5	30½	30½	30½	30½	....
Consolidated Traction preferred	10	49	49	49	49	....
Pittsburgh Plate Glass common	10	150	150	150	150	+1 —
Chartiers Valley Water	10	47	47	47	47	+1 +
Monongahela Water	20	40	41	40	41	+1 +
Consolidated Ice common	10	13½	14	13½	14	+⅝ +
Crucible Steel	1,400	24¾	25	24¾	25	+¼ +
Do preferred	10	85½	86	85½	86	+½ +
United States Steel	1,400	42⅜	42⅝	42⅜	42⅝	....
Do preferred	2,500	92½	93	92½	93	+½ +
Monongahela River Coal	11,400	13½	13⅝	13½	13½	⅛—
Do preferred	1,200	83	83½	83	83½	+½ +
Pittsburgh Coal	1,200	24¾	25	24¾	25	+¼ +
Do preferred	2,500	80⅜	80⅞	80⅜	80⅞	+½ +
Pittsburgh Brewing	1,810	25½	26	25½	26	+½ +
Do preferred	10	44½	44⅝	44½	44⅝	+⅛ +
Philadelphia Company common	5	46⅝	46⅝	46⅝	46⅝	+⅛ +
Pressed Steel Car	200	34	34	34	34	....
Do preferred	200	84	84	84	84	....
Union Switch & Signal common	5	47	47	47	47	+1 +
Do preferred	10	84	84	84	84	....
Westinghouse Airbrake	250	175	175	173½	175	0 —
Total	49,020					
BOSTON.						
Allegheny City Sewer 6s	$ 1,000	107	107	107	107	....
Beaver Coal 5s	2,000	*98	*98	98½	98½	— —
Monongahela Light & Power 5s	10,000	95	95	95	95	— —
Monongahela River Coal 6s	8,000	114½	114½	114½	114½	— —
Pittsburgh Railway Co. 5s	1,000	115½	115½	115½	115½	— —
Pittsburgh Brewing 6s	20,000	111	111	110½	111	+½ +
Pittsburgh, Va. & Char. Ry. 5s	14,000	97½	97½	97½	97½	— —
Second Avenue Traction cons. 5s	4,000	118½	*119	118½	119	+½ +
United States Steel, series A, 5s	6,000	111½@	*111½@	111½@	111½@	— —
United Traction 5s	2,000	115¾	115¾	115¾	115¾	— —
Total	$100,000					
PHILADELPHIA.						
Consolidated Traction	2,300	23½	23½	23	23	— —
Do preferred	4,126	84½	84½	84½	84½	— —
Total	7,426					
Monongahela Water warrants	14 6-20	41½	*43	41	42	+½ +
Pittsburgh Plate Glass warrants	1	80	*82	80	80	— —
Total	14 26-20					

*New high record. Nine new 5 shares. Cash bid first. †Cash. ‡Ex-dividend.

IN THE MONEY MARTS.

Quotations of Commercial Paper at Various Centers.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—Close—Money on call nominal, no loans; prime mercantile paper, 4@5 per cent; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at $4 87@4 87½ for demand and at $4 84½@4 84⅝ for 60 days; posted rates, $4 85 and $4 88; commercial bills, $4 83¾@4 84; silver, 59½c. Mexican dollars, 46½c; state bonds steady; railroad bonds steady; government bonds steady.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—4 P. M.—There are rentes, 100 francs 37½ centimes for the account; exchange on London, 25 francs, 12 centimes for checks; Spanish 4s, 77 22.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—Bar coin conditions are quoted: Buenos Ayres, 144,800; Madrid, 38,42; the amount of bullion taken into the Bank of England on balance today was £6,000.

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—Today's statement of the treasury balances in the general fund, exclusive of the $150,000,000 gold reserve in the division of redemption, shows: Available cash balance, $117,971,872; gold, $92,494,977; silver, $16,020,844; Treasury notes, $1,195,-140 946; receipts, $1,540,907; disbursements, $2,090,893; national bank notes, $12,043,627; total receipts since July 1, $1,540,907; total expenditures this month, $27,440,629; total payments this year, $202,-032, total expenditures this year, $1,337,-340,463; total expenditures this month, $27,163,000; total expenditures since July 1, $1,337,340,463; deficit to corresponding period, $117,460,200.

Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—The statement of the associated banks for the week ending today shows: Loans, $909,947,900; increase, $2,417,500; deposits, $849,630,800; decrease, $10,944,800; circulation, $31,213,900; decrease, $44,600; legal tenders, $37,722,200; decrease, $1,-187,200; specie, $201,000,000; decrease, $2,-782,400; reserve, $238,722,200; decrease, $3,969,600; reserve required, $212,407,700; increase, $2,736,150; surplus, $26,-314,500; decrease, $6,705,750.

Foreign Bank Statement.

BERLIN, Jan. 25.—The weekly statement of the Imperial Bank shows changes as follows: Gold, increased 15,000 marks; other securities, decreased 24,500,000 marks; notes in circulation, decreased 72,-300,000 marks.

Big Hostelry for Liberty Avenue

THREE LOTS IN NINTH STREET BRING $50,000

Frank N. Hoffstot Buys the Properties for a Warehouse Site.

A $400,000 HOTEL PROJECT

Smithfield Street Deal of $20,000. Penn Avenue Sale of $125,000 Is Confirmed—East End Residence Brings $18,000.

The Real Estate Trust Company has sold for D. P. Reighard to Frank N. Hoffstot the properties at Nos. 100, 102 and 104 Ninth street for $50,000. The lots have a combined frontage of 50 feet on the west side of Ninth street and a depth of 100 feet along Duquesne way, making the purchase price $1,000 a front foot. The old four-story brick building on the lot is occupied as an oil store house and an embalming school. Mr. Hoffstot also purchased recently the three adjoining properties, Nos. 108, 108 and 110 Ninth street, for about the same price. This gives him a total frontage of 110 feet in Ninth street, with a depth of 100 feet. As soon as arrangements can be completed Mr. Hoffstot will begin the erection of a six-story brick warehouse on his purchases.

Will Cost $400,000.

A 10-story hotel to cost at least $400,000 is the latest project of Hartje Bros. It is to be built at the northwest corner of Liberty avenue and Tenth street. The details of the scheme were not announced until yesterday, when the deeds were delivered by the Real Estate Trust Company for the one-half interest in the T. Harvey Miller property for $60,000. The lot purchased is irregular in form, measuring about 21 feet in Liberty avenue and extending back 110 feet, where it has an L addition, making the width in the rear 40 feet. Hartje Bros. now own a plot 65x110 feet, and as soon as the leases can be arranged the work of building the hotel will be started. It will be fire proof and provided with all the modern conveniences, making it equal to any hotel in the city.

Through the Union Realty Company M. F. Maloney has purchased a one-half interest in the property at No. 32 Smithfield street for $29,000. Mr. Maloney has held the other two shares in the property for some time and bought his last portion from Harry C. House of Pittsburgh and Mrs. W. M. Lamb of Philadelphia.

Large Sale in Penn Avenue.

It was reported on excellent authority yesterday that the sale of the William Pote property at Nos. 909, 911 and 913 Penn avenue, current in realty circles last week, has been closed. The consideration is said to be $125,000 and the deal is credited to the Union Realty Company. The property consists of a lot 60x160 feet on the lower side of Penn avenue, and has erected on it a three-story brick building. It lies between the property of George Remernon and that of Boggs & Buhl.

The D. W. Pershing property in the Twentieth ward has been sold through Davies & Co. for $18,000. The lot measures 50x150 feet and faces on the west side of Graham street, near Friendship avenue. The residence is a new 12-room brick house. The purchaser, whose name was withheld, is a prominent oil dealer, who bought for a home.

Vacant Frontage Sold.

It was reported yesterday that the plot of vacant frontage at the corner of Penn and Lang avenues, Twenty-first ward, which was purchased a few days previously by Thomas M. Armstrong, had been sold by him to H. J. Heinz through the Valley Trust Company of the East End. The consideration named was $45,000. The lot is 200x300 feet and one of the best building sites in that part of the city.

A. Z. Byers & Co. sold, through George A. Lasheil for Nicholas Nolte to J. G. Lamble, a farm of 71 acres, on Sharon grade, Moon township, for $7,100 cash. The farm is situated one and one-half miles from Coraopolis and is on a high ridge, which commands a very fine view of the surrounding country. The Union church in the Steubenville pike, seven miles away, can be seen, and Jonesville is also in plain sight. This is the third farm sold by this firm of brokers recently to prominent business men of Pittsburgh who are looking for fine home sites. The two other purchasers were Stewart Johnson, president of the Pittsburgh Steel Foundry Company, and Clarence F. Grundon.

A Sixteen-Room Residence.

Mr. Johnson is building a 16-room stone house on his plot and other costly residences are to be built in the near vicinity soon.

L. A. Clark & Co. have sold for Lyman C. Wynkoop the property at No. 338 Stratford avenue, Twentieth ward, to a well-known railroad official for $12,500. The lot has a frontage of 40 feet by 100 feet in depth, on which is erected a colonial brick dwelling of 12 rooms. The purchaser will occupy it after April 1, 1902.

Samuel Kelly & Co., East End, delivered the deeds yesterday to J. Fester from J. W. Kirker for five houses in Sheridan avnue, Nineteenth ward. The lots measure 40x140 feet and the consideration was $51,000.

S. A. Dixon yesterday concluded an exchange deal amounting to $15,000, that involved the transfer of a farm in Westmoreland county and two city properties. The farm includes 120 acres and is situated in the valley of the Kiskiminetas river, on which it has a frontage of half a mile. The land was purchased by William H. Wilson for $7,500.

Gave Lot in Herron Avenue.

In exchange Mr. Wilson tendered a 10-room brick house, lot 60x170 feet, in Herron avenue, near Wylie avenue, and another house containing five rooms, with lot 50x100 feet, in Grace street, near Virginia avenue, Mt. Washington. The equity value was the same in both transactions. The farm purchased is one of the best garden spots in that part of the valley, and will be fitted up by Mr. Wilson for a city truck farm.

From present indications Braddock is to have a substantial increase in the number of new buildings erected the coming season, especially in the business district. Many of the old structures along Braddock avenue and adjacent streets are to be torn down and replaced by handsome brick blocks. Three of these new buildings, on which work will be started April 1, were designed by Architects Vogel & Hutzen. The Benjamin Braznell block, to be built at the corner of Library street and Maple alley, across from the post office, will be three stories high, with dimensions 49x52 feet.

Marble and Pressed Brick.

The first story will be constructed of marble and pressed brick, with the two upper stories of brick. The first floor will be used for business purposes, the second for offices and the third for a hall.

Mr. Braznell intends also to erect a four-story brick building at the corner of Braddock avenue and Library street, which will be arranged to connect with the one described. Another two-story brick building will go up this spring at the corner of Braddock avenue and Eighth street. The dimensions are 20x16 feet. The pillars will be of Maine granite with a round shaft column of Tennessee marble. The three-story brick bakery building, 40x86 feet, to be erected by Robert Nill in Braddock avenue, will be constructed of pressed brick, with ornamental galvanized cornice. The upper floors will be used for apartments.

Slump in Realty Market.

Something happened to the real estate market last week, nobody seems to know exactly what or how. The preceding week closed with a good record of sales and a number of sales that would amount to $100,000 or more seemingly on the point of closing. But during the last six days only four deals of importance were closed. The sale of four properties in Second and Fourth avenues to the Wabash for $63,000, the sale of 22 acres of frontage in Swissvale for $122,000, the purchaser being George W. Sherman, who acquired the property from James Denison through the agency of John F. Baxter, the sale of six acres of the Mary C. Thaw frontage in Beechwood boulevard to Charles Halcomb through George Bros. for $145,000, and the sale of three lots in Ninth street to Frank N. Hoffstot for $50,000 by the Real Estate Trust Company. The deeds registered at the city hall amounted to only $644,200 for the six days, a falling off of about $400,000 from the previous week.

Flat and Store Building.

The Valley Trust Company sold for Patrick McGough to Mrs. Laura Gabbett a lot 62x120 feet at the corner of St. Clair and Bryant streets, Nineteenth ward, for $5,289. The purchaser is having plans prepared for a three-story flat and store

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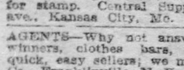

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AGENTS—We have what people want. Lamp that makes its own gas at cost of 1 cent a day. Sells for $1. Will send small model free to those wishing to work for us. Write our Department B today. Empire Gaslight Co., 70 West Broadway, N. Y. 1294jj

TRAVELING salesman wanted by established house; no technical knowledge necessary, but simply all around hustler of good appearance and address; first-class line; liberal contract; entire time required; references. Box 284, Detroit, Mich. 1263jc

$9 to $15 weekly working for us at home; no canvassing; if now employed an hour or two evenings will add $5 to $6 to your weekly income; inclose stamp; work mailed on application; address Twentieth Century Mfg. Co., Toledo, O. 1263jc

AGENTS—Calling on the Pittsburgh printers to sell our printing inks on a very liberal commission basis; one of the oldest ink houses and best selling lines in the country. The Glidden & White Co., Cleveland, O. 1263

AGENTS—$10 day sure; just out; "boomer" for saloons, cigar stores, etc.; sells itself; sample free; send stamp for particulars. Tremont Specialty Co., 175 Tremont st., Boston, Mass. 1263

AGENTS wanted in every town to sell hat mirrors; the fastest selling article manufactured. Particulars sent free. Sample sent for 10 cents. Eddie Bentley, Lincoln, Ill. 1263jc

SALESMAN wanted to sell $1,000 accident insurance for $1 a year; can be carried as side line; investigation solicited. Address German Registry Co., Holland building, St. Louis. 1263jc

AGENTS—See New York Sun Cyclopaedia Distributing Bureau's ad in today's Gazette. Intelligent men of good appearance desired. Apply 715 Times building. 1263im

AGENTS—$25 per week and expenses easily made. Sells on sight; every man wants them. Dean, Moon & Co., Traverse City, Mich. 1263jc

$100 WEEKLY made in mail-order business; conducted by anyone, anywhere. Particulars for stamp. Central Supply Co., 1005 Grand ave., Kansas City, Mo. 1263pgc

AGENTS—Why not answer this? We have winners, clothes bars, kitchen knife sets; quick, easy sellers; we manufacture. J. Wade Co., Franklinville, N. Y. 1263jc

AGENTS—To handle our high-grade toilet goods; it pays others to push them, why not you? Enormous profits. Warner Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich. 1263jc

$30 MONTHLY, copying letters at home; either sex. Inclose two stamps with application. Lake Shore Mercantile Co., Dept. 26, Chicago. 1263pvxl

$12 WEEKLY for copying letters at home, either sex; send two stamps for particulars; Eagle Mfg. Co., 39 Dearborn st., Chicago. 1263jc

WANTED—Experienced traveling salesman for Pennsylvania; good pay and permanent position to hustler. Address Box 514, Chicago. 1263jc

AGENTS—Wolverine Laundry Soap makes money. Holt, Gen. Agt., Box 724, Hartford, Conn. Send postage. 1117pldc

A MIRROR in your hat; sticks in any hat. Sample 10c. Beacon Supply Co., 23 Mystic st., Brockton, Mass. 1263jc

PARLOR MAGIC—64 pages, 124 engravings; 100 mysterious tricks; price 10c. Weaver & Co., Columbiana, Ala. 1263jc

AGENTS for churn; makes butter in minute; $280 per month guaranteed. Baxter Churn Co., Greenfield, Ohio. 1263pgc

LADY to act as general agent. Call at once. Room 310 Hamilton building. 1263jc

Male Help.

ARE you seeking employment or desirous of changing your present occupation? Call 125h MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave.

BEFORE leaving your present position, call and see us; it will benefit you. 125h MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave.

BILL CLERK—References required. Address X 10, The Gazette. 1263jc

BUSINESS is Business. The STAR is the place. 120 Sixth st. 14h

BY applying at the Star Employment Bureau you are guaranteed a position. 1214h 120 Sixth st.

CALL and investigate our methods of securing employment; information freely given. 128h MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave.

CARPENTERS wanted; 12 carpenters for new buildings; Morshalsea, Va.; meet representative at Fourth ave. station Monday morning at 7 o'clock; good boarding house on ground. Columbian Fire Proofing Company. 1263jc

CARPENTERS—Four, and one foreman, for R. R. work. Inquire Kirbaugh's office, 1046 Penn ave. 1263jc

DON'T waste time and money in seeking employment. Call; it is our business. MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave. 128h

DO you want employment? THE STAR is the place to go. You get fair treatment and guaranteed employment. 120 Sixth st.

EMPLOYMENT.
Employment.
We Can Get It.
STAR, 120 Sixth st. 14h

EMPLOYMENT secured through the 126h MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave.

ESTABLISHED and Reliable—We succeed when others fail. 128h MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave.

EVERY equipment needful can be secured by the STAR Employment Bureau, 120 Sixth st.

FOR bookkeeper, collector, office assistant, warehouseman, stenographer, engineer, fireman, janitor positions, apply at the STAR Employment Bureau, 120 Sixth st.

FOREMAN — A thoroughly experienced and careful foreman; one who can undertake the tearing down of an old wooden bridge structure. Call at 9 a. m. Monday, January 27. C. M. Driver, Room 514, 702 Penn ave. 1256gc

GOOD BOY to work about drug store. W. G. Minnick, drug store, 1416 Monterey st., Allegheny. 1263

HAVING years of experience and the largest list of patrons, we are Pittsburgh's leading agency. MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave. 128h

IF it's employment you want, we can aid you. Let us help you. STAR, 120 Sixth st. 1214h

INFORMATION freely given. Do you need work? MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave. 128h

LOOKING for work? We can aid. MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave.

MAN—Thorough furnishing goods man; one who has ability to take charge of a first-class men's furnishing retail store in the city, where fine goods only are sold. For the right person a good position is offered. Address X 12, The Gazette. 1263c

MARINE CORPS, U. S. NAVY RECRUITS—Wanted—Able-bodied men, service on our warships in all parts of the world and on land in the Philippines when required. Recruiting Officer, 218 Sixth st., Pittsburg, room 14, Baughman building, Greensburg, Pa., or room 206 Peabody building, Wheeling, W. Va.

MECHANICS, engineers, firemen, electricians, etc., 40-page pamphlet, containing questions asked by examining board of engineers, sent free. George A. Miller, Publisher, room 444, 18 S. 4th st., St. Louis, Mo. 1191ec

MEN—Two or three men to work from our wagons; city and outside towns; steady work and good pay. C. F. ADAMS CO., 12h60 416 Third ave.

MEN seeking employment call. Oldest and largest office in the state. STAR Bureau, 120 Sixth st. 1254h

WANTED.

Male Help.

MEN seeking employment, call. 128h MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave.

MERCANTILE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU, 128h 616 Penn ave.

MOLDERS wanted; 15 iron and steel molders; apply at Coxey Steel plant, Mt. Vernon, O. 1241

NO charge for information; largest employment bureau in the state; men seeking employment, call. STAR, 120 Sixth st. 128h

NO TROUBLE to us to give you information how to secure employment. STAR Bureau, 120 Sixth st. 14h

NO trouble to give information. Call or write. 1214h STAR BUREAU, 120 Sixth st.
NO trouble to give information. Call or write. 1214h STAR BUREAU, 120 Sixth st.

OFFICE BOY—Apply at 427 Fifth ave., Pittsburgh, Room 4. 1263

OUR methods of securing positions are the best; information freely given. 128h MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave.

PRINTERS—Three all-round printers; steady work; good wages. Address Daily Times, Kittanning, Pa. 1263jc

PUDDLERS—None but sober and steady men need apply; permanent employment. Apply Pittsburgh Forge and Iron Company, Ninth ward, Allegheny. 1263t

28 YEARS' experience in the Employment Business—like everything else, age tells. STAR BUREAU, 120 Sixth st. 14h

SALESMEN, SALESMEN.
Salesmen for all lines of business (splendid side line) to sell our Advertising Fans, 75 different styles, newest, latest patterns, just the things customers want; we pay the largest commissions. Many of our men give their entire time to our line and make from $75 to $125 every week; guaranteed best side line ever offered. Write promptly with references. Commissions paid promptly. American Novelty Co., Cincinnati, O.
SALESMEN, SALESMEN. 1263jc

SALESMEN—Two first-class, for special work. Apply 9 to 12 Monday. E. J. Kampf, 502 Penn Bldg. 1263jc

SALESMEN for carpets; must be experienced; good wages to capable men. Campbell's, Fifth ave. 1263

SAVE TIME, money and annoyance when seeking employment, by engaging THE MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave. 128h

SEE the Star Employment Bureau for a position. They can help you. Positions open now. 120 Sixth st. 14h

SEVERAL cigar salesmen wanted; experience unnecessary; good pay. Emanuel Co., Station J, New York City. 15pas

SEE the Mercantile Employment Bureau, 128h 616 Penn ave.

STAR Employment Bureau, 120 Sixth st.; oldest office (men only). Managed by practical man of 28 years' experience. 14h

STENOGRAPHER—First-class male stenographer by manufacturing concern; one familiar with steel business preferred. Answer, giving reference, experience and salary expected. Address K 5, The Gazette. 125g

STENOGRAPHER—Good penman and good mathematician, for railroad work; salary $35. Address C 851, The Gazette. 1263jc

STENOGRAPHER; expert male stenographer with some knowledge of bookkeeping; address X 8, The Gazette. 1263c

STRONG young man; must speak German; for about store. 603 Grant st., Pittsburgh. 1263jc

TAKE NOTICE—From 3,000 to 5,000 people placed at employment yearly. Why should you not be one? 14h STAR Bureau, 120 Sixth st.

THE MERCANTILE BUREAU, 616 Penn ave., secures employment for men. 128h

THE Old Reliable STAR for employment. 14h 120 Sixth st.

TO get employment, get to the right place. The STAR EMPLOYMENT BUREAU can place you. 120 Sixth st. 1208h

TO get employment, get to the right place—that's the STAR, 120 Sixth st. 14h

THE Mercantile Employment Bureau, 128h 616 Penn ave.

WE do not handle domestic help, but make a specialty of mercantile and first-class mechanical help. Call or write. 128h MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave.

WE are the "STAR EMPLOYMENT BUREAU" of the United States. Our methods cannot be equaled. 120 Sixth st. 1214h

WE supply the largest and best firms in Pittsburgh with help. 1214h STAR Bureau, 120 Sixth st.

We are the "STAR EMPLOYMENT BUREAU" of the city. Our methods cannot be equaled. 120 Sixth st. 14h

WHEN seeking employment, investigate our methods. MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave. 128h

YOUR case handled promptly by us. THE MERCANTILE, 616 Penn ave.

YOUNG MAN—Who can invest $3,000 to $5,000 in a well-established hardware business and take charge of the office work; a rare chance to get into a profitable business. Address P. O. box 214, Allegheny, Pa. 1263jc

YOUNG MEN wanted any distance, copy letters, home evenings and return to us. We pay $8 per thousand; send addressed envelope, particulars and copy. F. M. C., Dept. 40, Box 1411, Philadelphia. 1263jc

Female Help.

BILL CLERK—Permanent position; state salary. Address X 14, The Gazette. 1263

CHAMBERMAID and cook; must be thoroughly experienced and have reference. Apply Mrs. C. E. Speer, Craft ave., Oakland, city. 1241c

GIRL for plain cooking and laundry work; starched things sent out. Apply 317 Aiken ave. 1263jc

GOOD kitchen girl at once. 427 Third ave. 1263jc

LADY canvassers; salary $1 a day; car fare and commission; call 1232 Penn ave. 1263jc

MILLINER—Good proposition for milliner. Call or write 1115 Lang ave., E. E. 1263jc

NURSES—Trained or experienced nurses, at once; Sanitarium. Address X 9, The Gazette. 1263c

WOMAN for general housework. 408 Miller st., Knoxville. 1263jc

YOUNG LADIES wanted any distance, copy letters, home evenings and return to us. We pay $8 per thousand; send addressed envelope, particulars and copy. F. M. C., Dept. 40, Box 1411, Philadelphia. 1263jc

Male and Female Help.

LADIES and gentlemen to do writing at home; good offer; pay according to work done. Address, with stamp, Miss M. Thomson, Bucksville, S. C. 1263jc

MAN AND WIFE to work small farm; gardening and poultry raising. None need apply without experience and best references. Address Box 807, Connellsville, Pa. 1258

LADIES and gentlemen everywhere to copy letters evenings; good pay, steady work. Address (enclosing stamp) Manager "A. D.," Box 144, Cleveland, O. 1263c

MALE and female help supplied. Walker's, 106 Sixth st. Both telephones. No. 830. 1102jr

Situations—Male.

EMPLOYMENT in office of some manufacturing concern, by man 40 years of age, with best references. Address M 1, The Gazette. 1263c

BOOKKEEPER—Money saved if you let me keep your books evenings. Write Z 20, The Gazette. 1263c

Situations—Female.

SITUATION for Swedish girl; two years' reference. Matron, Domestic Bureau, 440 Penn. 1263jc

FOR RENT.

City and Suburban Residences.

FOR RENT.

37 Clifton ave., Allegheny; 7-room brick dwelling, bath, w. c., range, hot and cold water, nice, clean location; possession at once; rent $25.50 to April 1.
REAL ESTATE TRUST CO.
Of Pittsburgh,
311 Fourth ave.

FOR RENT.

High-class 3-story brick residence at 187 Ridge ave., Allegheny (old number); choicest location in city; 9 rooms, two baths and all conveniences. House in good condition.
REAL ESTATE TRUST CO.
Of Pittsburgh,
311 Fourth ave.

FOR RENT.

A 2-story brick dwelling at 246 Dithridge st.; 9 rooms, bath, furnace, both gases, electric light; house in first-class condition; possession April 1.
REAL ESTATE TRUST CO.
Of Pittsburgh,
311 Fourth ave. 1263

FINE RESIDENCE.

AVALON—One square from car line; new frame house of 11 rooms, reception hall, bath, laundry, both gases, cabinet mantels, all modern conveniences; level lot, 40x105 ft. Price $5,000; easy terms.
E. A. HESS & CO.,
405 Federal st., Allegheny. 1263

FOR RENT.

Your name and address, and we will send you the largest rent list in the city every week.
REAL ESTATE TRUST CO.,
of Pittsburgh,
311 Fourth ave. 1263xpvh

PROPERTY OWNERS'
YOU HAVE THE HOUSES.
WE HAVE THE TENANTS.
Let Us Get Together.
EAST END REALTY CO.,
800 Homewood ave. 1242ypg

LIST YOUR PROPERTIES
For rent or for sale with us and be assured of prompt and liberal treatment.
PRUDENTIAL TRUST CO.,
Penn and Centre aves., E. E. 1122pwyh

FOR RENT—Landlords bring us your houses, as we have a number of first-class tenants awaiting same.
PEARSON & KIRSCHLER,
209 Ohio st., west. 1263

CITY PROPERTY FOR RENT.

For Rent—$27.50; $10 till April 1 is the monthly payment; a lovely home, for sale at $3,750. See "Owner's" ad. today.
1122vxvyhvs

FOR RENT—The largest list in the city of dwellings, offices and business houses. Send for our list.
UNION REALTY CO.
312 Fourth ave. 1263h

FOR SALE OR RENT—House of 6 rooms at Haysville; large lot; fruit trees, straw, etc.; a nice little suburban home. J. C. Sherry, agent, 1230 Park bldg. Tel. 747 Grant. 1263

FOR RENT—2d, 3d and 4th floors of brick building, 343 Second ave. Apply at main office, Eastman's store. 1214vxv

SEND for our rent list. DAVIES & CO., Wood and Fem., Wilkinsburg. 1263

FOR RENT,

East End Residences.

FOR RENT.

A 2-story brick dwelling at 246 Dithridge st.; 9 rooms, bath, furnace, both gases, electric light; house in first-class condition; possession April 1.
REAL ESTATE TRUST CO.,
Of Pittsburgh,
311 Fourth ave. 1263

FOR RENT.

$22—714 PORTLAND, near Haya, Nineteenth ward, 6-room brick, new and up to date.

$25—HERMITAGE, Twenty-first ward, new frame of 6 rooms, good yard, modern.

$50—BLACK ST., near E. Negley, 12 rooms; center hall, new and up to date; possession at once. See the
PRUDENTIAL TRUST CO.
Penn and Centre aves., E. E. 1263

TO RENT—Large new 5-story brick building containing 70 rooms, 80 bathrooms, steam heat, electric light plant, elevator, finely finished, centrally located in East End; suitable for bachelor apartment house or family hotel.
J. A. YOUNG & CO., 2309 Penn ave. 1263

MODERATE RENTS.
East End homes, large or small; all conveniences. See the
PRUDENTIAL TRUST CO.
Penn and Center aves., E. E. 1122pwyh

FOR RENT—East End dwellings, stores and offices. Send for large list and map, free.
S. H. LLOYD,
6016 Penn ave., E. E., Pittsburgh. 1263h

SEND for a complete list of East End houses.
J. W. SHERRER, 107 Sheridan ave. 1253h

SEND for our rent list of East End houses.
1263 F. W. HAAS & CO., Tel. 20, 6214 Penn ave.

SEND for my rent list of East End houses. F. A. VanGorder, 6212 Penn ave. Tel. 801. 21h

Allegheny Residences.

FOR RENT—Allegheny dwellings, store rooms and rooms for light housekeeping, by
PEARSON & KIRSCHLER,
209 Ohio st., west. 1263

Rooms.

BOQUET ST., 3731—Occupants for extra large front room, nicely furnished, contains three large cupboards; house overlooks Schenley park; five minutes' walk to Library; 15 minutes' ride down town; first-class table board; private family. 1263jc

FURNISHED rooms with private family, on Wallace ave., Wilkinsburg, gentleman preferred. 518 Wallace ave., Wilkinsburg. 1263jc

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room, suitable for one or two gents; all conveniences; near all car lines; rent reasonable; 5713 Rural ave. 1263jc

FOR RENT—Two front rooms; suitable for dentist. 641 Ohio st., corner Middle. Address D 861, The Gazette. 1263jc

CONVENIENT furnished room; one or two gentlemen; rent reasonable. 709 Chestnut st., Allegheny. 1263jc

ALDER St., 5060, East End; two nicely furnished rooms with board; second and third floor. 1263jc

FOR RENT—Unfurnished rooms, centrally located. 111 East Montgomery ave., Allegheny. 1263jc

NICELY furnished room for two gentlemen. Write or call Mrs. C., 353 Oakland ave. 1263jc

FURNISHED rooms for men, with board, corner Thirty-third st. and Bedford ave. 1263jc

SUMMERLEA St., 710; furnished rooms; all conveniences. Tel. 586-3 East. 1263jc

FIFTH AVE., 3309—Furnished rooms; gases and bath; for gentlemen. 1263jc

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms; gentleman, 25 East Lacock st., Allegheny. 1263jc

ST. JAMES ST., 816—Furnished room, with board; references. 1263jc

Offices.

OFFICES. OFFICES.
Arrott Building.
Fourth Ave. and Wood St.
Peoples Savings Bank Building.
Fourth Ave. and Wood St.

Make your selection at once. Our Agents are ready to take you through these new buildings at any time. Look over the different floors and pick out what you want. The sooner you come the better choice you will have.

REAL ESTATE TRUST COMPANY,
OF PITTSBURGH,
311 Fourth Ave.

FOR RENT.

North ave., near Smithfield st., three-story building, suitable for offices, real estate, banking, insurance or retail business; low rent for long lease.

REAL ESTATE TRUST CO.,
Of Pittsburgh,
311 Fourth ave. 1263

Desk Room.

FOR RENT—Persons desiring desk space or entire room in Park building, may apply at the office of R. W. Johnston & Co., Room 1306. 1214

DESK room; good light, second floor, front. Call 426 Fourth ave. 1263jc

Farms.

FOR RENT—150 acres farm, 23 miles out Pennsylvania railroad, ½ mile from station and town; springs and running stream through it; used as dairy farm for city trade 5 years; large population all around. C. L. McCutcheon, 312 Wood st. 1263s

FOR RENT—Small 12-acre farm and 10 room house; 5 miles from Hulton station and street car line; 12 miles from Pittsburgh. Geo. V. Marshall, 241 Diamond st., Pittsburgh. 1263jc

FOR SALE.

City and Suburban Residences.

A HOME! A HOME!! A HOME!!!
EASY!! EASY!! EASY!!!

$3,750—Worth $4,500—Wonderful offer. Ten dollars till April 1. Do you really want a home of your own? You will never get such an offer again. 50 lovely East End homes on really easy payments. Over half sold in 90 days. Note carefully: A gentleman—actual owner of above properties—will sell you a home direct and will make good every word of this ad. That is to say, I sell you a fine modern house at $3,750, on small hand money down and $10 per month till April 1, when small cash payment on delivery of deed, and thereafter $17.50 per month, all told; or, if $750 cash is paid, then balance $18.50 per month; or if $1,250 is paid balance $12.50 per month. Privileges to pay more. Any reasonable terms given to good people; my main object being to get a class of buyers who will form a high-class neighborhood. Smaller properties for less money and smaller monthly payments. Lovely East End location on direct electric line, right beside city school. The above $3,750 house is neat Queen Anne of six rooms and finished attic, situate on nice lot 30x105 feet. House has big 7-foot porch rear porch, vestibule, hall with hardwood stairway; both gases, hot-air flues, sliding doors, big pantry with sink and two cupboards, hardwood and tile mantels, brass gas burners, china closet, bay windows, alcove, roomy kitchen with clothes press and back stairway, three large rooms second floor, besides hall and bathroom, with bath, hot and cold water, stationary w. s., inside w. c.; there are 11 clothes presses in this house; every room light and airy. These houses are built of very best material and workmanship, and closest scrutiny cheerfully invited. Persons knowing they might be objected to should not apply. Send address to owner, with whom alone you deal, and who will give full particulars and direct you to property. No agents. Address
OWNER, P. O. BOX 382, city. 1263ovo

BEATTY & JONES,
435 Diamond st.,
Just Below Grant st.

—B. & J.—

Bellevue—Eight-room frame; range; near station; $30.

—B. & J.—

Edgewood—Seven-room frame; large grounds; fruit; $30.

—B. & J.—

Wilkinsburg—New 5-room brick; grates, range; bath; nice location; one square to street cars; $20; act quick.

—B. & J.—

Avalon—Three unfurnished rooms; grates; use of bath and laundry; $15.

—B. & J.—

Ingram—Eight-room modern frame; near station; $25.

—B. & J.—

Herron Hill—New 6-room and attic brick; modern; $20.

—B. & J.—

Near Center ave.—Only 15 minutes from Market st.; 5-room and attic brick; grates, etc.; $20.

BEATTY & JONES,
435 Diamond st.,
Just Below Grant st.
Both 'Phones 1053. P. & A. 'Phone 1794.
Residence, 5th ave. and Morewood ave., E. E. 1263

FOR SALE.

City and Suburban Residences.

FOR SALE.

$6,000—For this up-to-date brick house of 9 rooms, hall, vestibule, open stairs, bathroom, open plumbing, cemented cellar, laundry, heater; lot 22x100 to alley.

$5,000—Check will buy this brick house of 8 rooms, hall, vestibule, bath, open plumbing, cemented cellar, laundry (3 trays), heater that warms the house the coldest weather; good lot; paved street; convenient to all car lines.

$2,750—Brick dwelling of 7 rooms, bathroom, natural gas, good cellar, only 2 minutes from street cars; good investment or home.

$1,800—Will buy this frame house of 5 rooms; good cellar; city water; convenient to street cars.

$2,000—Cottage of 4 rooms, natural gas, city water, good lot, paved street; near car line.

$3,500—The greatest bargain in the East End; frame of 8 rooms and attic, bathroom, gas, heater, good cellar, large porches; lot 30x100 feet; possession April 1.
J. A. YOUNG & CO.,
6209 Penn ave., E. E., city. 1263

FOR SALE—
AVALON.
$1,500—House, 6 rooms, water and gas; nice lot.
$2,000—House, 6 rooms, large yard, gas and water.
$2,200—House, 6 rooms, bath finished attic; inside w. c., mosaic hall; gas, etc.; to st. car.
$2,300—Almost new house, 6 rooms, bath, finished attic, pantry; china closet, sliding doors; nice lot; full square to street cars.
$3,600—House, 7 rooms, bath, both gases; fine lot, 50x129 to alley.
$4,000—Here is something worth investigating. House, 7 rooms, recept. hall, cabinet mantels throughout, large bath, china closet, new furnace; two large porches; fine lot; half square to street cars; rare chance.
J. A. GIBSON & CO.,
401 Federal st., cor. Stockton ave.
Residence, 704 Florence ave., Avalon, near School st. 1263

FOR SALE—CHEAP.
SUBURBAN HOME—ASPINWALL.
Two-story frame. Six large rooms, with alcove, pantry, china closet and bath, all complete. Hardwood mantels, tile hearths; grained throughout; chandeliers, sliding doors, bronze hardware, finished attic, good cellar, front and back porches. Was built for a home four years ago. Everything A No. 1 and complete in every detail. Street paved. Trees, vines, wide. Good neighbors, schools; low taxes; 15 minutes' by train, 70 minutes by street car. Lot, and good surroundings. This is no company house, built for sale. Owner, compelled for going couple, as second story rented for $15. Entire house rented will pay 12% on investment. Must sell at once; owner leaving city. Address quick, Lock Box 174. 1263

SPECIAL BARGAIN AT OAKMONT.

10-room frame and 5 acres; large orchard, vineyard and numerous shade trees; beautiful location; only three houses from station and trolley line. Decided bargain for quick buyer.

7-room, reception hall and attic frame at Oakmont, two blocks from station and trolley line; cabinet mantels, tile hearths and sliding doors; lot 50x150; fruit trees, grape arbor, built for a home, well built and a bargain at $4,000.

JAS. MARSHALL,
146 S. Highland ave., E. E. 1263

For sale; $105 cash, balance $12 monthly; $2,400 seven-room dwelling; bath, double sliders, both gases, chandeliers, sliding parlors, porches and yard, near car lines, schools, churches and railroad station, with a fire-proof lare on either to the city.
SAMUEL W. BLACK & CO.,
376 Fourth avenue.
Branch office No. 4562 Second avenue, opposite Flowers avenue. 1263h

BARGAIN IN SEWICKLEY PROPERTY.
FOR SALE—Frame dwelling, 7 large rooms, reception hall, attic, bath, modern conveniences, front and shade trees; good location; level lot, 60x120 feet (with re-sold); has cost price to $4,500 to effect sale before leaving for another year; house you must see quick; the home alone is worth the money.
COOPER & ERWIN, 423 Fourth ave.
Bell 'phone 2040 Court. P. & A. 2035 Main.
Bell, Sewickley 84. 1263

FOR SALE—
HOTEL PROPERTY.
Furniture, license, etc., to one of the best towns in Western Pennsylvania, 20 miles from Pittsburgh; Battery brick, 32 rooms; good bar trade; 21 regular boarders; will take some real estate for part payment; best of reasons for selling.
ZAHNIZER & BRISBINE,
426 Fourth ave. 1263

—CRAFTON HOME—
ONLY $2,800.

Convenient to electric cars and railroad station; on paved street; reception hall frame house of 6 rooms, good cellar, natural gas, front and rear porches. Lot 45x135 feet.

BARR BROS. & CO.,
422 Grant st., City. 1263xpw

SHADYSIDE HOME FOR SALE.
Reduced to $7,000.

Here's a good thing—Nine large, light rooms, brick house; paved street; very modern; handy to street cars and Bingo station, P. R. R.; large porch and yard; a bargain very seldom offered.
J. W. SHERRER, 107 Sheridan ave. 1263

FOR SALE—$35,000 No. 249 Pacific ave., Twentieth ward; lot 40x93, with a brick dwelling of 9 rooms, bath, front and rear porches, both gases, all conveniences; terms to suit. See THOS. McCAFFERY,
3309 Butler st.

Phones—
P. & A. 174 Lawrence. Bell 14-2 Fkl. 1263

FOR SALE—A fine residence, No. 720 Millvale; lot 40x130 feet, modern house of 12 rooms; two stories high; all the latest street improvements; street cars pass the house and within few minutes to steam cars; possession April 1; price $12,000, on easy terms.
JOSEPH P. RANKIN & CO., 425 Fourth ave. 1263

FOR SALE—At Remarkable station, P. C. & St. L. R. R., cozy cottage home, finished attic, with all modern improvements, hot and cold water, bath and mantels w. c., and one acre lot. Inquire of S. A. Foster, Bridgeville, Pa. 1263jc

HOUSE, large lot; new; just finished; every convenience; up to date; only 15 minutes from Market street; only $2,000 if sold quick; your own terms; apply daily 1 o'clock. OWNER, Room 401, 209 Ninth st. 1263oo

WHAT have you to sell or trade in East End or Squirrel Hill center or reception hall houses? I have customers for them.
M. A. CARTUS,
41 Leader bldg., 431 Fifth ave. 1263

Beautiful Homes in
WILKINSBURG AND EDGEWOOD.
J. J. McCREERY & CO.,
618 Wood st., Wilkinsburg. 1263

If you have any property for sale place list with us, as we can sell it for you.
MYERS & CO., 106 N. Highland ave. 1139

FOR SALE—Small residence property in good order, and pleasant location, Bellevue, Pa.; lot 45x150 feet. Address Lock Box 223, Pittsburgh, Pa. 1263jc

East End Residences.

FOR SALE IN SHADYSIDE.

If you are wanting to buy A Beautiful Home in the midst of Seventy-Five Thousand Dollar Houses in the Shadyside District, Davies & Co. have several new Colonial brick dwellings of 7 rooms each, 2 fine tile bathrooms, parlor finished in white and gold, library, dining-room and hall in hardwood. All walls and ceilings handsomely decorated. Cellars and lathed and plastered. Laundry tea stationary tubs and plumbing; instantaneous water heater. The large fireplaces; in fact, everything that goes to make A Beautiful Home.
Lots 65x155 each. Prices from $18,000 to $20,000 each. For further information

SEE DAVIES & CO.,
6128 Penn ave., E. E.,
Both 'Phones 442 East. 1263

FOR SALE.

$8,000—COLLINS AVE., E. E., nine-room frame house; bath, laundry, furnace, slate roof, etc. A complete home on lot 30x125 to good neighborhood. In good shape.

$8,000—IVY ST., E. E., new reception hall brick house; seven rooms, with finished attic of three rooms, bath, laundry, furnace, etc. Modern throughout; lot 30x120 to 20-foot alley, with a small house on rear, which rents for $12 per month. A very desirable property.

$8,500—HOWE ST., E. E., brick house, seven front, eight rooms, bath, laundry, furnace, open plumbing, etc.; interior handsomely finished; everything modern; lot 30x148. Terms will be arranged to suit purchaser.
A. O. HOWE & CO.,
326 Fourth ave. 1263

—$14,000—
FOR SALE—In North Highland district, a new solid brick house, 10 rooms, center hall, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, 4 C. W. first floor finished in hardwood; cabinet mantels, combination chandeliers; kitchen finished in white enamel, patent laundry; furnace; cemented cellar; all modern improvements; immediate possession; must be sold at once.
F. W. HAAS,
6214 Penn ave., East End. 1263

WE have a fine new brick house, 11 rooms, No. 211 Rebecca st., E. E., near Friendship ave. We will sell this house at a very low price and on easy terms. Come out Sunday and see house.
Room No. 57, 322 Fourth ave. 1263

WE have an 11-room elegant brick house on Rebecca st., East End, Will sell at low price. Room 57, 322 Fourth ave. 1263

FOR SALE.

City and Suburban Residences.

ONLY ONE LEFT.
Fine roof brick dwelling; Stratford ave.; 13 rooms, all conveniences, large lot; possession at once; $13,500.
F. H. TRUMBLY,
6216 Penn ave.
Phone:
Bell, 1334 Court.
P. & A., 48 East. 1263

FOR SALE.

A delightful and cozy home; only $5,500; on terms to suit the purchaser; a six-room new brick with all conveniences; you should investigate this if you are looking for a bargain.
H. FAUST & CO.,
6206 Penn ave., E. E. 1263

ON easy terms, good four and six-room houses, bath, both gases, cemented cellar, every way complete and comfortable; $1,850 and $2,200; in Twenty-first ward; convenient to street cars and P. R. R.
EDSALL & HAMM,
56 Fidelity Bldg., 341 Fourth ave. 1263

$7,500.
Only $500 cash required; a very modern and complete 9-room frame house on Improved East End street; bath, laundry, furnace, gases; this is a special low price.
J. W. SHERRER, 107 Sheridan ave. 1263

FOR SALE.

A bargain in a dwelling home in Nineteenth ward, East End, near Highland avenue; nine-room house; lot 50x124 to 20-foot alley; price only $8,000; for full particulars see
H. FAUST & CO.,
6206 Penn ave., E. E. 1263

FOR SALE—Six-dwelling new 12-room brick center hall house, equipped with reasonably decorated and frescoed, hardwood floors, 2 baths and all modern improvements. Owner will sell at least $1,000 below any house of the quality to quick buyer. Address X 13, The Gazette. 1263c

FOR SALE.

A new brick of eight rooms, bath, both gases and electric light, hot and cold water; very desirable; offered at cost to order to realize cash, price only $4,800.
H. FAUST & CO.,
6206 Penn ave., E. E. 1263

AN 8-ROOM frame house, with reception hall, on corner of two paved streets; close to all car lines in the East End. Price $4,000, $500 down. This is a bargain.
C. P. WERNER, 5545 Frankstown ave., E. E. 1263

FOR SALE—Modern brick house; 10 rooms and reception hall; hardwood mantels, furnace, Tayler burners; Gardner heater; 2 baths; Chevrolands; to one line. Bargain at $5,500. Address X 15, The Gazette. 1263jc

REAL ESTATE.
We have some desirable lots, 25 minutes from Fifth ave., $300. Call and inquire.
TAIT & CO.,
Room 21, 339 Fifth ave. 1263

FOR SALE—Either cost to settle an estate—Good 9-room East End home, in North St. Clair st. Address M 5, Bailey, Room 24, Vandergrift bldg., Pittsburgh. 1263c

Allegheny Residences.

A BARGAIN.
Six-room house with stable and bathroom; good dry cellar; three minutes from car track, 20 minutes' ride from postoffice; situated in best section of Allegheny; great chance for quick buyer at $3,300.
A. W. McFEATTERSON & CO.,
433 Fourth ave. 1263

Farms.

FOR SALE—FARM.

112 acres, 28 miles from Pittsburgh; 1½ miles from R. R. station; 100 acres tillable, stump-pulled, well watered and in good road; near good local market; improvements consist of dwelling, large barn, stable, granary, corn crib, wagon shed, etc.
Will sell at a bargain to quick buyer.
P. C. CAMPBELL, Bellevale, Pa. 1263

FOR SALE.

$150 per acre—140 acres in Ohio, 4½ miles from Steubenville on P. C. C. & St. L. R. R., 60 acres from Wellsville on Ohio river; 7-room house, etc.; two barns and other outbuildings; land all tillable, good soil, underlaid with coal; orchard, good water; this is an elegant farm and located on pike; terms to suit. (16622.)
H. A. GIBSON & CO.,
401 Grant st. 1263

FOR SALE—
A choice farm of 63 acres, Columbiana Co., O., 1½ miles west Fabiston; nearly level, underlaid with vein drift coal; 7-room house, large barn, etc., excellent water and best of fruit; the most productive and best located farm in that portion; very desirable home. Price $6,000; terms. Investigate this, for it is elegant. (No. 3256 A.)
A. C. McCOMB & CO.,
220 Fourth ave. 1263

$12,500 will buy one of the best stock and grain farms in Beaver county, of about 110 acres; underlaid with two veins of coal that is worth more than the price asked. Improvements are large frame house, 8 rooms; bank barn, 40x60, with stabling for 30 head in front of all kinds; land in high state of cultivation.
J. A. TOOMEY & CO., 6209 Penn ave., E. E., Pittsburgh, Pa. 1263xpvh

FOR SALE OR RENT—
Farm, 200 acres, good houses; all outbuildings; also gristmill, saw mill; 12 miles from city, P. & W. R. R.; will trade for city property.
H. W. KLEIN,
Pennsylvania and Beaver ave. 1263

Farms and Coal.

FOR SALE—151 acres, two room coal, two miles north Harrisonville, 26 miles from Pittsburg; upset vein 5 ft. deep. Price for short time, $25 per acre. COOPER & ERWIN, 423 Fourth ave., exclusive agents. 1263

FOR SALE—FARMS.
10 acres, perfectly level, new 8 room house, barn, fruit, water 75 rods away. All buildings new. South Monaca, Pa. $1,800. A. J. Boyd, Rochester, Pa. 1263vxpvh

SEND for new list of farms for sale or exchange. A. C. McCOMB & Co., 220 Fourth ave. 1263

Lands and Acreage.

100 ACRES
OF GOOD VIRGINIA LAND
$10 PER ONLY $400
EASY TERMS IF DESIRED.

This land is level, high and dry and very fertile and is close to good town on main line of railroad and the healthiest part of the state. The soil will grow anything, wheat, oats, corn, tobacco, truck, fruit, grass, etc. It is in the famous Virginia apple belt, and Wheeling coal mining reach the greatest perfection in this district. The fine location affords easy access to Washington, Richmond, Lynchburg, Staunton and the west. The fine pastures make sheep and cattle raising for the export trade very profitable. Sheep sell in positively worth from $10 to $25 an acre, but for a very short time we will sell 100 acres for $400. So acres for $200 or 25 acres for $100 and will make the terms easy if you desire. The title is perfect in every respect. If you are interested in this call or write at once as the limited quantity of land which we have for sale will not last long at this price.

FOR SALE.

For Sale or Exchange.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.
CEMENT WORKS.

Property consisting of 24 acres, 7-foot vein of hydraulic cement, with burr mill, kilns, warehouse, coopershop, etc. Excellent shipping facilities.

ZAHNISER & BRISBINE,
426 Fourth ave. 126j

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.
$9,000.

Modern 9-room reception-hall brick house, lot 50x110, located in Baum plan, near Negley ave., East End; would trade equity of $4,000 for desirable small house.
J. W. SHERRER, 107 Sheridan ave. 124f

FOR EXCHANGE—Property situate on Beechwood boulevard, near Hastings st.; lot 217x160, on which is erected a good brick dwelling and stable; will exchange as a whole or in part for improved 10th, 29th or 14th ward property.
L. A. CLARK & CO.,
409 Fourth ave. 126pvg

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—
Four choice level building lots in Carnegie; each 60x117; 6-room frame house, etc.; will exchange for 5 or 6 room house in Allegheny. See
A. C. M'COMB & CO.,
426 Fourth ave. 126j

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Three lots in beautiful "Avalon," 25 ft. by 100 ft. each; sold on easy payments. If exchange is desired you must give full particulars in first letter; no attention paid. Address box 418, Pittsburgh, Pa. 126fc

FOR EXCHANGE—Lot 40x110, on which is erected a frame and brick dwelling of 9 rooms; nicely finished; eastern exposure; owner will exchange for unimproved property.
L. A. CLARK & CO.,
409 Fourth ave. 126pvg

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Farms in Virginia, suitable for trucking, stock raising or summer homes. Prices from $500 to $60,000. Write or call on us for particulars.
LIGGETT & GOEHRING,
417 Fourth ave. 126j

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—New 6-room house; front halls, bath, cabinet mantels, laundry and attic; $2,800. 1220 Rebecca ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa. Wm. F. Panke, 305 Smithfield st. 126jc

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Six-room frame house; rec. hall, bath; nicely papered; laundry; $2,500. Hawthorn ave., Swissvale, Pa. Wm. F. Panke, 305 Smithfield st. 126jc

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Small farm—Good 7-room house, large barn, 17½ miles from Pittsburgh. Sell cheap for cash. Address X 6, The Gazette. 126jc

Business Opportunities.

ZAHNISER & BRISBINE,
426 Fourth ave.

SHOE STORE—In city; good location; fine room; invoice $8,500; will sell for 75 cents on dollar to quick buyer.

CIGAR and stationery store on the best street in Braddock; must be sold quick; price right.

DRUG STORE—In Braddock; good reason for selling; will exchange for part real estate.

RESTAURANT and boarding house; dining room, seven rooms, bath; established 10 years; three years' lease; clearing $200 a month; elegant location for a saloon ..... $ 575

BUSINESS—If you want to sell any kind of business, send us postal and we will call and see you.

CIGAR and Confectionery Store at Braddock; rent for storeroom $18 per month. Price 250

ROOMING HOUSE—Good location; good furniture; low rent; rooms all occupied at good prices; will sell below value; price 650

CIGAR and Confectionery Store at Braddock; rent for storeroom $18 per month; price 250

DINING and Lunch Room—Good location in Allegheny 400

We have grocery stores at $800, $900, $1,200, $1,500, $2,000 and $4,000 each.

HARDWARE STORE—In one of Pittsburgh's best suburban towns; fine stock; good room; having large trade; will take good real estate for part payment; invoice about $14,000

ZAHNISER & BRISBINE,
426 Fourth ave. 126j

TAIT & CO.,
Room 31, 339 Fifth ave.

Can Sell Your Business, no Matter Where Located.

We have a S. S. grocery at inventory; will invoice about $2,000. Will trade for real estate or give easy terms.

$450—E. E. corner grocery, with 5 living rooms; rent $20; doing $100 weekly.

$500—Grocery, with 2 living rooms; horse and wagon; Greenfield ave. dist.; sickness compels sale.

$550—Grocery, with horse and wagon; rent $11.50, 3 rooms; doing $100 weekly.

$350—Confectionery, cigar and fruit stand, with living rooms; rent $25; one of the best locations in the two cities.

$375—Confectionery and cigar store, with 3 living rooms. This is a snap.

Call and See Complete List.

TAIT & CO.,
Room 31, 339 Fifth ave. 126j

FOR SALE—Henry C. Mendel, Agt., 407 Ohio st., Allegheny. Both 'phones 94 N. For Sale: For Sale—A retail millinery establishment. The largest, oldest and most profitable in the two cities; in the heart of the business center, Federal st.; large display windows, store room, etc.; up-to-date fixtures; here is an opportunity to coin money; owner leaves city owing to illness; will sell for invoice of stock. Tobacco and Confectionery Stand—Established for 16 years; Ohio st.; over $500.00 in stock; average sales more than $80.00 weekly; $650. Inquire Henry C. Mendel. 126,c

STATIONERY AND NOVELTY STORE.
Also
NEWS AGENCY AND PAPER ROUTE.

For active business man the above is the chance of a lifetime. The business, which is one of the best within a 100-mile radius of Pittsburgh, can be bought for a nominal figure, as the present owners wish to dissolve partnership. A prompt investigation of this offer will well repay anyone who is looking out for a really good thing, as it is sure to go before the next week is over. For particulars apply
A. W. M'PHERSON & CO.,
423 Fourth ave. 126j

WE
Will Buy
or
Sell
For You
Any kind of store or business, either in Pittsburgh or country.
We Make a
Specialty of
This Class of Business.
Call or write, but we prefer you to call.
A. W. M'PHERSON & CO.,
423 Fourth ave. 126j

I have a position in a good manufacturing business for the right man as treasurer with from $15,000 to $20,000 cash, a good man as superintendent with $10,000, also a bookkeeper with $5,000. This is strictly business of the highest order. Correspondence must be clear and of the right character to receive attention. My business will command the attention and respect of any one with ability and money looking for an investment. Address K 4, The Gazette. 124f

CORPORATION CHARTERS
Procured under South Dakota laws; large expenses saved; resident incorporator furnished; individual liability limited; no annual or franchise tax required; charter fee very low. For information blanks, forms and copy of law address Philip Lawrence, Huron, South Dakota. 126j

RARE opportunity to make investment, $5,000 to $10,000, in large manufacturing concern, Pittsburgh; one and secure responsible position. Nothing better in Pittsburgh district. Manufacturing staple articles. $75,000 corporation, Pennsylvania charter. Investigate at once. Address Opportunity, K 3, The Gazette. 124f

DRUG STORE—By H. A. McKee estate, the best located drug stand in Homestead, Pa.; $6,000 cash; 6 years lease at low rent; persons desiring to purchase can consult Mrs. Nellie May McKee, administratrix, Homestead, or L. L. Davis, attorney of estate, Bakewell Law bldg., Pittsburgh. 126g

PERMANENT INCOMES—$100 realizes about $36 monthly; other amounts in proportion; 32% dividends last year; established 1850; profits weekly. Arthur Blake & Co., 927 Market st., San Francisco, Cal. 120jc

BUSINESS of all kinds sold, partners secured for established business, stock companies organized and industrial enterprises financed, all business strictly confidential. Highest reference. 126j CAVANAGH & CO., 516 Wood st.

ANY lady having from $1,000 to $15,000 to invest can place it safely and profitably by applying at once. Motive clear; business without a blemish; no nonsense given or accepted. Address K 2, The Gazette. 124f

MILLINERY STORE—In town 50 miles from Pittsburgh; greatest bargain ever offered in this line; stock will invoice $1,000. Price, if sold this week, $700. CAVANAGH CO., 426 Fourth ave. 126j

GENERAL STORE—In town in Ohio doing business $400 week; postoffice and 'phone in store; will trade for farm. Price, including property, $5,500. CAVANAGH CO., 426 Fourth ave. 126j

GROCERY STORE, with 8 dwelling rooms; rent only $40; doing cash business of $1,200 monthly; will sell at invoice.
W. F. WEITERSHAUSEN,
717 E. Ohio st., Allegheny. 126j

GROCERY STORE—For Sale—Good grocery business; nice clean stock; horse and wagon; well located.
A. W. M'PHERSON & CO.,
423 Fourth ave. 126j

FOR SALE.

Business Opportunities.

BUSINESS.

Are You in Business?

Why Not?

We can put you in a paying business for any amount from $100 to $100,000.

Come and See Us at Once.

CAVANAGH & CO.,
516 Wood st.
The Oldest Brokers in Pittsburgh.

Drug Store—Located in town of 3,000 people, 100 miles from Pittsburgh; doing a good business; rent only $10 per month; stock will invoice about..... $ 2,300

Confectionery Store—Centrally located; doing a good business; rent, including two living rooms, $30 per month; price 400

Bottling Works — Located in nearby town; clearing over $3,000 per year; everything up-to-date; price..... 4,000

Drug Store—Located in city of 10,000 people, 50 miles from Pittsburgh; doing a business of $11,000 per year; rent $40 per month; price..... 5,250

Wholesale Paper Business—Centrally located in this city; doing a business of $5,000 per month; this is a thoroughly established business and will bear close investigation; price..... 10,000

General Store—Located 15 miles from Pittsburgh; doing over $1,000 per month business; will take part real estate; stock will invoice about..... 2,200

Hardware Store—One of the best in Western Pennsylvania; doing a large business; will exchange for real estate; stock will invoice about..... 14,000

Steam Laundry—Located 35 miles from Pittsburgh in manufacturing town of 10,000 people; doing a large business; everything up-to-date; price..... 3,000

Interest in large manufacturing business, located in city, can be purchased; this business is in successful operation and position of secretary goes with interest; investment required 5,000

Interest in an iron business can be bought and position of treasurer goes with the purchase; this business paid 14 per cent dividend last year; investment required, about..... 25,000

Interest and partnerships in all kinds of businesses are for sale at our office from $1,000 to..... 50,000

We would be pleased to have you call at our office, 516 Wood st., and investigate the many good business opportunities we have for sale that do not appear in this column.

CAVANAGH & CO.,
516 Wood st.

126j

D. V. MURDOCK,
422 Fourth ave.

FOR SALE.

PHYSICIAN'S PRACTICE—
Office, furniture, horse and carriage. In one of the best locations in Ohio, 60 miles from Pittsburgh, doing business of $2,000 a year. Owner will GUARANTEE investment in six months. Price..... $ 600

OFFICE BUSINESS—
Good profitable office business; established in good location. Owner leaving town ..... $ 500

MILK ROUTE—
On South Side, selling 75 gal. daily....$ 500

EXPRESS BUSINESS—
Making owner $20 per week..... $ 650

LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLE—
Best stand in Pittsburgh. Stable full. Owner banking $100 profit monthly....$ 1,500

GROCERY STORE—
In East End, clean stock, good cash business. A rare chance..... $ 700

D. V. MURDOCK,
422 Fourth ave.

126j

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION
Better than a pound of cure.
Before the sun and weather cracks, warps or ruins woodwork, or starts the mortar to run from brick work, have them painted.
BYRNE, 684 Fifth ave. 1017h

BAKERY and Confectionery—In town 60 miles from Pittsburgh, doing business $40 day; rent $30 month; price $2,000; terms half cash. 126j CAVANAGH CO., 426 Fourth ave.

MACHINE SHOPS—Running, complete, $1,800 and $2,500; machine and boiler shop $20,000.
THE ATLAS MACHINE CO.,
Twenty-sixth and Liberty sts. 126jc

FOR SALE—Half interest in one of the best small manufacturing plants in Ohio; established 5 years; making money. Price $6,000. 126j CAVANAGH CO., 426 Fourth ave.

OFFICE MANAGER for book manufacturer; must have $200 to buy stock to fill orders after taken; no deposit; no risk; a money-maker. Warren Hotel Boyer. 126do

LUMBER YARD—Doing large and paying business; good reasons for selling. Address J. W. Cook, Ben Aven, Pa. Residence 'phone, Bellevue 23-3. 125gc

RESTAURANT and Confectionery—In nearby town, clearing $200 month above all expenses. Price, $2,500. CAVANAGH CO., 426 Fourth ave. 126j

DRYGOODS and Notion Store—In suburb, doing cash business $50 day; rent $20 month. Price $2,500. CAVANAGH CO., 426 Fourth ave. 126j

D. V. MURDOCK,
422 Fourth ave.
Will buy or sell any kind of business. 126j

BROKERAGE Business—In city; sales $75,000 per annum; excellent trade; half interest, $600. THOS. R. GRACIE, 431 Fourth ave. 126j

BAKERY BUSINESS—Retail exclusively; weekly receipts over $300; capital necessary $2,000. Address X 5, The Gazette. 125ge

IF you want to buy or sell any kind of business see CAVANAGH CO., 426 Fourth ave. 126h

ED. WITTISH, 424 Fifth ave., buys and sells first-class mortgages and securities. 10h

BUSINESS CHANCES—Send for list. Estep & Co., 326 Fourth ave. 712jr

Machinery.

CORLISS ENGINES.

12x36" L. H.—Hamilton
16x36" L. H.—Allis
16x36" R. H.—Whitehill
20x48" R. H.—Wheelock
22x60" R. H.—Geo. H. Corliss
23x60" L. H.—Geo. H. Corliss
28x60" L. H.—Harris
30x60" R. H.—Hamilton
30x72" R. H.—Geo. H. Corliss
32x60" R. H.—Allis
38x72" R. H.—Geo. H. Corliss
38x72" L. H.—Geo. H. Corliss

Our stock of automatic and plain throttling governor engines is fully as complete.

Send for stock list.

WICKES BROS.,
Forty-fifth St. and A. V. R. R.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

'Phones—
Bell, 243 Fisk.
P. & A. 191 Lawrence. 126h

FOR SALE—Boilers and Engines—Large stock of all sizes, from 3 to 150 h. p.; one 20x30 engine, one 16x36, two 12x16, and large variety of smaller sizes, both horizontal and upright; large lot of tubular, 5x18, portable and upright boilers. Shafting, pulleys, hangers, couplings, and lot of miscellaneous machinery. Good second-hand belting, leather, rubber and cloth, at half price. J. S. YOUNG,
1129h 108-110 Park way, Allegheny, Pa.

ALWAYS IN STOCK.
Boilers of All Types and Sizes.
2—60"x18'
8—60"x18'
8—60"x18'
2—54"x12'
Vertical and Portable Boilers All Sizes.
ATWELL MACHINERY COMPANY,
Offices, 507 and 508 Hamilton Bldg.
Long-distance 'phone 1893 Grant. 1218h

ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANTS
direct connected or belted to
KASH GAS ENGINES.
NEW ERA GAS ENGINES.
Steam Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills and Wood Working Machinery Generally.
FORCE & BRIGGS,
Fourth and Liberty aves., Pittsburgh. 171ec

FOR SALE—New and second-hand machinery bargains; all lathes, planers, shapers, drill presses, saws, grinders, forges and blowers, gas engines 2 to 60 h. p., gear cutter, keyseater, dynamos; everything must be sold. Come and get a bargain.
THE ATLAS MACHINE CO.,
Twenty-sixth and Liberty Sts.
Both Telephones. 126fo

TRANTER-DAVISON MFG. CO.,
Machinists and Manufacturers.
Shafting, hangers, iron and wood split pulleys, cut-off couplings, pipe and fittings, and specialties in iron and brass; boilers, engines, pumps, machinery and supplies. Agents for W. WORTHEN GAS ENGINES.
106 Water st. 104 First ave.

FOR SALE—Automatic Westinghouse engines, one 50 h. p., one 25, one 15, one 10, one 6, all at good prices. Also dynamos; one 500 light, one 400, one 300, one 200, one 100, one 85 and one 35; all 110 volts. J. M. Davis, 208 Water st. 126fc

N. C. DAVLON,
Gas and steam engines, boilers, pumps, compressors. 108 Market st. 122h

SIMPLICITY gas engines, acme engines, boilers, shafting, pulleys, hangers. Wm. Prager, 110 Market st. 120jc

FOR SALE.

Pianos.

PIANOS. PIANOS.
FOR SALE— PIANOS. —FOR SALE.
PIANOS.

Sacrifice sale of used Upright Pianos at

FREDERICK'S
Mammoth Music Store,
537 Smithfield st.,
Near Seventh ave. G. Schroeder, Mgr.

Slightly used Steinway, taken in exchange; full size, handsome rosewood case, in perfect condition. Sale price $285. Regular price, $650.

AT FREDERICK'S.

A Genuine Chickering, handsome new colonial design; bought in; good as new, but has been used and must be sold at a sacrifice. Perfect condition; fully guaranteed. Sale price, $375. Regular price, $690.

AT FREDERICK'S.

Three beautiful Baby Grands; two at $425; worth at least $650; one for $525; worth $775. A most remarkable offer.

AT FREDERICK'S.

A Krakauer Piano; good condition—$144.

AT FREDERICK'S.

A Fischer Piano, used five years; in good condition—$187.

AT FREDERICK'S.

Other used Upright Pianos—$55, $75, $100 and up.

AT FREDERICK'S.

New Pianos, Uprights, sell the world over for $300, go at $48 during the great alteration sale

AT FREDERICK'S.

FREDERICK'S
MAMMOTH MUSIC STORE, 633 Smithfield St.
G. SCHROEDER, Manager.

126j

A FINE Mahogany Cased Upright Piano, with all the latest improvements, good tone quality, and guaranteed for eight years, will be sold for $153. See it or write for further particulars. Accommodating terms given at slight advance. Hoffmann's Music House, 537 Smithfield st. 117h

Upright Piano, good condition—
Guaranteed $95.00
Square Piano $15.00
E. G. HAYES & CO.,
534 Smithfield st. 123jc

WE have a large stock of used organs. Our prices and terms are certain to make them move. Prices $20 up; $25.00, $30.00 and $35.00 for organs that originally cost from $75.00 to $100.00. Terms $5.00 down and $4.00 per month. Hoffmann's Music House, 537 Smithfield st. 117h

$350 UPRIGHT PIANO FOR $165.

Used about 5 months; are compelled to sell at once; answer quick and secure a great bargain; worth $350. 507 First st., Allegheny; time given. 126j

A MAGNIFICENT Hardman Upright Piano; most expensive style of case; inexcellent condition; only $195; cost when new $475; a rare bargain. Look at this piano at Hoffmann's Music House, 537 Smithfield st. 1210h

I HAVE two high-grade pianos, worth $450; almost new, fully guaranteed; must sell this week; will sacrifice stool and scarf; one for $190 and one for $190. Address M 200, The Gazette. 126j

A $450.00 EVERETT Upright; handsome design of case, elegant tone, for $120.00. See this at Hoffmann's Music House, 537 Smithfield st. 117h

A PAYMENT of $2 per week buys a piano at Hoffmann's Music House, 537 Smithfield st. Uprights, $125.
HOFFMANN'S, 537 Smithfield. 1210h

PIANO—Extraordinary, renowned upright; cover, stool; practically new; very cheap; best references. P. O. Box 432, Pittsburgh. 123h

Birds and Dogs.

ANDREASBURG Rollers, the greatest singers on earth; also Harts, mountain Canaries, grand singers; Parrots, Skylarks, Mocking Birds and all European song birds; Gold fish and aquarium dogs of every description. Breeding cages and cages of all kinds, with seeds.
EUROPEAN BIRD STORE,
907 Penn ave
THOS. HURST, Prop. 126jo.

JUST received, first lot of St. Andreasburg Roller Canaries. These are the finest singing canaries in the world, months of constant training being given to bring them to the desired degree of perfection. Also a new lot of Hartz Mountain Canaries, $2.50 each; guaranteed singers. Cages from 50c upward. Send for catalogue. New York Bird Store, 615 Smithfield st. 1120h

NEW lot of fine goldfish just received, 10c each, 3 for 25c, fish globes from 15c upward. Water plants, gravel, shells, food, everything required to fit up aquarium. Free circular on "The Aquarium," how to keep fish. NEW YORK BIRD STORE, 615 Smithfield st. 1104h

GOLDFINCHES, linnets, bullfinches, larks and all kinds of European song birds; fine mocking birds and large variety of talking parrots. Every bird guaranteed. Come and see them; no trouble to show stock. Free catalogue. New York Bird Store, 615 Smithfield st. 1120h

Lot of fine Angora Cats.
NEW YORK BIRD STORE,
615 Smithfield st.
P. & A. 'phone 2028 Main. 11h

PRIZE winners—Indian game; other varieties. Decker Poultry Co., Park way. 126jo

Horses and Vehicles.

NEW closed top doctor's Stanhope, made in Amesbury, Mass.; nothing superior to it in the city; will close out at half cost; must retire to store. Also one second-hand two-seated Surrey, made by West. Address Lock Box 525, Pittsburgh, Pa. 126fo

STATION WAGON—Have disposal of one only full panel station wagon, made in Amesbury; will close out at cost. Address Lock Box 525, Pittsburgh, Pa. Price and catalogue on application.

FOR SALE—Fine matched team sorrel horses, ages seven and eight; weight 940 and 975 pounds; sound; price $350. Address F. C. C. 400 Broad street, Sewickley. 123cc

ARRIVED—Carload pit and general purpose mules; also draught horses. Philip Steinmiller, 310 Second ave. 126fo

LATE styled high seat carriage; slightly worn; sold cheap. 201 South St. Clair st. 124jc

Miscellaneous.

Bar	Weldons Stock Must Go.	Fixtures
Bar	50 Counters.	Fixtures
Bar	20 Scales.	Fixtures
Bar	80 Grocers Pumps	Fixtures
Bar	10 Cash Registers.	Fixtures
Bar	8 Butchers' Refrigerators.	Fixtures
Bar	10 Skids, &c., &c.	Fixtures
Bar	Billiard and Pool Tables.	Fixtures
Bar	DELPS, Cor. Fourth & Liberty.	Fixtures

126h

FOR SALE—50 misfit carpets.
To be sold cheap.
Ingrain, Brussels and Velvets.
Allegheny Carpet and Feather Renovating Co., 822 Pennsylvania ave. 120h

UNREDEEMED PLEDGES FOR SALE.
Diamonds, gold and silver watches, guns, revolvers, musical instruments, for the loan and charges only.
GALLINGER'S, 1209 Penn ave. 1220ph

AN interchangeable rubber stamp, capitals, small letters, figures, triple-holder, self-inking pad, "exercise;" prepaid, 40c. McCartie system, 856 Syndicate building, New York. 1281

DON'T Lay on a Hard Mattress—
Have it made over.
We send it back like new.
Allegheny Carpet & Feather Renovating Co., 822 Pennsylvania ave. 126h

FOR SALE—Very cheap, handsome large plate glass case, suitable to display millinery, corsets or underwear. Also French wax figure, 442 Penn ave., second floor. 1263c

ROLL top and flat top desks; second-hand bookkeeping desks, pool and billiard tables; revolving and plain office chairs. Wm. Wurthele, 418 Diamond st. 126fc

ONE good as new, inside and outside double door, 30x60 Barnes safe, for sale at a bargain. Address Ford City Supply Co., Ford City, Pa. 126j

ROOM FOR ONE MORE.
Usually there's not, but at this season, if you want good painting done, send for BYRNE, the painter, 684 Fifth ave. 1017h

FOR SALE—A lot of paper; will print your business card on it at a reasonable figure; good work is all we do. H. C. Knapp, 3521 Butler st. 124h

FOR SALE—Parties leaving city will sell some new furniture reasonable. Please call right away at 729 Liberty st., Allegheny. 126fo

FOR WOMEN—Very comfortable, stout walking shoes, odds and ends, $4 to $6 quality, at $2.50 only. CAIN, 603 Market.

PRICES cut in half. 900 Steel Safe, $25.00. Send for catalogue. C. W. Franklin, P. O. Box 667, Pittsburgh. 126fo

FOR SALE—Meredith's Pure Malt Whisky, at all drug stores; the best for colds and all bronchial complaints. 125ac

IF you want good painting done, go to a painter who knows his business.
1023h P. J. BYRNE, 684 Fifth ave.

FILTER stones for all makes of filters kept constantly for sale. Joseph Rice, 120 Fourth ave. Telephone 718. 126jc

FOR SALE—Safes, new and second-hand. Wm. Prager, 110 Market st. 126jc

GRINDSTONES—All sizes and grits. William Kirby, 209 First ave 93h

FOR SALE—Some leather for shoe repairing at 220 Diamond st. 126fc

WEAR Cain's algae for sore and tired feet. 603 Market st. 14h

We only handle, but mothers prefer SWEET CASTOR.

NO trouble when SWEET CASTOR is used. 10 cents. 820h

PERSONAL.

PERSONAL—
HEART TO HEART TALKS.
My Dear Father Pitt:
There has been too much saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung hole; too much littleness and not enough public spirit shown; can you think of any better way of helping the city than by keeping up a good appearance, making our city attractive to strangers and satisfying to ourselves? No man should have a dingy looking house when painting is done so reasonable as here.
P. J. BYRNE,
1017h 684 Fifth ave.

PERSONAL—
THE MARTIN
SHORTHAND SCHOOL,
631 Penn ave., bases its claim for future patronage as much upon its splendid record of 13 years as one of the leading shorthand schools of the country, as it does upon the present high standard of instruction and equipment. Visitors are always cordially welcomed. Catalogues will be sent upon request. Telephone 896 Grant. 1120

AVOID the rush; have your bedroom, dining-room suits, tables or odd pieces refinished now. Cost low.
GUARANTEE UPHOLSTERING CO.,
1022 Beaver ave., Allegheny.
Phone 228-2 Bradv. 126pvrio

PERSONAL—Allegheny Carpet & Feather Renovating Co.,
825 Pennsylvania ave.,
Can sell you carpets cheap.
We have misfit carpets.
And have second-hand carpets. 126h

PERSONAL—Prof. Hatry's readings are more wonderful than anything that you have yet tried; $1.00 up. Institute Phrenology, 545 Smithfield. Daily evenings, Sunday afternoons. Mention paper. 1256jc

PERSONAL—Let us clean your carpets.
We can do them best.
We have good machinery.
Allegheny Carpet and Feather Renovating Co., 825 Pennsylvania ave. 126h

"RICH YOUR APPAREL
as the purse can buy."
Keep your house well dressed, too; that's important.
BYRNE, 684 Fifth ave. 1017h

PERSONAL—My personal instruction in hypnotism, personal magnetism, mental magnetic healing, will make you successful in every undertaking. Box 347, Pittsburgh. Mention paper. 1246jc

OSTEOPATHY. Massage, Electric treatment and baths, Smithfield, 607 East Liberty st., Allegheny. Open day and night. Forms Garden cars to the door. 1256jo

PERSONAL—Allen's Rug Works, 3605 and 3607 Centre ave., E. E., can weave your old carpets into fine rugs and druggets; send for circular. 1110pvrxh

TYPEWRITTEN CIRCULAR LETTERS.
$1.00 per hundred.
PITTSBURGH STENOGRAPHIC STUDIO,
414 Lewis Block. 1201ph

PERSONAL—Do you know your future? If not address Rilee C. Allen, St. Anthony Hill station, St. Paul, Minn., and send 10c and birth date; a wonderful life reading. 1263jc

PERSONAL—Wonderful French clairvoyant; what he tells comes true; send 10c and birthday. Prof. E. Carnot, box 868, Providence, R. I. 112pao

PERSONAL—Dressmaking—McDowell's School of Dressmaking and Cutting; teach you on your own material; agents wanted. 411 Penn ave. 115pvyac

PERSONAL—Women ask to see our $4.00 patent kid buttoned or lace shoes. They fit, wear well, easy as a glove. Very handsome. 123h CAIN, 603 Market st.

PERSONAL—When you need printing call up Bell 'phone 81 Fisk or P. & A. 81 Lawrence, and get H. C. Knapp's prices on good work. 1018h

PERSONAL—Cash paid for old gold and silver; watches repaired and warranted, $1. C. C. HAUCH, jeweler, 541 Smithfield st. 15ph

IF you want good painting done, go to a painter who knows his business.
1023h P. J. BYRNE, 684 Fifth ave.

PERSONAL—Without a doubt, Knapp does fine printing at 3521 Butler st. See him for any kind of commercial printing. 1548

PERSONAL—Say, do you need billheads? Call up H. C. Knapp, Bell 'phone 81 Fisk. He prints them right. 124h

PERSONAL—Pianos tuned $1.50; references leading musicians. William Mull, Box 406, Pittsburgh. 126j

GUENTHER'S Orchestra and Music Studio, 306 Smithfield st. 'Phone 602 Park. 112pao

PERSONAL—Business cards printed properly. H. C. Knapp, 3521 Butler st. Both 'phones.

ONE cent room wall paper; 500 rooms at this price. Removal sale. Reed, 384 Penn. 126c

PERSONAL—Prof. Frank Charles, Phrenologist, 510 West Lacock st., Allegheny. 126jo

SWEET CASTOR is not a substitute, but pure castor oil made pleasant. 820h

NOT necessary to hold the nose when giving SWEET CASTOR. 820h

PERSONAL—Good soles for bad shoes at 220 Diamond st. 126fc

SAVES night walks for papa. SWEET CASTOR. 820h

ONLY pure castor oil used in SWEET CASTOR. 820h

YOUR druggist can get SWEET CASTOR for 70c. 820h

FOUND.

THAT it pays to have your parlor suits, chair, lounges, etc., upholstered, repaired or refinished, providing you are having it done by the GUARANTEE UPHOLSTERING CO.,
1022 Beaver ave., Allegheny.
Phone 228-2 Bradv.
The largest exclusive upholstery and general furniture repair house. Estimates furnished. 120pvxlc

FOUND—Carpets.
Lifted, cleaned, scoured.
Refitted, sewed and relaid.
CAMERON & HORN,
Ohio and Sandusky sts., Allegheny. 126h

FOUND—The White Sewing Machine Co. will adjust and clean any make of sewing machine for $1. Send postal or 'phone White Sewing Machine Co., 122 Sixth st. 126h

FOUND—There is a right and a wrong way. Mr. P. J. Byrne of 684 Fifth ave. tries to paint the right way. Give him a trial. You'll never regret it. 1017h

FOUND—For women, our bunion shoe made for enlarged joints, make life worth living. Buttoned or lace. Broad toes. 123h CAIN, 603 Market st.

FOUND—I can rent a White sewing machine for 75 cents a week. Send postal or telephone. White Sewing Machine Co., 122 Sixth st. 126h

FOUND—Printing executed exactly correct by H. C. Knapp, 3521 Butler st. Both 'phones. Commercial Printing Our Specialty. 1018h

FOR WOMEN—$4 to $6 quality calf, buttoned or lace, at $2.50 only; worth more. Try them. CAIN, 603 Market st. 14h

FOUND—If you're in business you need printing. H. C. Knapp does fine work. 3521 Butler st. Both 'phones. 124h

FOUND—Pocketbook containing money, 20 months ago, still awaiting claimant. Address G 349, The Gazette.

IF it's good printing you want, see Knapp, 3521 Butler st. Both 'phones. 1018h

NEIGHBORS will advise the use of SWEET CASTOR. 820h

THE only genuine SWEET CASTOR—Morris', 10 cents. 820h

LOST.

LOST—Knights Templar pin, with words on, "T. E. Sullivan, East Pork, Pa." Return to me by mail, with address, and liberal reward will be remitted. Mrs. T. E. Sullivan, 5628 Webster ave. 126jo

LOST—Feathers Renovated.
Old ticks laundered.
Beds made into pillows.
Allegheny Carpet & Feather Renovating Co., 822 Pennsylvania ave. 126h

LOST—Time and money with badly-printed cards; went to H. C. Knapp, the Printer, and got satisfaction. He's the best printer in town. Find him at 3521 Butler st. Both 'phones. 1018h

LOST keys recovered $1,000 for accidental death, $5 a week for injuries; either sex, $1.00 a year; bonanza for agents. Duquesne Register Co., Ferguson building. 126fo

LOST—A small white fox terrier, with black ears, face and spot on tail; answers to name of "Lisp." Return to Morrison's, Hoquet and Wilmot sts. 126fo

LOST—The chance to get good painting done if you fail to get P. J. BYRNE, the Painter, to give you an estimate. 684 Fifth ave. 1017h

LOST—What? Printing? No, we do good work. H. C. Knapp, 3521 Butler st. Both 'phones. 124h

SWEET CASTOR will not gripe. It contains aromatics. 820h

MAMMA can sleep when baby takes SWEET CASTOR. 820h

FOR ADULTS as well as children. SWEET CASTOR. 820h

REWARD.

LETTER HEADS, circulars, letters, bill heads, etc., printed by BYRNE, the Printer, 684 Fifth ave. 1017h

PRACTICAL shoemaker and repairer, your patronage. John Brantzam, 630 Penn ave. 126pvxso

REWARD—H. C. Knapp, the Printer, because he's the best. 3521 Butler st. Both 'phones. 1018h

NO need for father's help to give SWEET CASTOR. 820h

SAME effect produced by SWEET CASTOR. 10 cents. 820h

IF you need castor oil, use SWEET CASTOR. 820h

DETECTIVE AGENCY.

M'SWEENEY'S Intimate Detective Agency, 425 Diamond st., Pittsburgh, Pa., transacts a general detective business; all communications strictly confidential. 415hso

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My Dear Father Pitt:
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FOUND.

THAT it pays to have your parlor suits, chair, lounges, etc., upholstered, repaired or refinished, providing you are

NEARLY EVERY CRIME FOUND IN CALENDAR

Grand Jury Will Reconvene Monday to Hear Jail Cases Only.

A BIG LIST IS PREPARED

In the 123 Charges Against Prisoners Robbery and Larceny Stand Foremost—Four Cases Charging Murder Will Be Considered.

The grand jury will reconvene Monday, and judging from the supplemental jail calendar prepared yesterday it will be in session several weeks. The calendar shows there are 106 prisoners in jail awaiting the action of the grand jury, and against these there are 123 charges. The list is as follows:

Murder—Gail Hamilton, John Moore, Charles S. Davis, William Younger.

Felonious assault and battery—Dominee Pares, Robert Ford, "Jerry" Myers, Maggie Harris, Thomas Cleffey, Mike Soperfa, Charles Herris.

Felonious cutting etc.—Frank Reece, West Kissie.

Aggravated assault and battery—Thomas McIntyre, Lizzie Downey, Patrick Shea, Robert Ford, Frank Scott.

Felonious assault—Maurice Robison, Adam Balcks.

Unlawful cutting, etc—J. C. Norwood.

Assault and battery—Vincenzo Pogukowski, Louis Meinlan, William Vians, Stanl Sifter, Robert Ford, John Micklosky.

Highway robbery—Robert Harris (2), William Pierce (2), Julius Blocher (2), Charles Matthews (2), Louis Gaffey, George Wilson, Charles Johnston.

Robbery—Mike Sopfra.

Larceny—Charles Holtzsizer (2), George Edmunds, Richard Buckley, John Friensteine, Isaac Liggins, Meggie Mullen, John Mackey, Barbara Allen (2), Harry Lemont, H. Jackson (2), Milton Armstrong, Robert Ford, Steve Lulza, John Bobcahelsky, Emma Goruges (2), Mary Goruges (2), Charles Cunningham, Harry Johnston, Charles Johnston, Jim Powell, Frank Kram, William Mitchell, Maggie Oxford, Margaret Gamson, John Daley, James Johnston, Charles Smith, Thomas McDonald, Thomas Dwyar, Nell Doherty, Thomas Basasuki, Henry Rosiuski, William Michalfski (2), Jacob A. Durst, Edward Reynolds, John Polomey, Charles Scott, John Henry, Robert Vance, Charles Tovas, Charles Goins.

Forcible entry, etc.—Robert Ford.

Entering buildings, etc.—Harry Berry, Christ Wolfe, Edward Woods (2), John Dillon, George Blythe, Frank McGahn.

Receiving stolen goods—George Tweddle.

Attempted larceny—Antonio Ella.

Larceny from the person—James Preston (2).

Crimes against morality—Julius Stevens, W. H. Black, Frank Connors, Robert Frasier, Philip Rohe, George Lenhart, Michael Dinen, William Riley.

Pointing fire arms—Andrew Cousk, William Shea.

False pretense—W. G. Richard, "Capt." Bush, S. S. Buckingham.

Embezzlement—Harry Schaffer, Gus C. Lubitz, Albert Wagonick.

Carrying concealed weapons—Robert Ford, James Dempster.

Restricting an officer—Robert Ford.

Malicious mischief—Charles Kline.

Selling liquor illegally—Charles Mitchell (2).

Obtaining board by fraud—"Capt." Bush.

Bigamy—Philip Rohe.

Conspiracy—H. W. Goff, A. J. McGinness.

Surety of the peace—George Lenhart.

New Suits Filed.

New suits were filed as follows:

COMMON PLEAS NO. 1.

Plaintiff. Defendant. Action.

E. Edwards use.—D. Waldschmidt.... Judgt

Elizabeth Dambrun—The Central District & Printing Telegraph Co.....Tres

Peter Prayer—Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway Co.....Ejct

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania—A. J. Barton et al.....Assp

Mike Shea—The Pressed Steel Car Co....Tres

COMMON PLEAS NO. 3.

Mary G. Wright—Monongahela Street Railway Co.....Tres

James W. Reed—Monongahela Street Railway Co.....Tres

John Lick—Pressed Steel Car Co.....Tres

LEGAL BRIEFS.

Mike Shea entered suit for damages against the Pressed Steel Car Company. No statement was filed.

The account of Justus Mulert, receiver in the case of George Fowler, bankrupt, was filed and approved.

Executions were issued as follows: Louis Flick vs. Alfred Rhodes, $3,315; M. Margolis vs. Mrs. Marie Harkins, $135.

A petition in bankruptcy was filed by Lawrence W. Shoup, a merchant of Beacon, Pa., giving liabilities as $625 and assets as $467.

Application was made for a decree of dissolution for the Pittsburgh & Brownsville Railroad Company. Knox & Reed represent the company.

Elizabeth Dambrun sued the Central District and Printing Telegraph Company for $1,000 damages for erecting a pole in front of her property at Virginia avenue and Shiloh street.

Obadiah Hodder, Pittsburgh; Robert McKendrick, Somerset county, and John Westover, Cambria county, were discharged from bankruptcy.

Suit was entered in behalf of the Pennsylvania Trust Company against A. J. Barton and Leander G. Murray to recover $4,321 64 on a bond given for Barton as administrator of the estate of Peter McCloy.

Application was made for a charter for the Bellevue club. The directors are Frank M. Bowman, Norton H. Bryan, William Martin, Robert J. Millar, George M. Bole, Walter S. Lang. Attorney Joseph A. Guinyon represents the club.

In the United States district court Frederick S. Kahle was appointed special master in the case of G. E. Gleason of Warren to take testimony in regard to the exceptions filed against his discharge from bankruptcy and make a report in the matter.

Suit was entered by David E. Wright against P. F. Hastings for $100 damages. The plaintiff claims that he had a check for $30 cashed at the Second National bank of Allegheny, and when the money was placed on the counter the defendant is alleged to have grabbed it and appropriated it to his own use.

James W. Reed entered suit against the Monongahela Street Railway Company for $10,000 damages for alleged personal injuries received by being thrown from a buggy that had been struck by a car. Mary G. Wright, who was in the buggy with Reed, also entered suit against the company for $15,000 for being hurt.

The commissioner in the divorce case of Alvis Silberhorn against Barbara Silberhorn filed his report. The testimony shows that Charles Swartz and Adolph Heintz frequently entertained the respondent while the libelant was away from home, and that Silberhorn once brought his wife and George Hamberger home from Cleveland on a charge of larceny.

Application was made for a new trial in the case of W. S. Armstrong for use of Reed B. Coyle against the city of Pittsburgh, an action for alleged damage to property. It is alleged that W. S. Barr, one of the jurors, failed to visit the premises with the 11 others when instructed to do so. At the time Barr explained he did not understand the court's instructions.

The account of the Pennsylvania Trust Company, one of the receivers for the Weldon Company, was filed. The accountant charges himself with $84,729 80, of which $4,318 37 represents cash on hand, $35,019 48 sales made by the receiver, $24,501 78 the inventory of the stock in the Market street, Liberty market and Lawrenceville stores. The accountant claims credit for $56,998 25 and has a balance of $7,781 35.

Ejectment proceedings were begun by Peter Prager against the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railway Company to secure possession of an acre and a half of land in Chartiers township. The property lies along the Chartiers and Robinson township turnpike and for a distance of 600 feet the company has erected a wall. Previous to erecting the wall it was compelled to give bond to Prager.

In the case of Wing & Evans against the Charleroi Plate Glass Company, George W. Crouse and W. D. Hartupee, a petition was filed in the United States circuit for an appeal to the United States circuit court of appeals. The plaintiffs desired to hold Crouse and Hartupee, who are appointed trustees to negotiate the sale of the property of the Charleroi Plate Glass Company, personally responsible for their claims against the defendant company.

Libels in divorce were filed as follows: Sadie M. Kearney against Patrick F. Kearney, indignities to the person; Elizabeth Schvosky against Samuel Schvosky, indignities to the person; Emma Mannian against Elmer S. Mannian, cruel and barbarous treatment; Charles Best against Annie Best, desertion; Moses L. Nettles against Marion Nettles, desertion; Bessie Lewis against John A. Lewis, cruel and barbarous treatment; Robert H. Lindsay, desertion; Phillip Mueller against Magdelena Mueller, desertion; Maud J. Pierce against Andrew W. Pledge, desertion.

Bartlett Furnace—Warm House, J. C. Bartlett Co., 632-634 Liberty st. MyWe

RIVER INTERESTS

STRIKING PILOTS TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT

Still Hope to Gain Recognition from the River Coal Combination.

The members of the Pittsburgh Masters and Pilots' society have been on strike for the past six months, and for more than two months have waged an aggressive campaign against the Monongahela River Consolidated Coal and Coke Company. While efforts have been made to patch up the differences, it is said that nothing has been accomplished and no settlement is in sight.

The meeting yesterday of the members of the pilots' society was held in the Union Veteran Legion hall, in Fifth avenue, and there was a large attendance. Some of the members have broken away from the organization since the trouble began, but this, the president of the society, Capt. Joseph Price, says, was anticipated. The members, by a unanimous rising vote, decided to continue the struggle, this decision having been reached after the matter had been discussed for several hours by the members present.

After the meeting Capt. Price said: "The members are now as firm as ever, and I believe that the meeting will result in good for our cause. It is true that we have lost some members, but I think that we can gain recognition from the company. The company has some good pilots, this cannot be denied, but then some of the best pilots operating on the Ohio river are still on strike, and the company needs these men. The men appear to be firmer than ever."

No coal has been shipped south since New Year's week, and the conditions do not look favorable, rivermen say, for a shipment for a few days at least, for colder weather is anticipated. Some of the officers of the coal company affected by the strike say that they have sufficient pilots.

THE THREE RIVERS.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 25.—River at 6 p. m., 9.10 feet and rising. Cloudy and threatening. The Mary Stewart has been bought by Capt. Edwards of Paducah, to be used in the Green river trade. Capt. John Martin took the Harry Brown up and will meet the E. T. Roberts and bring her into this port. The exchange of pilots will take place at a point near Maysville. The J. O. Cole returned above with a tow of empties. Capt. Hague of Pittsburgh was a visitor on 'Change today, as was Charles Bunton, a Pittsburgh coal operator. Diver Ike Skelton, who has been working on the wreck at Rising Sun, has resigned on account of the cold water. The work is near the surface. It is claimed by divers that the deeper the working place, the warmer. At present there are three divers on the work. Today there were more rails taken out than any previous day since the work began, nearly 500 having been removed. It will be but a matter of a few weeks until the channel at that place will be cleared.

LOUISVILLE—River rising, canal, 5.2 feet; falls, 3 feet; foot of locks, 8.3 feet. Business dull. Cloudy and moderating. Very light ice in the river made last night. Packets on time. The Golden Gate enters the Kentucky river trade Monday. The New South and City of Louisville are booking Mardi Gras people.

WHEELING—River 4 feet 4 inches and stationary. Clear and cool.

BROWNSVILLE—River 5 feet 5 inches and rising. Cloudy.

GREENSBORO—River 7 feet 6 inches and stationary and closed. Cloudy.

MARIETTA—River 4.3 feet and falling. Cloudy and warm. Some of the local packets will resume the first of the week.

MORGANTOWN—River 7 feet 6 inches and closed. Cloudy and warm.

GALLIPOLIS—River 5 feet 2 inches and falling. Clear and cold.

STEUBENVILLE—River 4 feet and rising. Cloudy and cold. The Dave Wood, which has been tied up here with a tow, left on her way up today.

WARREN—River 1 foot 2 inches. Cold and cloudy.

News of the Rivers.

At 9 o'clock last night at Davis island dam the stage of water was 4.5 feet and stationary.

The local steamboat inspectors yesterday inspected the towboat Stella Moren at Woods Run on the Monongahela river.

The new towboat Vesta, which is being built for the Vesta Coal Company and is now nearing completion at the Duquesne wharf, will be ready to get up steam within a few days.

Capt. S. S. Brown expects to leave the latter part of this week for New York, where he will remain for several days, looking after some racing stock, preparatory to sailing for Europe.

The towboat Dave Wood, which has been tied up at Legionville for some time on account of low water, was able to reach port yesterday on the slight swell which appeared in the local rivers.

The Monongahela wharf is in a very slippery condition, and teams have difficulty in keeping their feet. The warm weather of the past few days, followed by a freeze, is responsible for the icy condition.

Capt. Thomas S. Calhoon arrived in Pittsburgh yesterday from Cincinnati, and left last night for his home in Georgetown. Capt. Calhoon's steamer is laid up at Cincinnati on account of the low water.

The stockholders of the Monongahela and Ohio River Transportation Company will hold a meeting in March, to consider the advisability of increasing the capital stock of the company from $50,000 to $75,000.

The boatyards throughout the Monongahela valley are not doing much work on account of wintry conditions. There is plenty of work on hand, but the men are unable to do anything with so much snow on the ground.

Dr. R. C. Craig, the marine surgeon in charge of the local station, was called to Port Perry yesterday to visit Capt. Alexander McMichael, who is said to be dying of pneumonia. It is stated that there is little hope of his recovery.

The towboat Peter Sprague, built at Dubuque for the river coal combination, will have to remain here until April, as it is frozen up in the harbor. The boat will be ready to leave here under her own steam when there is a breakup in the river.

The new sand dredgeboat built for Capt. T. T. Garlick was launched yesterday at Brownsville. Axton & Son, who built the boat, will now rush the work of building the side-wheel steamer for the Morgantown packet line. The timbers for the boat's hull have been cut.

The steamer Queen City arrived yesterday morning from Rochester, and if the conditions are favorable will leave Wednesday morning for Cincinnati. The river in the harbor reached a stage of 2.5 feet and 4.5 feet at Davis island dam, and stopped there. There is very little shore ice along the Ohio.

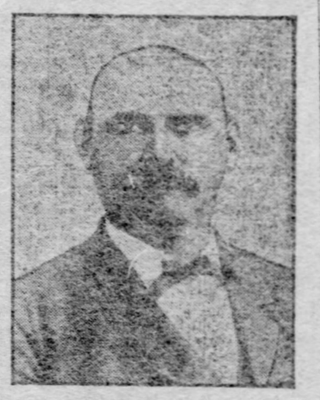
Extensive repairs will be made to the Davis island dam this season. The dam crossing the back channel of the river will be rebuilt and will have a half movable top. In addition to this, the present boat trap, which was built a number of years ago to enable the passing of drift below the dam when the wickets are in place, will also be rebuilt. Wier No. 8 will also be replaced, which includes the construction of a surface bridge.

Capts. R. E. Byrns, S. C. Allen and W. A. Collier of Cleveland, and Capt. George Tebo of Chicago, lake navigators, stopped in Pittsburgh yesterday on their way home. They called upon a number of Pittsburgh boat-owners. The men visited the Queen City, and were shown through the handsome steamer by Capt. James A. Henderson. They were much interested in the sternwheel boats and the manner in which the towboats tow. On the lakes barges are pulled from behind, while on the rivers they are pushed ahead.

Capt. Samuel S. Fowler.

There are few men identified with the river business who do not either know Capt. Samuel S. Fowler personally or by reputation. He is said to rank among the best of navigators operating on the Ohio river. The captain was born on Eleventh street, South Side, and resided there until he was 9 years old, when his father removed to Lawrence county, having bought a farm. After several years residence there the family removed to Baden, where the captain has lived ever since. The captain's friends say that he has no reason to change his location. He is a hale and hearty man, and a giant in stature. The captain first shipped on the river when he was 15 years old, starting his career as a lamp trimmer on the towboat Storm No. 3. His father was commander, and the Storm was engaged in towing canal boats from Pittsburgh to Rochester. The younger Fowler used to make occasional trips on Saturday, prior to taking a permanent berth. In this way he became well acquainted with the river, and decided to become a pilot. He learned the Ohio river on the Resolute and knows where the deep water is. He secured his first pilot's license from Samuel Walker, who was hull inspector at that time at Pittsburgh. He made his first trip on the Resolute, taking a tow of coal down the Ohio. His father was commander and owner. Since then he has piloted and commanded some of the largest steamers on the river, among them The Whale, Alice Brown, Charles Brown, Raymond Horner, Joseph B. Williams, Coal City, Joseph Walton, Sam Brown, Joseph H. Bigley, J. Sharp McDonald, A. J. Baker, Ed Roberts, Alarm, George Shiras, Enterprise, Onward and others. He was employed by W. H. Brown Sons for 15 years.

Capt. Fowler during his long career on the Ohio river met with but one accident. The accident happened at the Beaver bridge, the boat colliding with a pier and sinking one barge, loaded with coal. The boat became unmanageable. Capt. Fowler, since the coal interests consolidated, has been employed by the coal combination.



CAPT. SAMUEL S. FOWLER.

Murder Trials Next Week.

On Monday in the criminal court Robert G. Shaw will be tried for the murder of John Thomas at Thirtieth and Spruce alley on September 28. The murder was the result of trouble arising from a game of crap. On Thursday, Thomas J. Grogan and Patrick McCarthy, police officers of McKees Rocks, will be tried for the murder of Vladislaw Milewski in a shanty on Grove street, McKees Rocks, on November 25. The officers entered the shanty to make an arrest, it is alleged, and in the struggle Milewski was struck on the head with a mace, dying from the injury.

Liquor License Transfers.

The following liquor license transfers were granted yesterday: John Ruske, Jr., 621 and 623 Eighth avenue, Homestead, to George M. and William Wilson; Henry Stormfels and Peter Leininger, 226 Island avenue, McKees Rocks, to Henry Stormfels; A. V. Sends, 1244 Rebecca street, Allegheny, to Harry T. Waughter; John Eichert and J. Henry Seiferth, 90 Washington avenue, to J. Henry Seiferth. Benjamin N. Neaman was given permission to transfer his license from No. 1 West Carson street to No. 1000 Fifth avenue.

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REV. DR. PARKHURST

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C. H. PARKHURST.

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Dr. J. V. Littell, of Lafayette, Ind., writes: "I have prescribed Johann Hoff's Extract and find in it all the requirements of a true nutritive tonic and tissue builder."

Sufferers from nervousness find a real help in Johann Hoff's Extract. It makes strong, steady nerves by strengthening the entire system.

Dr. Walter W. Naylor, 755 S. 10th St., Philadelphia, writes: "I have been treating a nervous woman who has been in the hands of several well known men, and after I had almost given her up I put her on Johann Hoff's Extract, and cured her. She has gained ten pounds in six months."
WALTER W. NAYLOR, M. D.

Johann Hoff's Extract always successfully builds up the weak and debilitated. It is a certain cure for dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleeplessness. A wineglassfull of Johann Hoff's Extract taken with meals is a great preventive of sickness, it keeps the liver, kidneys and bowels in such perfect condition that one who uses it regularly is almost immune from illness. On account of its great popularity Johann Hoff's Extract is widely imitated. Beware of cheap substitutes. Get the genuine Johann Hoff's Extract and avoid disappointment. Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York.

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PITTSBURGH, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1902.

THE CRUCIBLE OF NATIONS

BY W. T. STEAD.

Famous English Journalist Writes Upon the Subject of Immigration.

He Recognizes the Union's Safeguard in Its Power of Assimilation.

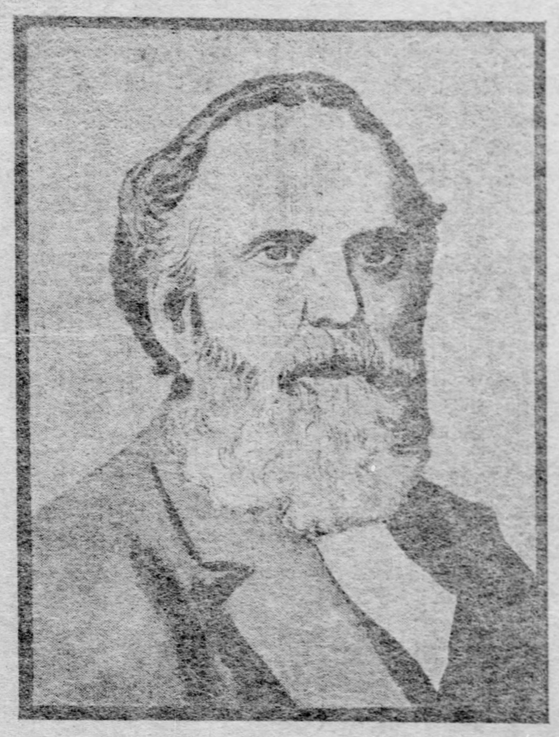
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

(Copyright, 1902, by Horace Markley.)

THE United States of America owes no small portion of its exuberant energies to the fact that there has poured into that continent for the last 50 years a never-ceasing flood of emigrants, recruited for the most part from the more energetic, enterprising and adventurous citizens of the old world. The United States has taken the place of the United Kingdom as the natural refuge of the political refugee. There is not a country in Europe which has not contributed of its best to build up the American people.

The tradition of the Mayflower has been maintained to this day. It is true that most of those who have migrated to the United States have not gone thither to seek freedom to worship God so much as to seek opportunity to earn a decent livelihood, but there has never failed a goodly proportion of those who were driven from the old world by the lash of the persecutor. But whether they have emigrated for conscience sake, or whether they came in search of filthy lucre, they have always been above the average.

Sometimes the motive which drove them westward has been a desire to escape from justice, or to evade the obligations of citizenship, but whether the motive in itself was respectable or disreputable, the fact that it sufficed to transfer so many human bodies across 3,000 miles of ocean to new homes in a new world shows at least that the souls that gave mobility to these human bodies were capable of taking risks, of facing the unknown, and of submitting to the sacrifice entailed by severance from the environment of their childhood.



William T. Stead.

The Mettle of the Strangers.

In other words, the 19,000,000 of emigrants who have crossed the Atlantic in this century to find homes in the United States have been men of faith. They believed in themselves, they believed in the future, and, although it was only a material sense, they sought a better city than that into which they had been born. They were masters of their destiny. The crowded millions of the old world who are born and live and die in the district in which they happen to be born, represent the vis inertiae of Europe. The 19,000,000 who crossed the Atlantic represent its aspirations and its energy. Many of them, no doubt, were driven westward by the scourge of starvation. But many millions who suffered as much as they remain behind, lacking the energy necessary to transport them to another hemisphere.

The emigrant population, therefore, possesses pre-eminently this characteristic—that it has sufficient life to have motion, sufficient faith to face the future, under the unknown conditions of the new world, and sufficient capacity to acquire the means requisite to transport them across the Atlantic. This emigration, which is often regarded by Americans as an element of danger, has probably contributed more than any other, except the puritan education of New England, to the making of the republic.

The American, it is evident, is no mere Englishman transplanted to another continent. In his veins flows the blood of a dozen non-English races. The English, some say, can claim only an antiquarian interest in the new race which has emerged from the furnace-pot into which all nationalities have been smelted down in order to produce that richest ingot of humanity, the modern American.

The English Composite.

But there is surely no need for this vehement repudiation of the nation which first colonized Virginia and equipped the "Mayflower." As for the foreign element in the human conglomerate, that troubles us little. We English are a composite race. It is no small part of the secret of our greatness. If the North American continent may be compared to a mammoth blast furnace in which the crude ores quarried in many diverse mines are being smelted into a human compound quite distinct and diverse from any of its constituents, these islands of ours may be described as a crucible in which the same process has been going on for ages. We are emphatically a mixed race. The process which we witness on a great scale and with great rapidity in Chicago and New York has been going on for centuries in Britain. Aboriginal Briton, conquering Roman, marauding Pict, devastating Saxon, piratical Dane, plundering Norseman, and civilizing Norman, were all used up in the blend labeled English.

Long after the English stock emerged from the crucible of war, it was continually improved by the addition of foreign elements. French Huguenots, German emigrants, fugitive Jews, Dutchmen and Spaniards, all added more of less of a foreign strain to our English blood. It has been our salvation. The mixing of Welsh and Irish, Scotch and English, Celts of the Highland and Danes of Northumberland, which has gone on for centuries and is going on today, has produced a type which is being reproduced on a gigantic scale and with infinite modifications across the Atlantic. That they are not the same, but diverse, is a matter of course.

Shakespeare the Bond of Kindred.

Even the American constitution, fashioned, as its founders believed, on the lines of the British differs notably from its model. There is no such thing as a common race in England, let alone the United States. We are all conglomerates, with endlessly varying constituents. But we have at least a common language, and we all owe allegiance to Shakespeare to no other man of woman born. As Prof. Waldstein pointed out, the English-speaking nations possess seven of the elements which go to constitute a nationality, viz., a common language; common forms of government; common culture, including customs and institutions; a common history; a common religion, and, finally, common interests.

But the United Kingdom was a crucible the size of a teacup. In the United States we find a crucible of continental dimensions. A process which in England has spread over centuries has been carried on in the United States within the lifetime of generations. But, notwithstanding all this vast influx from beyond the seas, it has failed to submerge the distinctively English-speaking American. The New Englander is still on top, and likely to remain so, although in many of the great cities he has been dethroned for a time by the Irish and their bosses.

The greatest thing which the Americans have done, much greater than the conquest of the Philippines or the invasion of the English market, or even than the suppression of the great rebellion, has been the superintendence of this vast crucible. The greatest achievement was the smelting of men of all nationalities into one dominant American type, or—to vary the metaphor—weaving all these diverse threads of foreign material into one uniform texture of American civilization. It has been done very largely in great cities, and the work has been taken in hand by men who are very far from conscious artificers of providential designs.

What the Tiger Wrought.

Tammany and its related political organizations have done a work, the full value of which is still far from being adequately appreciated either at home or abroad. These political organizations, impelled solely by their own political ambitions, were nevertheless the most efficient agencies for grafting this multitudinous ingroad of foreign emigrants upon the American trunk. The Italian or Polish emigrant who arrived in New York and Chicago with a couple of dollars in his pocket and with no word or English on his tongue, would have perished, had it not been that in the ward heeler and the captain of the precincts into which he had drifted, he found a friend who, in return for political service to be rendered in the future, was a very present help in time of need. He found him lodgings in a tenement house; he often found him work; he found him an interpreter. When he got into trouble with the police, he bailed him out or paid his fine, or used his "pull" with the magistrate to enable him to escape unwhipped of justice; when he was ill, he put him in the hospital; when he was dead, he buried him, and, above all, before election day came, he naturalized him, and secured his vote.

No man is naturalized in America according to law unless he can declare that he has read and accepted the principles of the American constitution. Millions of foreigners have been naturalized and vote at every election, who know about as much of the principles of the constitution as the Russian soldiers who thought the constitution was a woman and the wife of one of their grand dukes. Nevertheless, it was by this means that the foreign emigrant was enabled to take the first step toward the acquisition of the American nationality.

Making an American.

The school to which his children were sent completed the operation. In one generation, or at most in two, the foreign emigrant becomes thoroughly Americanized, for the Americanization of the world is nowhere gaining ground more rapidly than in the Americanization of the citizens of the world, who from love of adventure, from sheer misfortune, or from any other cause, have transferred their residence from the old world to the new.

When the republic was founded Bancroft estimated that only four-fifths of the population of the revolted colonies used English as their mother tongue. According to Carroll D. Wright, the United States commissioner of labor, the population today is half rather than one-fifth. This, of course, does not imply that Mr. Wright's half is made up of persons of foreign birth. At the census of 1900 not more than 10,000,000 of the population of the United States had been born outside the union. Of the 19,000,000 who emigrated to the United States since 1821, 9,000,000 are dead; but before they died they multiplied amazingly.

It is characteristic of the foreign emigrant that, even when he speaks French, he has been much more obedient to the ancient precept to multiply and increase and replenish the earth than the native-born English-American. The tendency to limit families, which is most conspicuous in France, and is now only one degree less conspicuous in the Australian colonies and the United Kingdom, has long been remarked as one of the dangers menacing the maintenance of an English-speaking civilization in the United States. The well-to-do American family of old standing will have one, two, three or four children, while the German, Irish or Polish emigrant who works in the mill, or the mine or the factory, will have litters of children to the number of 15 and under.

Foreign Influx is Salvation.

It may be said that it does not matter, as they all learn to speak English, but it matters a great deal in estimating the influence of the various foreign strains upon their ultimate product, the American race. Prof. Starr recently startled the world by maintaining that, if it were not for the continuous influx of foreign emigration with its resultant prolific families, the genuine American would approximate to the type of the Red Indian, and, I suppose, like the Red Indian, would dwindle and disappear. A recent traveler in the United States declared on returning to Britain that the American continent was like nothing so much as one of the great refuse-destroyers which exist in every large town. The climate seems to burn up the vitality of the settlers, producing nervous exhaustion, which, if not recruited continuously from without, would use up the race.

These estimates are great exaggerations, but they testify to a tendency which should not be lost sight of. The European-American seems to run too much to nerve and brain. He lacks the beefy shimalism of his British and German progenitor, and living at a great pace stands in perpetual need of nerve tonics, medicines and pills of all sorts. The Americans, judging by many of the foremost specimens of the race, have developed their brains at the expense of their stomachs. They have great calculating apparatuses, but their digestive organs leave much to be desired. You will often find men who are standing the heavy strain of a long day's work in commerce or in journalism who are compelled to diet themselves upon milk and crackers.

Fall and Rise of Emigration.

The number of emigrants arriving in the United States has shown a tendency of late to decrease. It reached its maximum in the year 1882, when no fewer than 788,922 emigrants entered the Union. From that year the figures dropped, until 1886, when they numbered only 334,203. The fluctuations were very great. In 1892 they had risen to 626,084; in 1898 they had fallen to 229,299. Since then they have begun to climb up again, and in the year ending June 30, 1900, the total number of emigrants was 488,572. Of this number only 2,882 belonged to the professional classes; 61,448 were skilled laborers; 165,-548 were laborers; while the remainder, chiefly women and children, 184,941, had no specified occupation.

Of the 448,000 immigrants into the United States, 300,000 came from Austria-Hungary, Italy and Russia. Of the total number of immigrants, one-quarter came from Germany, one-fifth from Ireland, 15 per cent from England, six per cent from Sweden and Norway. It is estimated that the number of Germans in the United States was close upon 10,000,000, of whom 6,000,000 were born in Germany, and the rest are of German parentage. It sounds like a far-away dream of the past to recall the fact that 60 years ago, at the time when the future destiny of Texas was not finally fixed, German dreamers maintained that it might be possible to build up a German state in Texas which might permanently divide North America from the dominant Anglo-Saxon.

The most difficult ingredient in the crucible, the one which has hitherto proved most refractory, is the black population of the south. The census of 1890 showed the colored population to number 9,312,885. Of these 8,840,789 were negroes, the others being about 250,000 Indians, 105,000 Chinese and about 86,000 Japanese. The increase of the negroes did not quite keep pace with that of the white population, which is probably due entirely to the fact that there were no negro immigrants into the United States since the suppression of the slave trade. In 1890 the blacks were 12.5 per cent of the population, in 1900 they were 12.2 per cent.

The Negro as a Reserve.

These refractory substances often contain within themselves elements of great value necessary for the formation a perfect blend. The American recalls from the thought of miscegenation. But if the tendency of the climate and the habit of life is to undermine the physical frame and burn up the nervous vitality of the race, it is obvious that the 9,000,000 negroes afford an element of robust animal vigor which may yet stand in good stead if the process of assimilation could be rendered less unpleasant.

The assimilation of the negro race, taken in hand so admirably by Booker T. Washington, who in founding Tuskegee college has shown a rare combination of science and common sense, will render the process less intolerable than it appears at present. But the outcry by the southern press when President Roosevelt invited Booker T. Washington to dine at the White House was an unpleasant reminder of the intensity of race prejudice, while the continual occurrence of lynchings shows that considerable progress has yet to be made before the Americans can see their way to a satisfactory solution of the negro problem. In the last 20 years over 8,000 lynchings have taken place in the United States, the highest total being 236 in 1892. In 1901 the figure had fallen to 135. It is not true, as is generally asserted, that the majority of lynchings occur to avenge assaults or outrages by black men upon white women. In the last 16 years 2,516 lynchings were reported. In fewer than 800 of these was an assault upon women alleged as an excuse. The chief cause for which negroes were lynched or murdered was attempted murder, but 115 were lynched for horse-stealing and 93 for arson. However painful these crimes of violence may be, they are comparatively few in number; 100 lynchings among 9,000,000 negroes is a blot on the sun, no doubt, but it is not an eclipse.

Alliance with England Advised.

The political effect of this vast foreign element, whether black or white, in the United States, upon the race alliance of the English-speaking peoples has naturally attracted considerable attention. The present duke of Argyll regarded it as one of the features which would tend to promote such an alliance. Writing in the North American Review in 1898, he laid considerable stress upon the advantage which it would be to the United States to have the sympathy of a sound, strong English confederation in league with the union. I quote:

"As the foreign element, Italian or German or French-Canadian, gets stronger and more segregated in special states of the union, it is quite conceivable that race or national questions under some specious name may cause trouble, and that the 'national' population may live to hoist the tri-color or some other foreign flag in preference to the Stars and Stripes. The French in the northeast might well form such a national cave of Adullam. Then how about the foreign elements in the south, half Congo, half Creole? These things may be out of sight for the present, but the present becomes the distant past very soon in politics, and an English bunds is not a bad antidote to certain schemes and dreams which are very un-English, using that adjective in its best sense."

Foreign Lands in Our Midst.

The tendency of foreign populations to become centered in certain districts is probably a temporary phenomenon. There are quarters in New York and Chicago where the English language is hardly known. There is an anecdote of a foreign emigrant who, having settled in New York, applied himself diligently to learning the language of the country in which she had settled, and it was only after she had removed to another precinct that she learned to her chagrin that she had wasted all her pains in learning a Bohemian dialect, which, as it was the only language spoken in her street, she had mistaken for the American tongue.

In all the states the work of fusing the various nationalities into one homogenous whole is carried on steadily, though not at such high pressure even in the country districts where it is still possible for aliens to preserve the language, religion and customs of their fatherland.

Rodney Walsh, who contributed an article to the Forum in 1891 on "The Farmer's Changed Condition," declared that in entire counties of Illinois and Wisconsin the English language is scarcely ever heard outside the great towns. The church services are conducted in a foreign tongue, and instruction is given in it at the schools. Mr. Babcock, writing on "The Scandinavian in the Northwest" a year later, said: "You can travel 200 miles across Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota without once leaving land owned by Scandinavians."

Where Anglo-Saxons Are Ruled.

In Minnesota one-seventh of the legislators are Scandinavians, and there are 37 Scandinavian newspapers. But one of the most remarkable testimonials as to the extent to which the United States have been Europeanized reached me in the shape of a letter from Galveston, Texas, in 1891. The writer, E. J. Coyle, wrote:

"Don't believe for a moment that 25 per cent of our citizens are of British or Saxon origin, or of English-speaking sympathies, for they are not. Take for example this Latin-American province, Texas, or California, Arizona, or any of the new lands ceded by the Guadalupe-Hidalgo treaty, and has the Englishman a foothold? Thank God, no! New Braunfels, Comal county, one of our most successful German colonies, located in 1840, has never recognized an English journal in its midst. The children of the second generation speak the language of Goethe. I can take you to 5,000 postoffices, schools and courts of justice in our state where German and Bohemian are exclusively used—in fact, the official language. Galveston, with a population of 50,000, cannot muster a corporal's squad of Americans of English-speaking origin; the same can be said of all our great western cities. The day of the English-speaking people here is gone, and it will never redawn."

The Crucible of Nations.

It would be interesting to compare this confident prediction of ten years ago with the present state of things in Texas. That there may be in various parts of the American union communities which preserve their ancient language with the zeal of the Welsh or of the Scottish highlanders is likely, but the only effect of this will be to increase the number of bi-lingual people in the United States. The movement for reviving the use and the study of the ancient Irish language is much more vigorous in the United States than in Ireland itself. Newspapers printed in Irish are produced, circulated and read in America to a much greater extent than any similar publications in Ireland. The attempt to boycott the English language in some American schools has been carried to considerable lengths, but even in places like Milwaukee and other foreign settlements in the northwest, it is found impossible to prevent the children learning English. They pick it up in the playground, and as English is likely to remain the lingua franca of the continent, the commercial advantages of acquiring the English tongue are far too great not to be appreciated by the shrewd citizens of the republic.

What the result ultimately will issue from this crucible of the nations it is yet too early to predict. Into the crucible all the nations have cast their best, and it would be a sore disappointment if this vast experiment in nation-making did not yield a result commensurate with the immensity of the crucible and the richness of the material cast therein.

MISS LILLIAN BRAITHWAITE,

Who appeared with Mrs. Langtry, is playing the part of Cicely Cardew in "The Importance of Being Earnest," which Mr. George Alexander is playing at the Remington Theater, London.

Krupp, the Carnegie of Germany

Remarkable Career of the Man Who Created the Kingdom of Krupp Out of Push and Brains and Without a Single Farthing of Outside Capital.

HIS INCOME GREATER THAN THE KAISER'S

Krupp Has More Employes Than Many Kings Have Subjects—Business Maxims by Which He Built Up His Enormous Shops Despite Many Discouragements.

By PROF. RICHARD EHRENBERG.
(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

ESSEN, GERMANY, Jan. 18.—The dynasty that created the kingdom of Krupp out of push and brains, without a single farthing of outside capital, is now in its third generation, the present ruler of the vast industrial empire being the grandson of the founder, Friederich Krupp.

This grandson, Frederich Krupp, has today an annual income of 20,000,000 marks—four and a half million more than the German emperor, and there isn't a king in all the world that has so many people directly depending upon him for their livelihood. Since the great Frederick and Napoleon no king has been known to double the number of his subjects as Frederich Alfred did. His grandfather left 10,000, his father 20,000, Friederich Alfred employes 50,000 people, and together with their families feeds over 250,000, more than half a dozen German kinglets together.

Krupp offers free education to all his employes—primary, grammar, technical schools and colleges are open to everybody. Charity? "The shoe fits on the other foot," says Krupp, "the more schools I build—the more money in my pocket; there is nothing so well calculated to improve the quality of work as an educated mind in a healthy body."

Furthermore, every Krupp laborer can acquire a dwelling befitting his station at less than ordinary renting terms if he choose. There is no pluck-me system, but the co-operative stores founded by Krupp millions, and entirely managed by the consumers, save laborer and director alike the profits of the middle-man on food, clothes, furniture, books, everything he wants and needs.

Mightier and Wealthier Than Kings.

The vessels of the English, German and Russian navies are classed as "his majesty's ships," which is a pleasing fiction, for the ships really belong to the nation. Klaus Krupp actually owns his fleet of 10 ocean liners, and over a hundred coasters and river craft besides. Edward, William and Nicholas boast of their private cars—Krupp owns 30 full-sized trains, 80 locomotives and as many miles of railway as the New York Central.

The grandfather of Friedrich Alfred who founded the factory, was not a great genius, as encyclopedias and flattering biographers paint him. Nor did he invent the steel-making process similar to the Bessemer, which ultimately brought his successor fame and fortune. He tried hard to penetrate the secret, jealously guarded by English manufacturers, but produced nothing better than steel fit for anvils and the like.

At his death in 1826 he left his family nothing but a tumble-down shop filled with worn-out tools and a drawer full of impossible plans and useless specifications. The firm had not a dollar's worth of credit, and even the wages of its four trained employes had been unpaid for some time.

Beginning of Hard Work.

Friedrich Krupp left three young children—Alfred, 14; Hermann, 10 years old; a boy baby and a widow, the latter an energetic and resourceful woman. Alfred in later years to state the main reasons for his success, Alfred replied: "Avoiding mistakes, necessity, my mother's influence and inspiration, and the environment in which I grew up—the air I breathed. Essen was a gun-making town for a thousand years. It sold arms to Queen Bess of England."

The father's death compelled Alfred to leave college before he had passed through two of eight classes. The boy assumed the duties of master, smith, coaster, packer, bookkeeper, office-help and drummer in day time; at night he studied mineralogy and chemistry. He possessed neither technical nor mercantile training of any sort; of Laith, Greek and French he knew only a few hundred words; in all other branches of science, including mathematics, he was woefully behind.

Work as he might, during the first ten years of his apprenticeship in fortune's school, he had the hardest time to make a bare living for himself and family, their fare consisting day after day of coffee, potatoes and bread.

In the midst of the oldest parts of the great factory-metropolis with its 421 steam engines and 1,500 furnaces, stands a poor little house—stands there "for all eternity" if the will of Alfred Krupp is respected by future generations. Here are the words of the memorial tablet, erected over the pine wood mantelpiece, and signed Alfred Krupp.

IMPRESSIVE WORDS.

"This little house was built by my father in 1822 after he had lost a considerable fortune in hopeless endeavors to invent a new process of steel making. He lost his health as well as his money, and his life was but a series of bitter disappointment.

"After him I lived here many years full of misery and chagrin, spending hundreds of sleepless nights in feverish anxiety, relieved only now and then by stray glimmers of hope. God forbid that the poorest of my workmen experience the sufferings that fell to my lot, or the self-denials I had to undergo.

"Twenty-five years I lived in this house before success entered at the door—twenty-five years full of storm and stress and ceaseless labor—until at last my proudest expectations were realized.

"May my experience be a source of encouragement to those in trouble. Never despise the poor man's hut. While sheltering great men, it may be the cradle of still greater successes.

ALFRED KRUPP.

Beginning of the Reward.

After six years of earnest endeavor Alfred doubled the capacity of the old workshop and enlarged his force of employees to ten, but five more years passed before he felt at liberty to speculate in a small way—with his time. Having sold his patent on a new process for manufacturing silver spoons and silver-plated spoons in England, he devoted the money to tests along the line of erecting a Bessemer steel of his own invention.

All the world knows that his experiments were eventually crowned with the most extraordinary success, but at the start his progress was discouragingly slow. At the same time he laid down for himself a business rule from which he never deviated throughout his long career. It read:

"Never accept a penny of outside capital, but make one invention, or succeed, be mother and paymaster of all succeeding endeavors."

He submitted to the Prussian war office a rifle, having a barrel of Bessemer steel, his own invention, but the minister sent the package back unopened with the haughty remark: "The Prussian rifle is so perfect as to make improvements unnecessary."

This discourtesy and short-sightedness made Alfred only the more determined to bring his invention to the front. When Berlin had its first industrial exposition in 1844, he hired the best obtainable space for his steel rifle barrels, some of which bore the imprint of the hammer, while others were bent into all sorts of shapes to show their toughness. As the exposition was at its height news came from Paris that the rifle-barrel had been tried and proved a tremendous success. Then the Prussians, fearful of having made a grave mistake, offered to give Krupp a ride a show and after a thorough test declared "that nothing better existed."

His Dreams Realized.

He pluckily weathered the hard times of the revolution of 1848, though many of his workmen "earned more and lived better than I." All his efforts were in one direction—the making of steel guns by Bessemer process.

Up to then most governments used cast-iron guns, only the richest commanding a few bronze batteries. Cast-iron guns were in the habit of exploding, and bronze guns didn't last long. Therefore, if he was able to construct cast-steel guns, Krupp's fortune would be made.

At the first London International Industrial exhibition (in 1851) there appeared a man of 39, with snow-white hear. It was Alfred Krupp, and he stood beside a cast-steel block weighing two and a half tons, the heaviest and most homogeneous ever seen till then. The work of bringing the process to successful completion broke him down physically, it made an old man out of him.

On his return to Germany Krupp approached the Berlin war office, offering to place his hoped-for invention, cast-steel guns, at its exclusive disposal—and was refused a hearing.

The first king to buy a cast-steel gun was a colored gentleman, the Bey of Tunis; the second a colleague of his, the Khedive of Egypt. Prussia hung on to antiquated bronze cannon until 1859, and would have continued to ignore its foremost industrial citizen even then, had not France ordered 300 cast-steel guns in Essen. It's the old story of the prophet who can't get a hearing among his own people.

Krupp Won Battle of Sedan.

The decision in Krupp's favor was made by old King William (then regent, afterwards the first German kaiser), and the act was not particularly "regular." The cabinet had ordered a hundred guns, but William, forgetting his constitutional duties, changed the "100" into "300" when the paper was submitted for signature, the paper was submitted for signature. By this trick Alfred Krupp was enabled to take up gun-making in earnest, which up to then he had pursued as a sort of hobby, sinking therein the profits of his main business, the manufacture of railway wheels, axles, etc.

The day of Sedan, when 2,000 Krupp guns battered down one rampart to create another, settled the case once and for all in favor of Krupp.

Krupp's Maxims.

In business and life, Alfred Krupp was guided by the following principles, often expressed in his conversation and writings:

"I was a born fighter, and always willing to risk my last penny, my last suit of clothes, for an idea, after its feasibility and practicability was once firmly established in my mind."

"I always made the best—always tried to get my competitors one better."

"Everything learned in the business I put back into the business after deducting my personal expenses, kept at the lowest as long as such was essential to success."

"I always made the factory pay for the growth and enlargement of the business. When I needed money I borrowed it on mortgage. Once I paid off a mortgage of $30,000,000 within five years out of the profits of the business."

"Through 25 years, up to the day of actual success, I did all the managing myself—technical, financial, diplomatic, etc. In 1867 I hired my first representative, and from that time on began placing responsibilities I couldn't myself attend to upon younger shoulders. But it was done gradually, selecting the best man suited for each branch and trying him severely without letting him know that he was under observation or slated for a better place."

"Business was always before me, and when I couldn't sleep at night I didn't hesitate to employ the otherwise wasted hours in work."

"I always believed in advertising. My exhibits at the different world's fairs were among the most costly ever placed. Visitors of consequence were always treated with the most distinguished consideration at my factory. I was always lavish with samples. Governments contemplating to buy my guns had no difficulty in experimenting at my cost."

"I never was of opinion that my obligations toward my employes ceased when I had paid them the wages agreed upon. I always endeavored to make them take pride and joy in their work, by treating them as liberally as my means permitted. While still in the throes of commercial despair I founded the first sick-benefit society for my people. In 1861 I began to build private houses for them. When I retired I had built 14,000 workman's dwelling places according to hygienic principles, the rent of which amounts to less than $10 per living room annually. The pensions my firm pays to disabled workmen, disabled by old age, accident or illness—amounts to from 50 to 75 per cent of the highest wages earned in their class. Widows receive half the pension that their husbands might be drawing."

Friedrich Alfred Krupp.

King Krupp the Third.

This remarkable man died on July 70, 1887, having furnished the armies of the world with 37,000 guns and extended his commercial empire over the whole of Germany, from the Rhine to the Baltic, from the frontiers of Belgium to those of Russia.

The city of Essen, which had 4,000 inhabitants when he began work for himself, had 100,000 at the time of his death. Another interesting fact is that when Alfred Krupp started in the number of his workmen formed just 1 per cent of the inhabitants of Essen, while at his death his actual employes, without counting their families, comprised 22 per cent of the citizens of Essen, among them many of the wealthiest and most respected.

The new master of the great industrial kingdom, Friedrich Alfred Krupp, the son of Alfred, is chiefly remarkable for the loyalty with which he continues his father's policy in every respect.

Friedrich Alfred has vastly extended the colossal business of which he became the head by inheritance, and has doubled the number of its employes. Largely owing to his enterprise, Germany's output of steel now exceeds that of Great Britain by one-fourth of the total amount, while 50 years ago England produced 10 times the amount Germany did.

BULGARIAN BOY GLOBE-TROTTER

Alexander Popoff Heads Trio Way on His Walk Around the World.

(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

LONDON, Jan. 18.—Close on the heels of the three Italian scientists who are now on their way from London to the United States, on a walking tour around the world, comes a Bulgarian boy who has got as far as London on the same errand, and who may be expected to turn up in America in April or May.

His name is Alexander Popoff, and of the three Italians he is well educated and self-respecting. He is not looking for advertising or doing any begging. He was a medical student in Sofia until a yearning for travel overtook him last summer. Prince Ferdinand heard of his intention to walk around the world, took a good deal of interest in him, and contributed part of the expenses of his journey.

Popoff, who is only 21, left Sofia last July and has journeyed in easy stages across Europe, seeing the sights in Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Paris and London. He is not trying for a record, and will tramp over Scotland and Ireland before setting out for Canada.

He intends to walk across the United States from north to south, instead of from east to west, and will take in Central and South America, embarking from Chile for Australia. In the orient, the Bulgarian will head north from Japan, and visit Manchuria and Siberia, going home by way of Russia. He expects to get back to Sofia in about three years and take up the study of medicine where he left off last July.

He carries his luggage in a knapsack that weighs 28 pounds, and so far has got along without any serious adventures or physical strain. He is writing the story of his travels for some of the Bulgarian papers.

FRENCH WOMEN DROP NAMES OF HUSBANDS

Some of Them Declare They Will Not Wear the "Collar of Serfdom"

Any Longer.

(Special Correspondence of Sunday Gazette.)

PARIS, Jan. 18.—The "Feminist Movement" is making great strides. The Society of Woman Suffrage has already rebelled against the modern distinction contained in the titles "Mlle" and "Mme," and now, on the initiative of the leader of the movement, Mlle. Hubertine Auclert, the society has passed another revolutionary resolution protesting against the adoption of the husband's name by a woman on her marriage. The society has decided that women after marriage ought to retain their maiden names.

Mlle. Auclert expressed herself very strongly against the present "symbol of serfdom." "The present condition of marriage," declared she, "puts about the neck of woman the collar of the serf, with the name of the owner indelibly stamped upon it."

As to the names that should be given to the children born of such a marriage, the leader of the movement has her ideas also. At first she proposed that the children should bear the double name—that of the father and mother in combination, but as this would naturally lead to awful confusion, and to such terrible many-barreled names in the third or fourth generation, she decided that the children, for "obvious" reasons, should bear the mother's name only.

The Feminist leaders are terribly in earnest. "I am persuaded," declared Mlle. Auclert, "that the feminine protestation just commenced will end in less than 10 years at the latest in a complete transformation of society, and then women will have in civilization the place now actually occupied by men."

The person who thinks he will not succeed rarely ever does.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF HALF A CENTURY

By Col. A. K. McClure.

(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL HAS MADE WONDERFUL PROGRESS

Crossing Plains and Rockies a Generation Ago Compared With Now.

Interesting Incidents of Conflicts With Savages in Early Coaching Days.

THE progress in transcontinental travel during the present generation makes romance pale before it. Today the tourist can enter a palace car in Philadelphia or New York, enjoy every comfort of home day and night, and land at the Golden Gate on the Pacific in five days. Every possible comfort is given to the traveler. Luxurious seats and sofas, and meals and beds, can be had with nearly as much comfort as in a first-class hotel. The railways are in perfect condition, with superb equipment, the severe curves and heavy grades on the mountains are mastered by the immense iron horse, and a rate of speed is maintained day and night that a generation ago was not thought of on the best equipped lines of that day. Not only are there several great trunk lines traversing the entire continent, but the rude shriek of the locomotive is heard in almost every valley and on nearly every hilltop in the great mountain regions of the far west.

Only a generation ago the same journey required nearly a month when most successfully performed in the somewhat pretentious coaches of that period, which were compelled to run the gauntlet of savage tribes as they traversed the trackless plains and climbed the confusing cliffs of the great mountains, with an even chance to meet the deadly road agent if the coach was laden with precious metals from the mines; and half a century ago the journey to the Pacific could be made only by bushwacking the ox teams across the plains and mountains, requiring a full season from spring to fall for the most fortunate to reach their destination. The only other route to the Pacific at that day was around Cape Horn, a most perilous journey in the indifferent vessels then employed, and requiring months to accomplish it.

The greatest civilizer of this continent has been the locomotive. The Indian was the master of his famed hunting grounds in the mountains and on the plains of the west until he heard the weird song of the iron horse. The son of the forest well understood its meaning. It told him of a strange civilization that was master wherever its tread was heard, and bade him recede in terms that were inexorable. I was within a few miles of the location of the present city of Cheyenne in the spring of 1867, when there was not a habitation in sight at that place, and the Indians raided the Pacific railway engineers at or near that point, murdering a number of them; and only eight months later I arrived by the mountain coach at the new city of Cheyenne, that then had a population of over 5,000 people, and was the fastest of all the fast western towns I met in making a coach journey of 3,000 miles on the plains and mountains.

Locomotive Worried Brigham Young.

I saw Brigham Young when the Pacific railway had reached only to a point some 300 miles west of Omaha, and the one thing that disturbed him was the advent of the locomotive. I spent a month in his beautiful city, nestling in the valley hard by the shadows of the snow-capped mountains, with its silver rivulets traversing each side of its broad streets, and fruits and vines and flowers beautifying every Mormon home. He was an absolute ruler in Utah as the czar in Russia. He had successfully defied the authority of our government in war and peace; but the day that the iron horse first sang his song in the valley of Utah dated the decline and fall of the Mormon ruler. Missionaries have preached to the pioneers, ministered to them in sickness, and buried them when life's fitful fever ended, but, important as is their work, the great factors in western civilization were the rugged miners and husbandmen with their unerring rifles, and the railway that followed them.

On the 3d of May, 1867, I left Chicago at 8:15 in the morning for Omaha over the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, now one of the most completely equipped lines on the continent. The rapid construction of the Union Pacific from Omaha westward compelled the hasty extension of the Chicago & Northwestern to Omaha in 1866, by throwing up a few feet of embankment on the usually level plains of western Iowa and laying the superstructure without ballast. During the winter the road was passable, but when the spring thaws and floods came the superstructure was played with by the elements in the most fantastic fashion. The speed never exceeded ten miles an hour, and was often as low as six. The thirty-odd passengers received their last meal at Dennison, 24 hours from Chicago, and did not have an opportunity to obtain a meal during the remainder of the journey, lasting 36 hours. When within 40 miles of Council Bluffs we were halted by a wreck, eight miles from the nearest station, and 30 miles from the nearest point where machinery could be had to clear the track. We were thus detained for ten hours in cold cars and without provisions. At last the train was started and proceeded to the village of Honeybrook, 30 miles distant, when another wreck called a halt of several hours. Fortunately there were a few shanties, peopled by Irish laborers, and the passengers were enabled to obtain some boiled eggs and bacon, which their ravenous appetites warmly welcomed. Finally the train arrived within a few miles of Council Bluffs at 10 o'clock at night, and the train was left on the track because of the flooded and broken condition of the road. It was not until 11 o'clock the next morning that the passengers, without breakfast, were driven four miles to the boat that carried them across the Missouri to Omaha after a journey of two days and a half. Now the same route is traversed with all the comforts of home at the rate of 50 miles an hour, and all the conveniences to the passengers of a first-class hotel.

Omaha was a revelation to me. It was the first genuine western city I had struck. It presented an unsightly appearance, with its rambling lines of houses, and here and there a three or four-story permanent building, with every conceivable size and style of shanties sandwiched between them. It was my first introduction to the progressive western character. It had more carriages; sold more goods and at higher prices; dealt out town lots by the foot at greater valuations; had more hotels, better patronized, dirtier and dearer; built more houses in a day and rented them for more money; played poker and keno at higher stakes than any other city of the same population that I had ever heard of.

Homes Hundreds of Miles Apart.

The Union Pacific railroad was then completed to North Platte, a distance of 285 miles. The journey from Omaha to that point was without special interest. Buffalo herds were often visible, and for nearly 100 miles not a sign of habitation was seen beyond the little shanties needed for railroad purposes. The pretty and curious antelope often came up within gunshot of the train, and the prairie dog, with his inseparable companion, the owl, gave us welcome.

At North Platte I first made the acquaintance of the mountain stage coach for a journey of 290 miles to Denver. The Indian question had become somewhat serious, as they were raiding stage lines periodically, but we did not come into uncomfortably close quarters with them until we reached Julesburg, where Fort Sedgwick had nearly 1,000 troops, under the command of Col. Dodge. We arrived there a little after sunrise and learned that 75 cavalrymen had just been driven in along our route westward by the Indians, and that the telegraph lines were out. I called upon Col. Dodge to consider the situation and he insisted that the coach must not go out without a large military escort. I had learned that the men of the clearest judgment and safest in council were the stage drivers. They were a remarkable class. They never touched a horse except to drive, and continued to drive from 50 to 60 miles, devoting their attention exclusively to the passengers, mails and treasure in their charge, while others cared for the horses. They were paid high wages and chosen entirely because of their intelligence, courage and discretion. I first sought the advice of "Long John," our driver, with whom I had ridden in the boot for several hours in the morning. I told him the situation as reported by Col. Dodge, and said that we could have any number of troops to escort us if deemed prudent for us to go. I have never forgotten the curl of disgust that spread over "Long John's" face as he answered: "An escort? Hell! we have trouble enough to take care of ourselves." When I asked his meaning he answered very coolly: "The Indians are there, but they don't want our bandboxes nor trunks; they want our horses. We have nine well-armed men to protect six horses, but with 50 or 100 cavalrymen and a horse to every chump, the Indians would attack the cavalrymen for the horses and involve us in danger. If you will go with me and obey my directions I will take you safely through."

There were two ladies in the party, and after a consultation they decided that "Long John's" advice should be accepted, and we started out on the same route over which 75 cavalrymen had been driven in by the Indians only a few hours before. The Indians were secreted in O'Fallon's bluffs, and at one point the bluffs were so close to the river that we were compelled to come within rifle range, but "Long John" understood the Indian and he disposed of his nine men on the top of the coach, in the boot and inside, with their rifles pointing to the bluffs, with instructions not to fire unless an Indian head was uncovered. We thus passed for nearly half a mile within range of the Indians without seeing them, and the danger was over. When some miles beyond on a hill that gave us a view of the rear of the bluffs we saw a large body of Indians that we had passed within range of their guns. We heard a very interesting story of Indian raids while we tarried an hour to sup with Holland Godfrey, better known as "Old Wicked," the only ranchman who had saved his home from the torch and rifle of the savages as they swept the Platte in 1866. The Rocky mountains finally came in view as their snow-clad tops appeared. Gradually their hugh cliffs loomed up, and as Denver was approached the immense peaks presented themselves in all their imperial grandeur.

When Denver Was a Mining Camp.

Denver was then a mere mining camp, with a fitful population of some four or five thousand. The most pretentious building was the Pacific hotel, a simple frame structure with only board partitions and guiltless of plaster. Everybody seemed happy and hopeful of gathering millions, as the mountains were known to be studded with precious metals, but the obstinate gold and silver ores defied reduction by ordinary process, and many elegantly constructed mills, with the finest machinery, were abandoned because of the difficulty in mastering the ores. I remember dining in a little cottage on the outskirts of the city, with Land Officer Pierce, to meet Mr. Hill, who had just arrived there, prepared, as he believed, to master the obstinate ores by a new process. Few had faith in him at the time, but he attained great success, became a multi-millionaire and a United States senator.

I expected to remain two or three days in Denver, and then proceed westward to the land of the Mormons, but the Indian troubles increased in both front and rear, and I was compelled to wait three weeks, much in the position, as to the Indians, as was Hooker's bull, fast on the fence, unable to either hook in front or kick behind. After waiting until the 5d of June our party of seven, including Mrs. McClure, started westward to try our fortunes with the dusky sons of the forest. We were fortunate in having Mr. Perry of Missouri, an old mountaineer of ripe experience, who was as intelligent and brave as he was unassuming.

We reached Virginia Dale, nearly 100 miles westward, without incident, where we received the disturbing information that the Indians had just captured a mule team near that place, and that the Black Hills, beyond our route, had many Indians on the war path. But we passed the Black Hills in safety, every precaution being taken by sending out skirmish forbidding cliffs around us, and started the team at a gallop. Whether the road was rough or smooth the speed was never slackened, and at times the whole seven passengers were bunched in a pile in front of the coach and at other times in the rear. We finally reached the North Platte about 3 in the morning, where we supposed our Indian troubles were ended, but our relief was brief, as the first information we received was that the Indians were raiding the road for 50 miles westward, and that travel was suspended. All the good horses had been stolen by Indians, and 40 passengers had accumulated at the stations, anxious to go west. Hunting was impossible because of the proximity of the Indians, else a movement was necessary, as the station people were without food.

Two mail wagons were rigged up, four broken-down horses attached to each, and we started on a bright morning, the 7th of June, to cross the summit of Bridgers Pass. Sage Creek was the first station, and it had not been disturbed, although the horses had been stolen. As we came near to Pine Grove, the second station, we found it in ruins and still smoking. It was surrounded by thickets, and we had to skirmish them before driving up to the station. Soon after we stopped to lunch and feed our jaded horses, and by the time we were ready to start again a blinding snowstorm was upon us. We could not protect ourselves from the storm, as every man had to keep his rifle in hand and a sharp lookout for the Indians. We hoped to find relief at Bridgers Pass, but when we came in sight of it we found it in flames. When we arrived at the station there were fresh tracks of the Indian ponies in the snow. While warming ourselves at the fire the critical situation was carefully discussed. It was some twelve miles distant to Sulphur Springs, beyond which the Indians were not likely to be troublesome, our teams were exhausted, and the pitiless snow storm made it impossible for any one to see forty rods in any direction. Fortunately, we could track the Indians, who had gone toward Sulphur Springs, and we were compelled to follow them. Big Dick was our master driver, and he was entirely equal to the occasion. At Sulphur Springs, beyond which the Indians as they traveled very slowly when not pursued, and notified us when we started not to worry about the redskins, as he would know when we were close to them by the freshness of their tracks. After going some five miles Dick pulled up and said: "Fresh tracks, boys; lots of 'em. They're not half a mile ahead of us." A dozen men sprang out of the wagons with their rifles, but the serious question was what to do with the lady of the party. Mr. Perry, the grizzled mountaineer, was with us, and, like all of his class, as gentle as a mother with woman or child. He carried out the mail bags, made a good bed of the robes and blankets, and when ready to put her into the wagon he asked whether she had arms. She had an elegant brace of pistols and was a good shot. He examined them carefully, handed them back to her and in a gentle but tremulous voice said: "Madame, if we are killed or captured you will take your own life." To which she answered, "I understand." She was then covered up, mail bags thrown over her, and the men started in advance of the teams.

When Indians Were Feared.

In less than an hour we came upon them in their camp as we emerged from a canon that brought us within short rifle range before we could see them. The moment they saw or heard us their lights went out, they mounted their ponies and started eastward down a little stream, while our course was westward. Some of the party raised their rifles the moment they saw the Indians, but Dick yelled: "No shootin', boys; no shootin'. We haven't lost any Injuns." He was promptly obeyed, and after leaving an entirely worn-out horse by the wayside, we finally reached Sulphur Springs late at night, where 30 passengers were corralled by the interruption of the stage line, and but one woman in the entire party. The Indians were in the bluffs close to the station, but there was no danger of them attacking 30 armed men in a station house that had all the qualities of an improvised fort. Water was obtained from a spring near the bluffs who came to the station house, and when any went for water the guard covered the bluffs with their rifles. As hunting was impossible another movement was necessary, and two stages were started out westward the next day. When we reached the top of the bluff a few miles west of the station, number of Indians were visible and all of them mounted, but we had passed them in safety, and we soon breathed freely as we struck an open plain extending 15 miles and our Indian troubles were ended.

Having escaped from the savages, we had a delightful Sunday at Fort Bridger, where Judge Carter welcomed us with generous hospitality. After a refreshing meal and a few hours' rest we resumed our journey, and at midnight crossed the Quaking Asp summit, 8,000 feet above the sea and the greatest altitude attained crossing the continent. I shall never forget the delightful drive we had down Echo canon, a narrow valley of nearly 20 miles, where every sound is fearfully echoed. It was Hank Conner's driver, the most noted of the stage whips of the mountains, but he had been thrown off his regular beat by the general disturbance of the system. The horses were supple and obedient to the word as we whirled down the beautiful canon at the rate of 10 miles an hour and finally landed at Weber station, where we had our first introduction to the Mormons. We started to climb the Wasatch range before midnight, and when near its summit had a jolly sweet in the feet of drifted snow, but we were soon rid of that, and after a delightful moonlight drive through Parley canon we arrived at Salt Lake City and breakfasted on a profusion of wonderful strawberries.

Snail-Like Travel of Olden Time.

It required eight days and nights to enable us to reach Salt Lake City from Denver, constantly threatened by the savages during half the journey, and exposed to every possible discomfort, with insufficient food much of the time. What were the experiences of those who crossed the Rocky mountains only a generation ago, and as I recently crossed the same mountains clear to the Pacific, with almost every comfort enjoyed in our own home. I was well prepared to appreciate the wonderful progress that has been made in the civilization of the west. I spent eight months in the mountains, enjoying excellent health, and greatly enjoyed the generous hospitality and admirable manhood of the western pioneers. The Virginites practically them ruled in Colorado, Idaho and Montana. The courts performed their duties, but the men charged with murder, burglary, highway robbery or stock stealing who was pos-

"Fresh tracks, boys; lots of 'em. They're not half a mile ahead of us."

OLD TIME SALT WELLS

Before the Discovery of Petroleum Drilling for Salt Was a Lively Industry.

(From the Greensburg Register, May 4, 1816.

SO many improvements, inventions and discoveries are daily announced in the public papers—there to live their day and to be seen and heard of no more—that we have hitherto been careful to avoid exciting, in relation to such matters, expectations which might never be realized, and hence have thus long neglected to notice the Conemaugh saltworks. These works, we are happy to state, are now in the full tide of successful operation and are not only rewarding the enterprising individuals who constructed them, but conferring important advantages upon the district in which they are situated, as well as upon the country generally.

They are situated in Westmoreland and Indiana counties, being on both banks of the Conemaugh river, one mile above its confluence with the Loyalhanna and about 15 miles northeast from Greensburg. It is but about three years since the boring of salt water was commenced by Mr. William Johnson of Johnsons point; and now the Messrs. Johnson, Reed, Boggs & Co. and Boggs & Forward have four wells sunk, and are sinking three or four more. The four wells now in use supply sufficient water for 16 furnaces. Fourteen furnaces are in operation and produce in the aggregate upwards of 100 bushels of salt per day throughout the year. Each furnace has one large flat copper boiler or pan of an oblong square shape and six metal kettles. The wells are bored to the depth of from 250 to 300 feet in the margin of the river. The salt water rises in the tubes to a level with the bed of the river and is here preserved from mixture with the fresh water by cisterns or reservoirs constructed by boards around the mouths of the wells. From these cisterns it is pumped by horse power into conductors through which it runs into large troughs that supply by spouts, as occasion requires, the boilers. Here, by a simple and obvious process which any laborer is capable of conducting, it is converted into a beautiful granulated salt.

Fuel is remarkably convenient. Stone coal is had within 40 or 50 perches of the works on the Indiana side of the river; and on the Westmoreland side it is procured in abundance in the hill immediately above the works of Messrs. Johnson, and descends by the declivity on an inclined scaffolding of boards erected for the purpose, from the north of the grate or furnace. At a new furnace erecting by the Messrs. Reed, a new bed of the stone coal was discovered in digging the foundation.

There is nothing in the situation or appearance of the ground, or in the quality of the salt about these works, that particularly distinguishes them, in our view at least, from various other situations on the same and other rivers. An interesting phenomenon, with respect to the wells is, that their waters ebb and flow once every 24 hours, and usually about the same hour of the day.

The salt made at these works is of an excellent quality and of snow whiteness. It is retailed at the works at $2 per bushel, and sold by the load at $1.50 per barrel for railroad purposes. The navigation is safe for large boats from the works to Pittsburgh, where the salt commands a higher price and readier sale than that of the Kanawha works.

It is not, we believe, more than 10 years since this part of the country was supplied with foreign salt, brought over the mountains, generally upon packhorses and at a great expense of time, labor and money. Latterly we have been supplied more conveniently and satisfactorily indeed, but not much more cheaply from the Kanawha and Lake works. Our dependence upon all these is at an end. That article of indispensable use is now manufactured at the Conemaugh works in such quantities as will not only save money in the district, but draw more to it, a consideration, at this moment, of no small importance. The importance, in a political or national point of view of increasing the supply of salt made in the country, may be inferred from the fact (stated by Mr. Colbush, in the Artists' Manual) that about 3,000,000 bushels are produced every year by the Onondago and Cayuga springs in New York, and about as much by the manufactories of the western states and territories, including 130,000 bushels made at the United States Saline, in the Wabash. Salt is made from sea water on the coast of Massachusetts, but not in large quantities and the manufacture there is liable to interruption from an enemy in time of war. Every additional salt spring or well, therefore, in the interior of the country may be looked upon as an additional source of national independence; and every individual engaged in developing the national wealth and resources so connected therewith, is deserving of the thanks of the country.

[Courtesy of Stairsville Courier.]

MOST BRILLIANT LONDON WEDDING

Lady Helen Stewart and Lord Stavordale's Nuptials Will Be a Remarkable Event.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lady Helen Stewart's marriage to Lord Stavordale on the 26th of this month promises to be the biggest wedding event of the coronation season. She is the only daughter of Lord Londonderry, one of the richest and most powerful of British peers, as well as the most criticised postmaster general on record, and the chosen bride of the eldest son of the earl and countess of Ilchester and future mistress of historic Holland house, so that the wedding would have been a mightily important occurrence even had it not been her family's reputed intention to spare no expense to make it an unusually gorgeous affair.

Lady Helen, though she does not inherit all the great beauty of her mother, Lady Londonderry, is a girl of more than common brilliancy and magnetism and a great social favorite. She is to be married from Londonderry house, in aristocratic Park lane, and will have a bevy of ten young ladies with expansive family trees as her bridesmaids. Already the presents have become a topic in, and many of them are of immense value.

Lady Londonderry has always had a weakness for luxuriance in every possible direction, and is one of the few grand dames who still condemn their coachmen to occupy boxes high up in the air above their barouches, and to sport a curled yellow wig. She is planning that the bridal procession in particular shall be almost regal. One of her ideas has been to buy nearly the whole of her daughter's trousseau in her native land, Ireland. The lingerie, which is to be trimmed with rich Valenciennes, has come from Belfast, and the various petticoats, tea gowns and other articles of feminine apparel which defy enumeration are all of Irish material and make.

Holland house, the future home of Lord Stavordale and his bride, is one of the most famous houses in London. It was built in 1607, getting its name from the earl of Holland, who bought it. Lord Holland, who was one of Charles I.'s adherents, was beheaded like his master and his house occupied for a while by Fairfax and Lambert, the leaders of the parliamentary forces who finally gave it back to Lady Holland.

Cromwell held many a council in the old house, and William Penn lived there for a while. It was also occupied by William and Mary, as well as by Addison, who married the widow of Edward, third earl of Holland, and who died in the mansion. For years the house was celebrated as a rendezvous for Whig politicians and literary personages—Macaulay, Moore and Rogers, the poet, among them.

If a man, in the midst of the continuously and detraction of the world, can get one woman to believe in him it is enough.

Lover's Poetry.

Mrs. Wiggs was a philosopher, and the sum and substance of her philosophy lay in knowing the dust off by rose-colored glasses.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY AND HIS BOYHOOD

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, tells to the Indianapolis News of his boyhood. He says:

"I recollect distinctly when I was a small boy, and from choice spent much of my time in the kitchen rolling dough and making miniature pies. After a while through the obliging assistance of the hired girl I advanced so that I could build a pie of legitimate size. My joy was complete when I actually fashioned a custard pie and then came the test, worthy of a debut-de-haut performance, of getting it into the oven without spilling. You may gather from this that my first ambition was to be a baker, and at times I have felt a twinge of disappointment that my juvenile ambition was not realized. I really think I would have been a success as a baker.

"Where did I go to school? I was not a success in attending school. I had a premium of a reward for running away from school, and I succeeded in the pursuit. In distinguishing myself always my school fellows. That was true also in Dodge's readers, which gave me my first dilletta of literature. I was a sensitive child, but no one ever thought me so, and I received no consideration on that account, and managed to be in bad water most of the time. At school if I read anything pathetic like Dickens' death of Little Nell, which I had the most intense sympathy for, my fun loving weeping. If I was whipped by the teacher I rolled it richer in those days—quoting with red eyes I would recite a

Children of the country and in small towns have a wild richness and power of invention, an abundance of the accessories of their surroundings that, when these attempt artificially, rises only to a tired imitation. They live free and unrestrained and of the Creator, and have a necessity to maintain under that to protect person and property. It is safe to say that in no single instance do the Virginites of the western territories execute an innocent person, and that is a record that could not be claimed by the most enlightened tribunals of the east. During my stay I crossed the Rocky mountains six times from Iowa to Iowa over four different passes, and which finally it became necessary for me to return to my home in the east. I proved from the brave pioneers of the west with profound respect, and have ever cherished for them the most affectionate memories. I there saw a civilization that has no parallel, so far combined, and one that has never been rewarded a full measure of justice for the great work in reclaiming the country of transcontinental which now spans the western part of our great land from the Father of Waters to the golden slopes of the Pacific.

Romance of famous Gems

Hope Diamond May Be Fragment of Tavernier Blue & & Koh-i-Noor Baptized in Blood.

By THEOPHILE COLVILLE.
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

THE recent arrival in this country of the Princess Sophie Bambia Dhuleep Singh, daughter of the sometime maharajah of Lahore, and the simultaneous announcement that the famous Hope diamond had been purchased in England for a New York millionaire, opens up a field of romance that is of more than ordinary interest.

From the father of the visiting princess Great Britain wrested the most famous bit of loot of modern times—the Koh-i-Noor. The celebrated Hope diamond, with a less famous history, is supposed to have been cut from a much larger stone, and has lost its old-time brilliance by disease, some diamond cutters say.

The Hope is reported to be half an inch long and set in a brooch; "not of a brilliant blue color, being slightly grayish." It has been purchased for the sum of £20,760 and exported on a valuation of £50,000.

Thomas Hope, the English author, traveler, connoisseur and collector of gems, pictures and art treasures generally, is known to fame only as the owner of the diamond which bears his name, and which for a time was celebrated as the most perfect blue diamond extant. He purchased it for £18,000. There has always been a shade of suspicion that the Hope blue is one of three fragments into which the famous "French Blue" was divided after being stolen with other of the French regalia from the Garde Meuble during the Commune.

Ennobled by a Gem.

Originally the "French Blue" was known as the "Tavernier Blue." Tavernier, a noted French gem expert in the reign of Louis XIV., traveled extensively in oriental countries, gained the confidence of merchants and potentates, and inspected many of the guarded treasures which had never before been seen by Europeans. A few jewels he succeeded in buying for his august master, and others he so carefully described in writing that they have been traced from such written description.

Returning from one of these eastern trips Tavernier brought with him the blue diamond, which, after being cut, weighed 67½ carats. King Louis was so delighted with it that he ennobled Tavernier, but the latter's son was a profligate and ruined his father, who at the age of 84 started on another visit to the orient and died on the way.

On the morning of September 17, 1792, Paris was startled by the discovery that the Garde Meuble had been robbed of its treasures, including the Regent, the Sancy and the Tavernier blue diamonds. Paris was in an uproar, and a number of persons were arrested on suspicion, but finally released.

Shortly afterward an unsigned letter reached the commissioners of the Commune, stating that some of the missing gems would be found in a ditch in the Champs Elysees. Hastening to the spot, officers unearthed among other treasures the most notable diamonds, but not the Tavernier Blue.

Mystery Never Solved.

It has never been recovered, nor has it ever again appeared in the markets of the world. The Hope diamond is supposed to be one of the fragments of the celebrated stone, but in the interval of years since being brought from India is reputed to have lost some of the rich coloring that made it the most famous blue diamond known to exist.

Laborers in the Golconda mines held the belief that when a stone was baptized in blood when first taken from the earth—as many of the stones were—it caused the shedding of blood wherever it went; and the horrors that have surrounded the history of some of the world's great jewels might readily confirm the superstitious in this belief.

The Dutch diamond cutters, while not believing with the French that diamonds are subject to sickness and health like human beings, nor in the superstition of the Golconda miners, did believe with great devoutness that in some way they could not comprehend the diamond was a bewitched stone. Not a few held that it was under the direct and special protection of the devil. The diamond cutters of Amsterdam, not understanding exactly the physical construction of the stone and knowing nothing of its cleavage-planes, found that very often it split or cracked under their manipulation. Whenever a gem was thus damaged the vexation and loss were attributed to Satan, who, having made the diamond in his own laboratory, was loath to see it appropriated by men, and took a malicious pleasure in damaging it whenever he could.

Outwitting Old Nick.

So many accidents of this kind occurred that in some factories a little chapel was fitted up, where every diamond cutter went and said his prayers before going to work, while for additional protection a bottle of holy water was placed on each work bench, and before beginning any delicate bit of work on a stone the cutter moistened his fingers and sprayed a little of the protecting liquid about the bench.

While the Hope diamond has obtained the widest celebrity as a blue stone, there are two others of great brilliance and value held in this country, known as the "Indian Twins," cut in cushion shape, weighing 8½ carats each, and of a pale blue color. They were obtained after great trouble and expenditure of much time and money and are in the possession of Mrs. William Astor.

The first record of these "Indian Twins" places them in the possession of Warren Hastings at the time he was governor general of India. A hint to some native potentate that a present of that nature would not be unacceptable, and they passed into the possession of that great Englishman, whose aptitude for "picking up unconsidered trifles" of value aided materially in bringing about his downfall.

From Warren Hastings the "Twins" passed to a Russian nobleman, who was afterward exiled. He sold the diamonds separately, and for a long time only one of the stones was known to diamond merchants. The lone twin fell into the possession of the duke of Brunswick, whose agents searched the world for the lost twin without being able to get any trace of it.

How the Twins Were Reunited.

When the duke was separated from his fine collection of art treasures by death the Indian twin came to this country. The final chapter of the story is thus told by E. A. Neresheimer, at that time a resident of New York, but now a leading officer with the United Brotherhood at Point Loma, Cal.:

"I had the diamond in my possession," said Mr. Neresheimer, telling of his efforts to find the lost diamond, "and my agents were looking for its missing relative, although we had little hope of finding it. That was about 20 years ago. One of the agents, who had been so long engaged in the search that it had become his mechanical habit to study the jewelry on men and women he met, was surprised almost out of his wits one day in a Chicago saloon to see a western man enter in whose shirt bosom blazed the identical "Twin," which had been for so long sought. The agent lost no time in negotiating for and securing the diamond. The reunited Twins were valued at $125,000."

Thus three of the most famous blue diamonds in the world are now in the United States.

The Romance of a Princess.

The Princess Bambia Dhuleep Singh, who is studying medicine in Chicago, has probably as romantic a history behind her historic name as any woman living. Her father was the son of the "Lion of the Punjab"—Runjeet Singh, whose good deeds were writ in water, but whose cruelties have lost nothing in the telling. Her mother was a Coptic maid, who took the fancy of Dhuleep Singh while he was sojourning at Cairo, and who re-enacted the romance of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.

But the name of Dhuleep Singh is indelibly associated with the thrice famous Koh-i-Noor which is Persian for "Mountain of Light"—the most precious gem in the regalia of Great Britain, now being reset in a diadem to grace the brow of Queen Alexandra at the coronation of King Edward.

Though by no means the finest diamond, nor even the largest, it has the most romantic history of any known. Its authentic history is traceable back to 1304, when it had been an heirloom in the family of the rajah of Malwa for several centuries. By battle, assassination and bribery it passed into the possession of the Moguls of Hindostan.

It was in the possession of Shah Jehan's descendant, Mohammed Shah, when Nadir Shah carried devastation into India and seized Delhi in 1739, securing loot worth $500,000,000. The conqueror had heard of the jewel, and when he seized the treasury he searched for it, but the Koh-i-Noor was not to be found. Eventually one of the women favorites of Mohammed told Nadir Shah—for a consideration—that her erstwhile lord and patron carried the Koh-i-Noor in his turban. By that time a treaty had been ratified and Nadir Shah had no excuse for taking the jewel by force. But what could not be reached by force was attained by strategy.

A Profitable Exchange.

Mohammed was invited to a durbar given in his honor by Nadir Shah, in friendly ratification of the treaty, and during the festivity was asked to exchange turbans in token of amity and eternal friendship. As he spoke Nadir Shah removed his costly Persian turban, sparkling with magnificent jewels. Mohammed could offer no excuse for refusing the friendly overture, and without allowing any sign of chagrin to appear upon his face, he removed his turban and made the exchange with such indifference that Nadir Shah believed he had been outwitted. Brusquely bringing the durbar to an end, he retreated to his palace, where he unrolled the turban and discovered the Koh-i-Noor.

After the assassination of Nahir in 1749 his son, Shah Rokh, received the jewels looted by his father. They proved his undoing. Mohammed Aga coveted the Koh-i-Noor and occupied the City of Meshd, of which Shah Rokh was governor, under pretense of a religious pilgrimage, seized Rokh and tortured him in every way known to the ingeniously cruel oriental mind.

The governor surrendered many jewels, but of the Koh-i-Noor he would say nothing. A paste diadem was placed upon his head and boiling oil was poured into it, and still he maintained silence.

Brother Against Brother.

The unhappy Rokh died from the effect of his injuries, but not until he had been avenged by Ahmed Shah, who received the Koh-i-Noor as a reward. In time it passed to Ahmed's grandson. He was deposed and blinded by his brother. He hid the diamond in the plaster of his prison wall, but it was discovered and held by the usurping brother until he in turn was deposed and blinded by a third and just as unscrupulous brother.

The two blinded brothers, reconciled by misery common to both, fled with the diamond for refuge to Runjeet-Singh. He was friendly at first, but soon lusted for the Koh-i-noor, and began a system of petty persecution. After prolonged bargaining the stone was surrendered for 120,000 rupees, and the two blind fugitives went to British territory to end their days. They told of the splendor of the fateful stone and the lust for possession seized the British authorities.

The Koh-i-Noor continued to shine in the treasury of Lahore until 1849, when the sixth dynasty fell before the arms of England, and Dhuleep Singh lost his throne and the famous diamond both at the same time. The English looted the treasury, most of the treasure being made over to the East India Company in payment of Punjab debts, but the Koh-i-Noor was sent home to Queen Victoria. It weighed 186 1-16 carats, but was sadly cut. Being recut at considerable sacrifice, it now weighs only 102¾ carats.

Hollow Mockery of Giving.

The young Maharajah, then a mere boy, never forgot that he had once been owner of the Koh-i-Noor and ruler of the warlike Sikhs, the Sikh and Goorka regiments having cast more luster on British arms in India than any others. Young Dhuleep Singh was taken to England to be educated at the public expense, and in due time he was granted a very handsome pension in lieu of the dominion wrested away from him.

"I should like to place the jewel in the queen's hand, now that I am a man," he remarked one day after he had attained his majority. "I was only a child when I surrendered it to her by the treaty, but now I am old enough to understand."

This wish of the young Maharajah was made known to Queen Victoria, and next day he was summoned to the palace. The magnificent gem was placed in his hand, and for some time he toyed with it, as with fixed gaze he became lost in thought.

It was quite a different object from that which had caused so much joy and so much agony in the oriental home of his imperial ancestors. The lapidary's art had revealed the hidden fire and dazzling beauty. Rousing himself, the Maharajah handed to her majesty the rich prize and sedately remarked that it gave him pleasure to place the jewel in the hands of his sovereign.

It would be interesting to know what thought flashed through the young Maharajah's mind while gazing at the beam of light glinting and sparkling in the hollow of his hand, before the empty form of surrendering the gem was gone through with. Some of Dhuleep's friends in India might have said it was a good riddance, and that the "curse of the jewel" had departed with it from his royal house.

How He Chose His Bride.

A day came when the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was less content with his life in exile. He had been brought to England, educated and provided for as though he had been an English prince. But one restraint was laid upon him—that he should never return to his native province, nor come nearer to it than Bombay. In his college days he and the present king, the Prince of Wales, were close companions, and the Maharajah established himself on a splendid estate not far removed from the prince's royal domain at Sandringham, where he lived the life of an English gentleman.

His mother came from India to see the son that had been wrested from her arms, and who was not permitted to visit her, but during her visit she suddenly took the cholera and died. Before passing away she exacted the promise that he would take her body back to India and see to it that she was buried with all the observances due her caste.

The Maharajah was permitted to go only as far as Bombay. Upon returning he stopped in Egypt and visited the mission in Cairo. The pupils selected the finest embroidered handkerchief from the work done at the mission and it was presented by a pretty little Coptic maid named Bamba, who, kneeling before the "Prince of India," kissed his hand and begged him to accept their grateful offering.

The Maharajah loved the self-reliant girl at first sight, and he made overtures for her hand in marriage. He was informed that the girl was the illegitimate daughter of an English officer and a Coptic slave, but the Maharajah said he had rank enough for two. The marriage took place, and upon returning to England the sweet-faced little Maharanee was presented to Queen Victoria.

Victoria's Gracious Act.

At that time the queen was almost as much of a girl as her shy visitor with the clear sun-warmed skin. Stepping down from the throne, she took the hand of the girl who should herself rightfully have gone on the throne of the strongest of the Indian kingdoms, and kissed her on the forehead. Later Queen Victoria was the godmother to the Maharanee's first child, a son, who died in infancy.

As time rolled on the Maharajah asked the British government to enlarge upon the grant it had made in lieu of his princely estate that had been seized. He had been reared and educated with royal tastes as befitted his station, but the financial equivalent for the Punjab, not to mention the Koh-i-Noor, had not been sufficient to save him from debts. Some little friction developed between him and the British government, and the Maharajah disappeared. The telegraph was kept busy to head him off in the event of his attempting to return to his native country. He did nothing of the kind, but returned to England, and shortly afterward satisfactory arrangements were made.

When the Maharajah died the papers were extravagant in their praises of him as a man and a prince. They wrote of him as a "splendid type of India's royal sons, wealthy, talented, generous, noted for his philanthropy, and every inch a king."

The responding title of Maharanee has been lost. The Indian title passed away with the last Maharajah, and Albert Dhuleep Singh is known as Prince Albert—he was named after "Albert the Good," while the princess bearing her mother's name of Bamba also bears the title that is more in consonance with English ideas.

Nerve Pure Gold.

By H. S. KELLER.
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

NERVE, beyond a doubt prompts the gambler to stake his all on the cast of the die, abide thereby, be the result what it may. We read of the man of nerve who closes a deal in stocks involving millions of dollars—and his picture meets us—also every hourly incident of the brief day of 24 hours in which he lives, dabbles or toils. Are the frills of his night shirt of import to us? What does it matter if he eats herrings, south-down mutton or plain oatmeal for breakfast? Wet we have his breakfast pat print, and his dinner, and his occasional plans and every minute detail of his coming and his going. What does it matter if he goes by special private car or the same as any other individual who pays his way? Do I care. Do you care just how the wife of Senator Depew looks? She may have a gold mine behind her, but that's none of our business. If one of the Roosevelt kids falls from the back stairs and barks the skin off the nose it should be of less importance to us than the question of whether or no our kid gets into a new grade in school, and stays up William Riley to touch us for a new set of books.

But here's the other side:

A chap who doesn't have to do anything of the sort rushes into a burning building and hauls out a girl afflicted with smallpox. He was the only man in the big crowd who had in his make-up pure gold. I do not think I could have performed the deed. Could you, fond reader? I fear few have stood in the crowd and helped applaud; I wonder, could you have done more than applaud? This man saved the girl from a burning building. He left the girl, went back and extinguished the flames—then came forth again, picked up the poor girl and carried her back to the bed of sickness. Some call this nerve, but it is more than nerve—it is the pure gold that some men have, who know what to do on the spur of the moment without question or quibble, without asking who or wherefore, without awaiting the dreary detail in the way of unrolling of red tape and all that sort.

That chap was a hero—and I wish I had the pure gold within me to do the same.

I hide my head in shame, and am sorry to confess that I do not possess that sort of pure gold.

Do you?

A poor fellow pinioned beneath timbers in a recent wreck was about to be relieved from his serious situation. Two girls in as bad a situation were nearby. What said the man?

"All right, I'll wait; but please be as quick as you can."

There was his pure gold, chivalry and the weak cry of human nature. To relieve brave Murphy would have brought the wreckage upon the girls. Did he stop to think of the consequence of delay? Did he count the cost of moments when he was pinioned there helpless?

Never!

"I'll wait, but please be as quick as you can."

Why are some men given the pure gold at birth—not from blood that has flown for ages through veins wherein only the blue color courses? Why do men fall who have been erected upon pedestals of fame when it comes to the push? Why did Arnold falter after the story that made him great reached him? Why do nine-tenths of us all fall when we are call to put forth the great test of manliness, godliness?

We lack the pure gold.

I have not got it.

Have you?

And so we stop short of reaching the highest aim, because we have not got that little grain of pure gold. And we are all sorry that we are so lacking when we read of the great things some heroes do who will never get monuments.

We would be brave if we had the opportunity. Would we?

There is about one man in twenty thousand who would risk his life to save a smallpox patient from a burning building. There is about one man in a hundred thousand who would wait until two girls, strangers to him, could be rescued first, in a railroad smash, and that is a tunnel.

Yet we read of the foolish things that princes do and we gloat; we read of a marriage in high life and we gloat; we read of a man cashing the die for a fortune and we gloat; we read of a many-time millionaire making a stupendous deal and we gloat. But we are stone and we have not got the strain of pure gold that makes men great.

I haven't. Have you?

DARWIN IN THE BARNYARD.

He Would Not Recognize Any of His Old Friends of the Present Day.

Not the least striking lesson in evolution has been given by modern poultry shows. Half a century ago Darwin enumerated 15 varieties of fowls known to him, giving pictures typical of the various races. W. B. Tegetmeier, who selected the specimens thus illustrated, says that not one of the figures would be accepted by the present fanciers as furnishing any idea of the development of salient points.

Some breeds have been improved almost out of existence. The Spanish fowl has had its comb increased to four times its former size, the white skin on the face has so developed as to blind the old bird and the ear lobe has increased to eight inches in length and an area of some 30 square inches, but the creature has become practically useless as a layer of eggs. The old English Dorking has been least changed, having simply increased in size.

The effect of the prize system has not only led to the production of monstrosity-producing breeds by selection and crossing, but has caused fanciers' minds to be so exaggerated that the resulting monstrosities have no value except in showing how far a living organism may be artificially varied. At the latest London show the different varieties of fowls were represented in 291 classes.

"Always pay as you go," said Uncle Toddy.

"But, uncle, suppose I've nothing to pay with?"

"Then don't go."

Country is an artificial environment designed to facilitate living; it is not made to be died for.—Life.

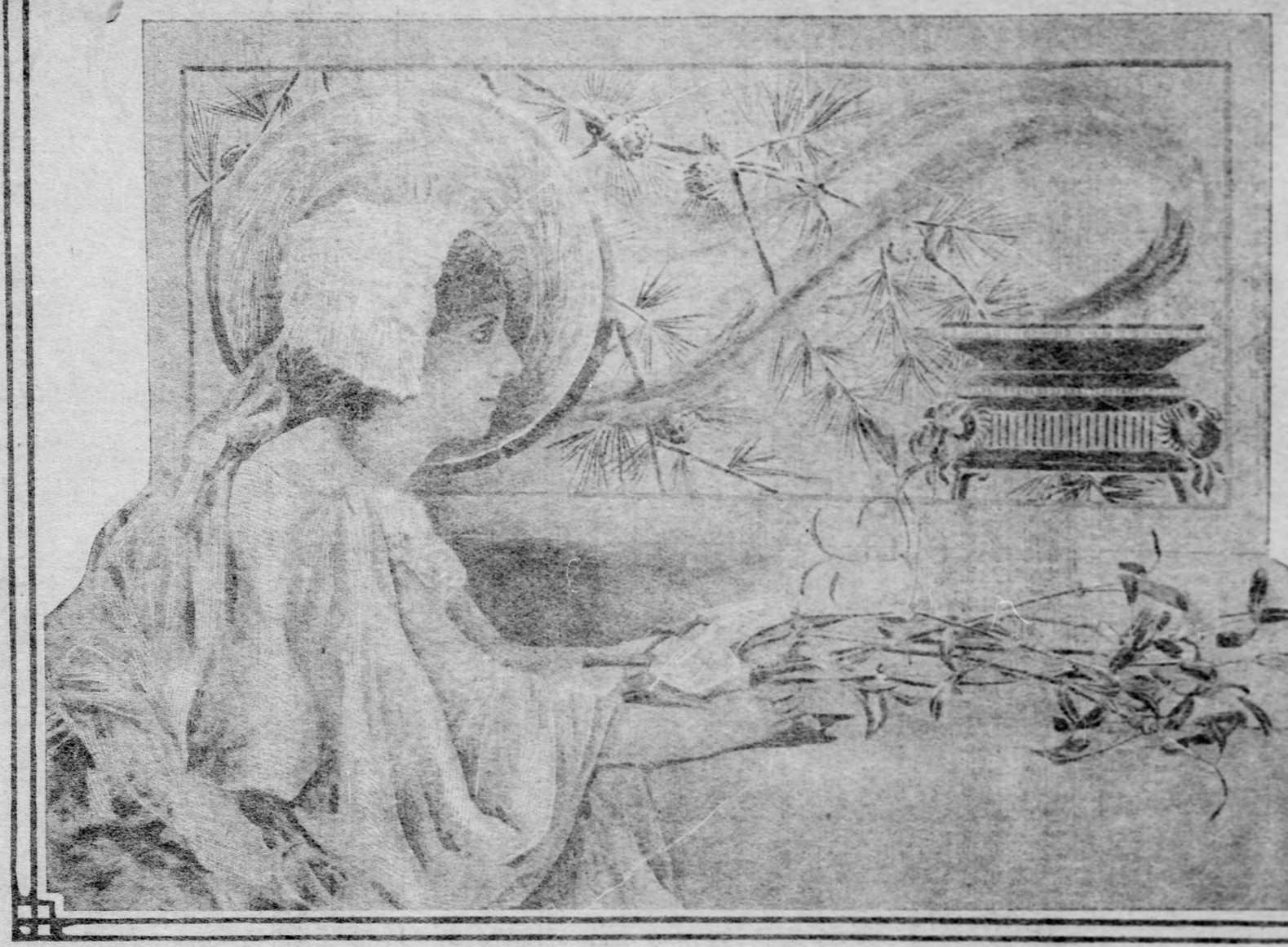
The Rose and the Gauntlet.

Low spake the knight to the peasant girl,
"I tell thee truth, I am bested quite;
My wife me frets this garden spoil,
And thou shalt go for my master's knife.
Thou shalt have pomp and wealth and pleasure,
Days reeking thy fancy's measure;
Then with me wend and leave I crave,
To bear thee safely to my distant land,
Take thou forsooth this full-blown rose,
A token of love that no frost blows."

When his grim wife would be plucked the token,
But it fell from his gauntlet, crushed and rotten.
The maiden exclaimed: "Thou knave, my
The dagger of love can only smite.
And tho the rose long kept true and unstained,
I in my rags would by wishing and chastity."
She trembled and blushed and her glances fell,
But when raised from the knight and maid
Each presented!

"Now sir," he cried, "since I lose my rose,
I hold not thy vows, but I hold thine eyes."
She lifted her up to his grasp of scorn:
And he crushed and squeezed with fiercest hate;
But ah! his eyes drew forth her heavy sins,
Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
Neither the fear of the commoner knew
And the maiden that perished on the gauntlet
Was the living rose and the woman's rose.

Thus standing the rose was bright of hue;
That crushing the maiden was fair to view;
But the crushing was the knight's shame
On the withered leaves and the maiden dead.
—John Sherman.



A book of verses underneath the bough,
A Jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Ah, wilderness were paradise enow!

From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

London's New Statue of Queen Boadicea.

For nearly two years and a half work has been progressing on that part of the Thames embankment which faces Big Ben, to construct a granite base on which to place a noble work of art. The pedestal is now practically completed, and early in the coming year it will be surmounted by a statuary group representing Boadicea, the Amazon queen of the Iceni, in her war chariot.

The whole group forms a superb creation and will be a most important addition to the artistic sights of the British metropolis. Moreover, the statuary has an interesting, not to say a romantic, history. Thomas Thornycroft, who died in 1885, was at one time sculptor to Queen Victoria, and the prince consort was a frequent visitor to his studio in Stanhope street, Regent's park. Mr. Thornycroft set his heart upon the production of a

John Thornycroft, LL.D., F. R. S.
Donor of the Boadicea Monument.

huge equestrian group in memory of the heroic Boadicea, and the prince consort was so delighted with the project that he promised the sculptor the use of the best horses in the royal stable as models.

The offer was accepted and the work commenced, but it was fifteen years before a complete plaster cast was evolved. The sculptor designed the statuary with a view to its standing in the open air—the very outline proves that—and at his studio in Kensington Mr. Thornycroft laid down railway lines in order that the ever-growing group might be drawn into the garden for the better observation of the effect.

Unfortunately the prince died, and when the plaster cast was completed it was allowed to remain hidden and dust covered in the studio. After Thomas Thornycroft's death his son, Hamo Thornycroft, the famous sculptor of today, took over his father's workrooms and Boadicea was removed to the residence of another son, John I. Thornycroft, the inventor and builder of torpedo boats. Here a special store house was constructed for the vast art treasure, and it was eventually seen by William J. Bull, a member of parliament and of the London county council. This gentleman, realizing how poor London is in the matter of beautiful statues, suggested that a bronze cast of the group should be made. Mr. Thornycroft expressed his willingness to present his father's magnum opus—valued at £10,000—to the nation, and in 1898 the London county council accepted the offer and agreed to provide a suitable site.

The casting, in fifty pieces and weighing altogether about ten tons, has long been performed. In a few weeks the various sections will be brought to London town, welded together and placed on the pedestal at the foot of Westminster bridge, a pedestal which stands 11 feet high, with a length of 20 feet and a width of 35 feet. Deep cut into the granite will be the words of the poet Cowper:

"Regions Caesar never knew thy posterity shall sway."

According to Miss Frances Power Cobbe, the Latin name Boadicea was in the Welsh huddle meaning Victoria, and thus did a queen bearing the modernized translation of Boadicea sway regions which the mighty Caesar dreamed not of. For this reason, and because of the interest the prince consort evinced in the work, it was formerly suggested that Queen Victoria should be asked to unveil the group, even now it is probable that royalty will grace the ceremony.

The Boadicea Monument.

This piece of statuary is certainly an inspiring work. Boadicea, a classical figure standing 10 feet high, occupies the central position in the chariot. In her raised right hand is her spear, while her left arm is upheld as if she were urging her barbaric warriors on to victory. The drapery is tightly drawn against the figure, giving one the impression that the car is traveling at speed. On either side of the queen are her daughters—the one eager for the fray, the other terrified at the thought of battle. The horses, lightly harnessed to the low chariot, are shown in the act of plunging forward; they know no rein or bridle to restrain them in their wild rush toward the ranks of the invading Romans, and they form a picture full of life and dash.

THE SUNDAY GAZETTE ORIGINAL FICTION PAGE

Little Miss Vassar Concluded

(Continued From Last Sunday.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SECRET OUT.

"Miss Fernlie!" I ejaculated.

"And Bascomb, by all that's good!" exclaimed old Luke. "A deputy sheriff is the very man we want, at the present moment. Arrest that man, Bascomb! He pointed to Elwyn. 'Take charge of him.'"

"What has he done, Mr. Morrisey?" asked the deputy, hesitating.

"I'll explain everything when the proper time comes. Take the rogue to Phoenix and you'll save me the trouble."

Ever since she had appeared Elwyn had been staring at Miss Fernlie like one in a trance.

"Mr. Lafarge," said the actress, appealing to me, "do not permit this! I have been your friend—I have also been Mr. Morrisey's friend, although he may not know it—and I implore you not to insist on having Mr. Edwards taken to prison."

She called the gambler "Edwards" which proved how thoroughly conversant she was with recent events.

"Do you know this lady, Gene?" asked my employer, turning to me.

"I know her very well, sir," I answered. "Miss Fernlie, Mr. Morrisey."

Old Luke bowed, his perplexity showing plainly in his face and manner.

"Miss Fernlie," said he, "this man Edwards is a law-breaker. It is not his fault that he does not stand before us charged with wanton murder. His plans were well laid and well executed; providence alone prevented them from proving successful."

"The intent to do wrong then is all you can charge him with, is it not?" she queried.

"Conspiracy is the charge he will be tried on," answered old Luke.

"Sir," said Miss Fernlie, addressing the baron, whom I had neglected to present to her in the excitement, "will you please leave your prisoner with us and step to one side with Mr. Bascomb? I wish to speak with these gentlemen apart."

The deputy at once retired out of earshot, but the baron did not move so quickly. He looked to old Luke for some sign and the latter motioned him away. Then the four of us, Miss Fernlie, Mr. Morrisey, myself and the prisoner drew closer together.

The color had fled from Miss Fernlie's countenance, leaving it white and determined. She had also assumed a brusque, professional air that suggested footlights, unreality, a play within a play.

"Gentlemen," she observed, in a low, but firm voice, "you will understand my interest in the prisoner when I tell you that I am his wife."

"It is false!" exclaimed Elwyn, with passionate vehemence.

"It is true," she declared, looking at him squarely. "You obtained a divorce from me, but you obtained it fraudulently. The decree has been set aside and I am still your wife."

The gambler lost his coolness and self-possession and gave every evidence of being an enraged and baffled man.

"But your name is not his." I murmured, all at sea because of this announcement of Miss Fernlie's, which had come like a thunderclap from a clear sky.

"Isabella Fernlie is my stage name," she explained.

"Miss Fernlie," spoke up old Luke, "or Mrs. Edwards, whichever you choose, I can understand how, as the wife of this man, you wish to shield him. At the same time you say he obtained a divorce from you by fraudulent means. Pardon me, but under these circumstances I should think you would rather see him paying the penalty for some of his crimes."

Miss Fernlie did not tell us, in words, why she was shielding the man, but the flush of color that suffused her cheeks and died swiftly away told as plainly as any words could have done. She loved still. The old passion was yet smouldering in her heart.

"Ah!" muttered my employer, flashing a significant glance at me. "I understand your position, Mrs. Edwards, but I cannot allow this little family affair to interfere with the course of justice. I am sorry, but I am determined to push Edwards to the limit."

The soulful disappointment reflected in Miss Fernlie's eyes was a powerful appeal to me and I started to ask my employer for clemency on the prisoner's behalf, but was cut short before I had fairly begun.

"I spared this fellow once for you, Lafarge, and I shall not do it again. We might as well call Bascomb and —"

"Wait!" broke in the actress. "The prisoner and Richard Waite—the man who has met his death at the hands of Mr. Lafarge—planned to rob you of some bullion, Mr. Morrisey. Edwards knew when the gold was to be carried to town and suggested the robbery to Waite. Waite entered heartily into the plan, was to furnish two men to help him and he and they were to have all the money. Edwards had already quarreled with Mr. Lafarge, and had challenged him to a duel—"

"A duel!" exclaimed old Luke. "Why didn't you tell me of that, Gene?"

"I could not," I answered, "without opening up a matter I had agreed to keep secret."

"Proceed, Miss Fernlie," said my employer, "and pardon the interruption."

"At the time you were halted on the road, Mr. Morrisey," the actress continued, "Richard Waite was dressed to carry off the part of Lafarge. The shot you fired did no damage, but Waite pretended that he had been struck in the right arm. That was the reason Edwards shot Mr. Lafarge in that way. The story Edwards had planned to tell afterwards would be the more convincing."

"A dastardly plot!" muttered old Luke, his eyes traveling over the form of Elwyn with loathing contempt.

The gambler was listening to his wife's story with a sneering smile. He seemed to have no sense of humiliation, no feeling of shame at this revelation of his villainy.

"Some of this information I am now confiding to you," continued Miss Fernlie, "I have discovered since the attempted robbery and the failure of Edwards's plot. All I knew on the night before the robbery was planned to take place I communicated to Mr. Lafarge in a letter delivered to him at night by Mr. Bascomb. In that letter I told Mr. Lafarge that if he warned you, Mr. Morrisey, he would only increase your danger. Edwards was the originator of the plot, he was at the mine, and if the plot fell through I feared he might do something desperate. On that account I asked Mr. Lafarge to exercise his ingenuity and do what he could to save the bullion and protect himself."

"Which he did," added old Luke, "in a way that not only proved his own innocence but laid bare the diabolical designs of Edwards."

"In return for the service I rendered Mr. Lafarge," said Miss Fernlie, "can you not spare Mr. Edwards and drop proceedings against him in connection with that explosion in the mine?"

My employer shook his head.

"I would like very much to do what I can for you, Mrs. Edwards, but the more you say the more convinced I am that Edwards needs a salutary lesson. A taste of the law will prove a benefit to him."

Miss Fernlie gave me a hopeless look; a look which said plainly that she could save herself at the expense of Miss Morrisey, but that she would not stoop to such means.

Elwyn, however, had not her considerations.

"Why don't you tell everything, Belle?" he spoke up. "Why don't you tell Luke Morrisey that I am Carl Elwyn, the son of his old friend? Why don't you tell him that I am in love with his daughter, and have exhausted every means to make her my wife, even without his consent? Why don't you tell him that I have tried to play the hero of an over-strained melodrama in order to catch his daughter's sentimental fancy? Why don't you tell him that I would have married his daughter in Phoenix, on the night of the carnival, but for you and Lafarge? You have led me a pretty chase the last month or so, Belle, and your confounded jealousy has lost me the game!"

These words poured from the gambler's lips in a torrent. As they came to Luke Morrisey's ears, and he gradually grasped their meaning, his grizzled face grew white and his eyes fairly burned as he whirled about and fixed them upon me.

"Do you hear what that scoundrel says, Lafarge?" he demanded, in a low, tense voice.

I nodded.

"He says his name is Elwyn. Did you know that when he came to the mine and masqueraded under the name of Edwards?"

"Yes."

"And you allowed me to be deceived! You even helped my daughter to deceive me!"

"Mr. Morrisey," I began, "you do not understand the matter sufficiently. You must let me—"

"By heaven, your usual method of evasion won't help you this time! Did you, or did you not, help my daughter to deceive me?"

"Your daughter, sir—"

"By the eternal, you'll drive me insane. I want one word from you—yes or no. Did you deceive me?"

"Yes."

He drew himself erect and his great frame shook with suppressed anger, as he cried:

"I'm done with you, now and forever! You deliberately tricked me, and no man ever tricked Luke Morrisey twice. Don't you dare to show your face at the mine again!"

He spun on his heels, dashed for his horse, jumped into the saddle and plunged off down the gorge.

CHAPTER XXV.

(CONCLUSION.)

Time mellows the perspective in all of life's pictures. The faulty drawing, the sharp angles, the rough touches, are all blotted out or merged into a whole that becomes more and more perfect as the years increase. In looking backward at a receding experience, we forget the sorrows and we multiply the joys.

It has been six years since old Luke denounced me for betraying his confidence; cast me off and went galloping down the gulch in the direction of the Little Ophir. It has been six years since I had those fateful dealings with Elwyn, since I killed a human being in self-defense, since I met Little Miss Vassar, now Mrs. ———. But I am anticipating. Suffice to say, these events, which formed the turning point in the career of Eugene Lafarge, look better to me through the haze of the years.

I recall that something of old Luke's temper burned in my breast, when he left me. I made no allowances for my employer's age and choleric disposition, but accepted his decree as final and considered myself cast off.

Elwyn was my prisoner and I released him, then and there. The baron lingered to condole with me and to urge me to return to the mine in spite of what old Luke had said. I accepted his condolences in the spirit in which they were tendered but would not be persuaded to return to the Little Ophir.

The baron had authority to issue time checks, negotiable at the Phoenix bank, and I had him settle with me on the spot and give his promise to send my trunk to the Ford by the freighter. Then he bade me good-bye, followed after old Luke, and the last link that bound me to the Little Ophir was broken.

I insisted that Bascomb take me in charge and, out of my own pocket, I paid for having the body of Richard Waite removed from the little plateau where he had met his death and conveyed to the undertaker's, in Phoenix. The work was performed by some Mexican woodhaulers whom we encountered in the hills.

Mrs. Elwyn, the gambler, Bascomb and I rode to town in company. I took little interest in my companions for I was very bitter against everybody—against myself most of all. Bessie Morrisey was first in my mind and I knew I could never forget her and would love her always. When reason had brought some kind of order out of my chaotic thoughts, I wondered how Bessie would meet her father when he returned, what she would say and how he would act towards her. Such speculations were of little avail, however, and I soon ceased to indulge in them.

Mrs. Elwyn told me, while we were making that dreary trip to town, that she had hired detectives to watch her husband, in the east, and that they had given her the information which had taken her to the southwest. In like manner she had obtained her knowledge of Mr. Morrisey and of his daughter and had thus been able to assist me when we met, in such a peculiar manner, at the train that morning in Phoenix.

I asked her how she had happened to be at the Three Points that day and she explained that she had learned, through Mollie, the pianist at La Felicidad, that Richard Waite had come to the house of Red Brazos to meet Elwyn. So she had hired Bascomb, against the deputy's earnest advice, to accompany her to the place. They were in the house at the time Mr. Morrisey, the baron and Enrique rode up, trying to get some information about Elwyn from the Indian woman—Red Brazos himself being absent. They were about to present themselves to my employer when I arrived with Elwyn. Thereupon they had lingered in the house for a few moments and listened to the conversation which had taken place between myself and my companions.

These explanations settled several points which had been extremely vague to me, but I had no curiosity at that time and did not press Mrs. Elwyn to give me anything more than the general details. She thanked me over and over for my kindness and forbearance in releasing Elwyn and I informed her that I had set him free on her account and not on his own.

I remained in the Phoenix jail until the inquest was held on the body of Richard Waite. I was not held for the deed by the coroner's jury. Most unexpectedly, Elwyn and his wife appeared at the inquest and the gambler gave a true version of the affray. This testimony, added to my own, sent me forth a free man in the eyes of the law.

Elwyn's wife, of course, had prevailed upon him to aid me. Thus she had given substantial evidence of her gratitude and, from that time to this, I have never seen the actress or her husband nor heard anything whatever about them. The world is large and they went their ways and lived their lives even as I went my way and pursued my own career.

My trunk reached the hotel on the day after the inquest and I cashed my time-check at the bank and took the first train out of town.

I went first to the Black Hills, where I was already acquainted and had many friends. But I did not remain there long. There was a restless feeling in my breast that would not permit me to halt permanently anywhere. I was haunted by the fair face of Bessie Morrisey. Like the portrait of Beatrice Cenci the vision followed me everywhere and change was powerless to drive it away. A year passed, a year of bootless wanderings about the west and then I found myself again in Phoenix.

I did not go out to the Little Ophir for I learned, to my intense disappointment, that it was no longer in the possession of Luke Morrisey. He had sold the property to an English syndicate and a fifty-stamp mill had been put in and the rich lead in the hundred-foot level was making the mine a veritable "bonanza."

McGregor, of the Bluebell, gave me this information. I chanced upon him at the hotel on the very day of my arrival in town.

"What has become of the baron?" I asked.

"Haven't you heard?" he returned, giving me a quizzical glance.

"No," I answered, "I haven't heard a word."

"Well, some relative of his died, over there in the old country, and left him an immense estate, the family castle and so on, and the baron resigned his position and went back to the Fatherland."

"It does me good to hear that!" I exclaimed heartily. "And how about Miss McGregor?"

"Oh, she went back with the baron. She's the baroness now, you know."

I gripped McGregor's hand and gave it a cordial pressure.

"You'll be making a pilgrimage to Germany one of these days, won't you?" I asked.

"For a visit, perhaps, but not to stay. These mountains are good enough for me. I'd be like a fish out of water, over there among all those Germans."

At the last of our talk I came to the subject that was first in my heart and inquired where old Luke and his daughter had gone.

They had gone to New York, McGregor said, and he gave me the name of a Phoenix lawyer who had my old employer's address. In less than twenty-four hours I had the address in my pocket and was on the train, eastward bound.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the hearty greeting which old Luke gave me when I reached the end of my journey, nor upon the nature of the welcome given by his daughter. Not the barest shadow rested upon the friendship that existed between Mr. Morrisey and myself and that incident that took place at the Three Points had been buried in the dead past and neither of us made an attempt to resurrect it.

Bessie was a year older and the year had changed her greatly, in many ways. She was as charming as ever—even more charming, I thought, as I looked at her and studied her face. The east was her proper sphere; old Luke told me so, privately, but the fact was too evident to need his corroboration.

I became a frequent visitor at the cozy and beautiful home of the Morriseys; and when they went to Asbury Park to spend the summer in a cottage which old Luke had bought there and had presented to Bess on her twentieth birthday, I went with them by express invitation.

The days that followed were the most delightful of my life; and one afternoon, when Bessie and I found ourselves wandering along the sea shore, watching the surge as it rolled in and broke upon the sands, I brought up the subject of the mine.

She told me then of her father's anger when he returned from the search which he had made under the guidance of Enrique. She had then informed him of everything, she said, and it was days before his anger left him and he became himself once more; but when his better nature finally prevailed, his vexation passed swiftly and completely and his one thought was of the injustice which he had done me.

He went to Phoenix to find me, Bessie went on, but discovered that I had left town. He did what he could to trace me, and wrote letters to every conceivable place where he fancied I might go, but the latters were all returned to him and at last, he gave up his efforts.

"I'll let him alone, he said," remarked Bess, "and he'll come back, I know he will."

"Why was he sure that I would come back?" I asked.

The roses brightened in her cheeks and she drooped her eyes as she answered:

"I told him what you said to me in the hundred-foot level," she answered softly, "and he said that you were loyalty itself and that nothing could keep you away from—from us."

"Us?"

"From me."

The wind was in her brown hair, blowing it about her shoulders and her bowed head. I could not see her face, but I took her hands and held them while I said:

"You gave me no answer in the level, if you remember, Bessie. Can you return the love of the poor assayer? Tell me now, sweetheart! Your father was right—it was the memory of you that brought me back, and have I come in vain?"

"Gene, Gene," she whispered, turning her brimming eyes to mine, "couldn't you see—couldn't you know? I have loved you, I think, ever since you began to love me."

"Ever since the night of our ride from Phoenix?" I murmured as I took her in my arms.

"Yes," she answered, "ever since you saved me from myself. I was sentimental, and foolish, and I did wrong, and —"

"We have crossed that bridge, little one," I interposed.

"Shall we burn it?" she asked.

"Yes," I agreed.

And we did burn it, there on the beach with the blue sea at our feet, the blue sky above our heads, and sunshine in our hearts and all around us burned the bridge so that we could never cross it again.

THE END.

Wit and Wisdom from New Books.

Lying isn't what it used to be. I'm afraid it has become one of the lost arts.—Mr. Munchausen.

He had a high standard of morals, but could not always climb their heights.—My Angling Friends.

It isn't hard work to judge human nature—if you let the other man do the talking.—The Great White Way.

Sound is only untrained music and music only harnessed sound, and both are better company than silence when one is young.—The Last of the Knickerbockers.

The truest emotions are those that are the most mute. A man who repeats too often that he is happy would be silent if indeed as happy as he asserts.—The Screen.

Of Earth's first Clay was the last Golfer framed,
And that sad Golfer's latest Score was named
And when the first Morning of Creation sang
The Dirge of every Duffer Golf has claimed.
—The Golfer's Rubaiyat.

Whence came the love of man and woman, that it should outlive the laws of nature, and defy dissolution, and outlast the body, and curse or bless the spirit? If love can live, anything can live.—Within the Gates.

FAILURE.

Oh, long and dark the stairs I trod
With stumbling feet to find my God.

Gaining a foothold bit by bit,
Then slipping back and losing it.

Never progressing, striving still,
With weakening grasp and fainting will.

Bleeding to climb to God, while He
Serenely smiled, unnoting me.

Then came a certain time when I
Loosened my hold and fell thereby,

Down to the lowest step my fall,
As if I had not climbed at all.

And while I lay despairing there
I heard a footfall on the stair.

In the same path where, dismayed,
Faltered and fell and lay afraid,

And lo! when hope had ceased to be,
My God came down the stairs to me.
Theodosia Garrison in the Smart Set.

The Mystery of Graslov

By ASHLEY TOWNE.
(Copyrighted, 1901, by C. B. Kleinhans.)
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

(Continued from last Sunday.)

CHAPTER X.

NESLEROV lay in his palace in Tomsk, slowly recovering. His heart was filled with rage, and he longed for vengeance.

His closest confidant now was Jansky, who, owing to his meritorious conduct in the apprehension of so great a gang of conspirators as the Paulpoffs, was promoted at the request of Neslerov to a post where he could assist his superior in his plans and ambitions.

He had told Jansky the story of the ride from Moscow, and it was of course colored to suit his purpose. Jansky had received his commission—the first important one since his arrival at Tomsk—to watch the American and find an opportunity to wreak vengeance.

About 20 miles from the city of Tomsk was the village of Tivoloffsky, a small mining town peopled by convicts.

To this town the Paulpoffs had been sent. Vladimir was useful in the mines. With his tremendous strength he could do the work of two, and in his simple obedience to the mandates of his superiors he never uttered a complaint. The old people did menial work, cooking for the convicts who had no families or cleaning in the houses of the officers.

This new life came hardest upon the old people, and it was their sufferings that made Vladimir curse under his breath.

One day Jansky entered the room where Neslerov sat or half reclined.

"Well, what is it?" I see you have something to say," said Neslerov.

"I have, your excellency," replied the superintendent of police. "It concerns him—your enemy."

"The American?"

"Yes. I have obeyed your commands—he has been constantly watched. And at last we are in a position to strike."

Neslerov sat up straight.

"What? Tell me at once."

"It is not yet revealed what the man's object is, but he and the Paulpoffs are plotting again."

"The Paulpoffs?"

"They and the American. He has visited them twice. It was overheard that he and Papa Paulpoff had a long conversation about a picture."

Neslerov glanced at a painting that hung on the wall. It was the painting he had taken from the Paulpoffs' house at Perm.

"What can he know about the picture?" asked the governor.

"I do not know. That is, as I said, not yet revealed."

"Jansky," he said, "I know what the object is if you do not. Listen carefully now to what I say. It is quite possible the American has discovered the existence of the original of that picture you see there. It is a small medallion, probably in a locket. It was lost some years ago by a member of my family and bears relation to a great mystery—the mystery of Grasloy."

Jansky shut his eyes and seemed to be thinking.

"Jansky, your life and mine depend upon your action now. Do you understand?"

"I understand nothing."

"That picture, if it is the one I mean, must be brought to me. The American, if he proves to be interested in it, must know or suspect something I do not wish him to know. There are ways whereby even an American could disappear in Siberia. And, Jansky, Vladimir Paulpoff is a most dangerous plotter even here. He ought to be placed where he can do no more mischief."

"I begin to understand," said Jansky grimly.

He bowed and left the palace and rode toward Tivoloffsky.

Two days passed, during which Jansky watched and kept himself in readiness to act. Then, while Mamma Paulpoff was alone in her hut, she heard an imperative knocking at the door. Papa Paulpoff and Vladimir had just gone to the mine. Denton, the American, had left the hut but a short time before. Mamma Paulpoff had been through so much trouble of late that the slightest sound jarred upon her. She turned whiter still and stepped backward as she saw the dark and forbidding face of Jansky. Behind Jansky were two of the Tomsk police.

"You are Mamma Paulpoff," said Jansky, slipping his foot in the door and working his way inside.

"I am; you know me; I was at Perm," faltered the trembling old woman.

"I am quite well aware that you were at Perm, old woman, and also that conspiring son of yours. It showed the mercy of the czar that you received no worse punishment. This is heaven compared to what you deserved."

"We had done nothing, your excellency."

"What! You still persist in that lie! You were all in the game, and you are still at it, let me tell you."

"It is not so!" wailed the old woman, having visions of horrible punishments of which she had heard.

"Don't tell me," said Jansky, brandishing a whip he carried. The other two did the same, but their whips were heavier.

The old woman crouched against the wall.

"Don't lie to me again," thundered Jansky. "I have been watching you every day since you came to this place. I say you are still conspiring."

"It is not so! I swear it in the name of God," cried Mamma Paulpoff.

"Let me tell you it will be worse for you if you do not tell the truth. You are receiving a visitor who is suspected."

"I—a visitor! I know no one!" gasped Mamma Paulpoff.

"Oh, do you not? But you were here when he came. Did he come to see you, your husband or your son?"

"Who—of whom do you speak?" asked the frightened old woman.

"Of whom would I speak save that accursed American! He has twice made attempts upon the life of the governor of Tomsk. Yet the governor in the kindness of his heart has not molested him. But he was warned if a third attempt was made it would go hard with him."

"Ah, it is impossible! He is so good—so kind—"

"Kind and kind, eh? In what manner does he display it?"

"Oh, he came—he came—"

The old woman stumbled and floundered. It had been borne in upon her understanding by Papa Paulpoff that on no account must she breathe a word to any person concerning the visit of which Jansky spoke.

"Come, out with it!" stormed Jansky.

"He came—I do not know why he came," murmured the old woman in despair.

"I will tell you. He came to conspire against the life of Neslerov, governor of Tomsk."

"No, no! I swear he did not."

"Good! Then if you know he did not, you must know why he did come here. Out with it now, if you value your life."

"My life! Ah, you would not harm a helpless old woman!"

For answer Jansky brought his whip down on her bony shoulders.

"Have mercy!" cried the unfortunate. "Will you tell why the American visited this house?"

"I know not!"

"Take her; tie her thumbs there, over the door!" he commanded savagely.

His two gallant men needed no further bidding. The aged woman was seized, cords were fastened to her thumbs and she was placed standing in the doorway Jansky had indicated, with her thumbs hung above her head.

"Tear the rags from her back!"

A rude hand tore away her garments to the waist.

"Now then, old hag," said Jansky, "understand I have come for the truth and will have it. If you do not give it to me, I will tell you. I will get the truth from Paulpoff, who has more sense than you. Now, what was the business that brought the American here?"

"I know not," whispered the woman, with a great sob.

"The lash!" roared Jansky.

One of his police swung his heavy whip and the lash came down across the naked shoulders. A livid mark told the course, and Mamma Paulpoff cried out in agony.

"This must be known," said Jansky. "Either you or someone must tell. What brought the American here? Was it concerning a picture?"

"The lash! Twice!" ordered Jansky.

A white line and a red one marked the blows of the whip. Mamma Paulpoff screamed in her awful torture. Her limbs grew weaker, and she hung by the cords tied to her thumbs. The thumbs were black.

"You will learn!" said Jansky. "The officers of the czar must take these steps to protect his empire. With the lesson you have had, tell the truth. What brought the American here?"

"I know not!" answered the woman.

"Hell's furies upon her!" said Jansky, almost beside himself. "The lash! Three times!"

"Your arm is weak," said the police officer who had done no whipping. "Let me try."

A smile of horrible cruelty crossed his face as he stepped by the side of the woman. His whip whistled in the air. It fell—once—twice—thrice, and with a scream, her head fell back. Her eyes glazed.

"Hold! Quick! Release her and restore her to consciousness!" ordered Jansky. "She is unconscious and cannot feel our punishment."

They cut her down, laid her on the floor and poured liquor down her throat.

Groans came from her as they worked.

"Shut, take me from this awful pain!" she murmured.

"She feels again!" said Jansky in savage glee. "String her up."

Again she was raised and the cords fastened to her thumbs.

"Now, hag, tell me why the American came here! Was it to kill the governor or to kill the czar?"

"No, I do not know."

"You lie. The charge against him and Vladimir is that they are conspiring to kill both. The American and Vladimir will be taken to the prison at Tomsk and shot. Tell the truth. It will save them and you."

"I know nothing," said the old woman, remembering her husband's warning.

"The lash, both of you! Kill the old beast!" yelled Jansky.

"It was but a picture—to take a picture!" cried Mamma Paulpoff in tones that pierced the air.

Her weakness had come too late. Both whips coiled round her shrunken breasts. The withered skin was cut as with a knife. One scream came from her writhing lips, and she was still.

"Cut her down. Leave her," was Jansky's curt remark. He watched them lay the still form upon the floor and then led the way to their horses.

"It was a picture," he muttered. "The Nesterov was right, and the American is on the trail. Both he and Vladimir must die."

That night Vladimir came home from the mine with Papa Paulpoff. He was the first to step across the threshold.

"By God!" he said. "Who has been here?"

Papa Paulpoff stood stupefied, looking at the upturned face of his wife—deathbrushed—her breasts covered with blood.

"The police!" whited the old man, wringing his hands pitifully. "They have killed Mamma Paulpoff! They will kill you—and me!"

Vladimir's gentle, placid face became distorted with insane rage. He stooped over the dead body of his mother, touched her blood with the tips of his fingers and wiped them on his own brow.

"If this is Neslerov or the order of the czar," he thundered into the ears of the terror stricken old man, "I will rend them all! From this moment I live for vengeance!"

He brought his clenched fist down on a wooden table and wrecked it completely.

"He will I crush them who have done this thing!" he cried. "So will I crush their hearts!"

While he raged Papa Paulpoff stood by the side of Mamma Paulpoff and wept.

[To Be Continued Next Sunday.]

THE YOUNG AUTHOR

Some Hints That Will Help Him, From One Who Has Been Through the Mill.

Written for The Sunday Gazette by JIM THE PENMAN.

It is always a delicate matter to instruct would-be authors. They imagine their are endowed with talents and temperaments that lift them beyond the need of instruction. Especially may this instruction be wasted when they learn that the writer of this article is not a famous author by any means, nor one who has "arrived"—but merely a young writer like those he would aid, with all their faults and all their vain hopes and desires. Such is, indeed, the case. Instead of turning a deaf ear to them those because of the ineffectual acknowledgment, the beginner of gall take the more kindly to the advice given, since it is not offered by one above their own little spheres in the wide realm of letters. No, the writer, knowing just those they details which the established author is prone to overlook, because he has gone up the ladder too high to see the first few steps range at the bottom, is about to take note of them, and to suggest the help that has come into his possession through experience.

Since a tiny success has come to me, I have found how many young people, and old people, too, for that matter, are striving for fame and money in the field of letters. In Pittsburgh there are scores of them; in the country towns the proportion of would-be writers to the total population is greater yet. Some of the hope is pitiable; most of it is supported by a talent that with perseverance might arrive at a mediocre product, and occasionally there comes to light something that gives decided promise. The last brings with it the heart-burning. Editors are always on the look-out for the "promise"—but they will not develop it, otherwise than by assisting with a few words of encouragement, because they are too busy to instruct every literary dilettante that buds in the shadows of prose and poetry. And, oh, the hoarders the beginners make!

Don't Take Your Pen in Hand.

To begin with, "the pen" should be a typewriter. Kipling can sell a pen-written poem almost anywhere; so can James Whitcomb Riley. When the editor gets hold of wares from people of this standing he will study out any word; he knows beforehand that the author is not making slips in meter and rhyme—but the unarrived writer needs all the art of plainness and clearness to assist him at the editorial desk, which is his trial room, and for that reason he must have every line sing itself into the editor's heart. The study of penmanship is not going to clarify any idea set up in verse. With prose it is the same. In addition to the advantage of having the idea brought clearly and suddenly to the eye of the manuscript reader, there is also the saving of postage to be taken into consideration—and that is a big item with all beginners, since a manuscript makes so many trips. A story that will make eight pages of typewritten manuscript will make twice as many when written with the pen, and as many when printed, therefore, the postage each mailing is, therefore, doubled. I cannot bear to write prose with a pen; the development of ideas seems too long-drawn-out for the rush of thought. On the typewriter two or three copies of the same story can be made at the same time—and it is always extremely wise to keep a copy of everything sent out.

It never pays to send out manuscripts on poor paper, unless the writer has assurance that the material is to be accepted on the first trip out. The "dog-ears" made on poor paper soon drop off. A good bond paper is therefore essential. The sort that is tough and at the same time light is best, as hardness, durability and lightness, with consequent lessening of postage, is thereby attained. Foolscap should never be used. Nine by eleven inches is a better size, as longer sheets are awkward for the printer to handle at his forms or his type-setting machine.

Don't Write Letters.

When a manuscript is completed and ready for the market, the name of the author and his address should be written in the top left-hand corner of the first page and under this the legend "At usual rates." The editors all over the land know what that means—that the manuscript is not offered gratis, but that the rates of the publication are expected in return for its use. I have always found that when I unconsciously dropped a manuscript into the vaporium of a publication that does not pay for the sort of offerings I have to make, the editor writes to me if the manuscript is available, telling me he would like to use it, but that for "this sort of material he is not paying cash," etc. It is then the privilege of the author to have the article returned. Often editors who pay low rates will, if they have seen the name of the author who makes the offering to print where the rates are higher, write before accepting, saying that their rates are lower than perhaps expected. This information is not given so much because a beginner it is absolutely necessary to a beginner but because it shows that editors are very honest people on the whole. Some of all reputable publications—and that it is not necessary to write long letters telling them what to do.

Stamps should always accompany manuscripts, drawing or photographs for their return in case of rejection. I simply slip them into the manuscript when sending them home.

The stamp problem is, I think, looked upon with more seriousness than it deserves. I seldom find that the stamps adhere to the manuscripts. Little slips of gluey paper can be procured, if desired, and the stamps sent in those. When selling manuscripts to some publications they must be placed on self-addressed envelopes. Life insists upon this rule, so does Frank A. Munsey, and it is wise to do so when sending contributions to Puck, Judge, or in fact any publication which has many offerings. When sending manuscripts to the Sunday editions of the newspapers it is good policy to follow this rule, as the editors of these, being very busy, sometimes seem easily fooled large enough to hold them without an extra cover, often making it necessary to rewrite the articles.

The Literary Syndicates.

It is a much-discussed question whether it is wise to submit material to the literary syndicates. I think it is—for criticism, revision and instruction. There are several agencies which handle manuscripts, and give hints that the beginner might well heed. One of the best is the Editor's Literary Bureau, Franklin, O. Equally prompt and satisfactory is the Authors' Bureau, P. O. Box 1,505, Boston, Mass., or the Authors' Agency, at the head of which is William A. Turner, 31 Atherton street, Hibbard square, Boston, of the Scroll Literary Bureau, Chicago, Ill. Any one of these agencies will give manuscripts careful reading, offer advice, make suggestions for improving style, diction and theme, and this for a small fee, usually from 50 cents to $1 for a poem, and at the rate of 50 cents a thousand words for stories, with an additional fee for a list of publications to which the manuscript offered might be sent for consideration.

These agencies seem to be chary about undertaking the sale of manuscripts offered by green writers—because they know how little chance first offerings usually have for acceptance. When they do find something that they think is salable, a small fee for postage is deducted, and a percentage of the price received for the article, whatever that may be. It is a good thing for the new writers that the syndicates do not wish to undertake the sale of manuscripts, because they compel the young writer to seek just the experience that is needed—the direct dealing with editors.

Difference Between You and Kipling.

Many of the well-known writers never sell anything themselves. All their finished productions are sent to an agent, who makes the most advantageous disposal at his command, while the author, not bothered with the businesslike transaction, goes on writing more romance and history and poetry. But these authors have a special arrangement, and are pretty certain that nothing they turn out will go long a-begging. But it is for the experience that comes with direct dealing that I advise the young author to sell his own work.

The trouble is that when the beginner does set up his own salesman, he knows not where to strike for a sale. Invariably he knows only a few publications, which he sees month in and month out on the news stands, and he tries them all—without even so much as a pen-written word in reply to his offerings. Therefore, if the beginner has no literary friend who has learned somewhat of the ways of editors and publications—their rates, their needs and their demands—he had best send his articles first to one or the other literary syndicates, with a fee to pay for a list of publications named to which the article may be sent with some degree of hope. The agencies, first of all, consider the price, and therefore suggest first the publications from which the largest rate may be expected in case of acceptance.

In a second article I shall say something about rates of payment, the ways of editors, and where to send manuscripts.

Jane Austen's name never appeared on a title page during her life, and she never posed as a literary woman, though she made no mystery of her work, and delighted in commendation. Constance Hill's new book about the author of "Pride and Prejudice" tells how that spirit showed the extreme regret, when dead, his librarian to tell Miss Austen so and to authorize her to dedicate her next novel to him, which she did in "Emma."

The librarian then suggested several subjects for her, especially recommending a historical romance about the royal house of Coburg. This she declined, "I could not," she said, "sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to earn my fifty, and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up and never to relax into laughter at myself or at other people, I am sure I should be hanged before I had finished my first chapter."

FOOL YOUNGENS.

[illegible]

FERGUS HUME

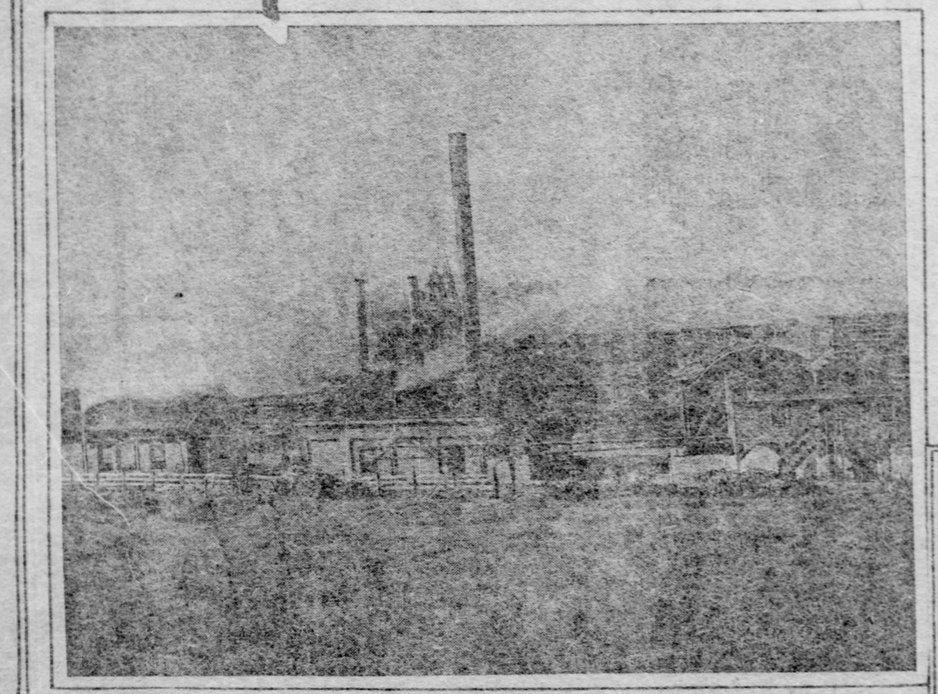
Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," and many other fascinating detective stories, has written a new tale of crime and mystery for The Sunday Gazette.

"The Turnpike House"

Begins next week. It is as fascinating as anything ever written by Gaboriau. DO NOT MISS IT.

The Romance of the Coke Ovens

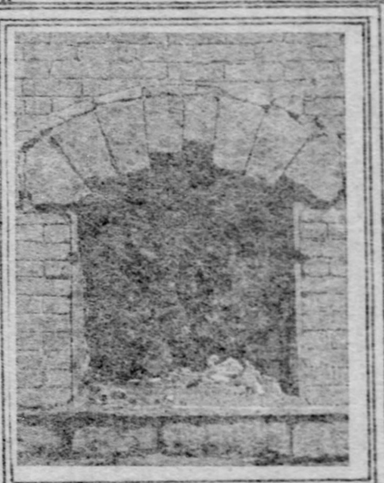
by Ashmus Cole



ROWLAND B. MAHANEY.

ENGINE AND BOILER HOUSES AND FAN.

READY FOR THE MARKET.



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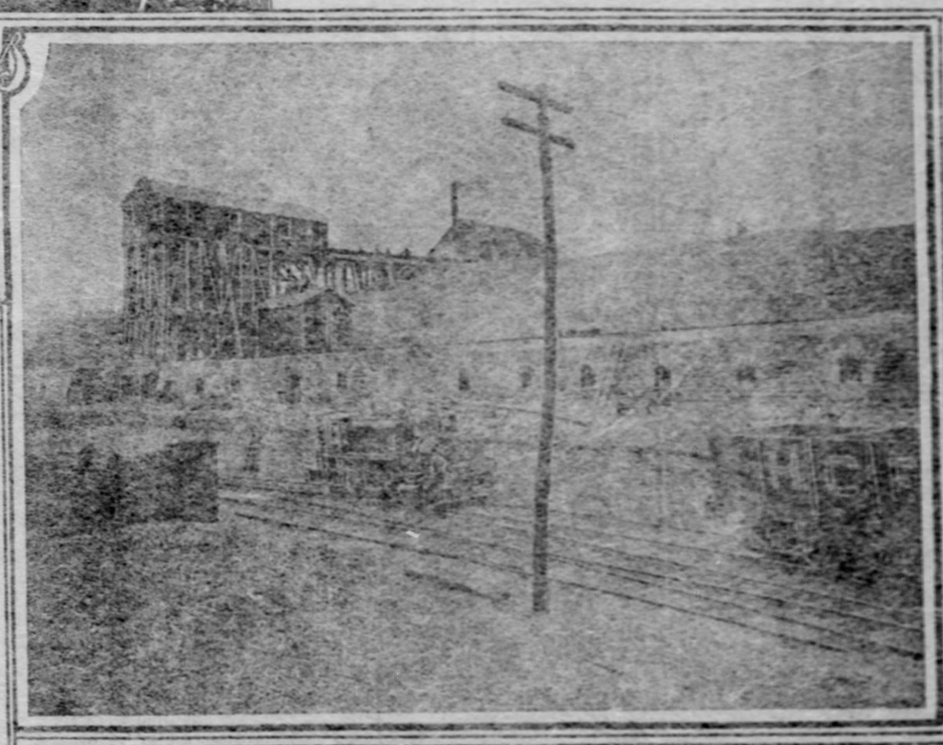
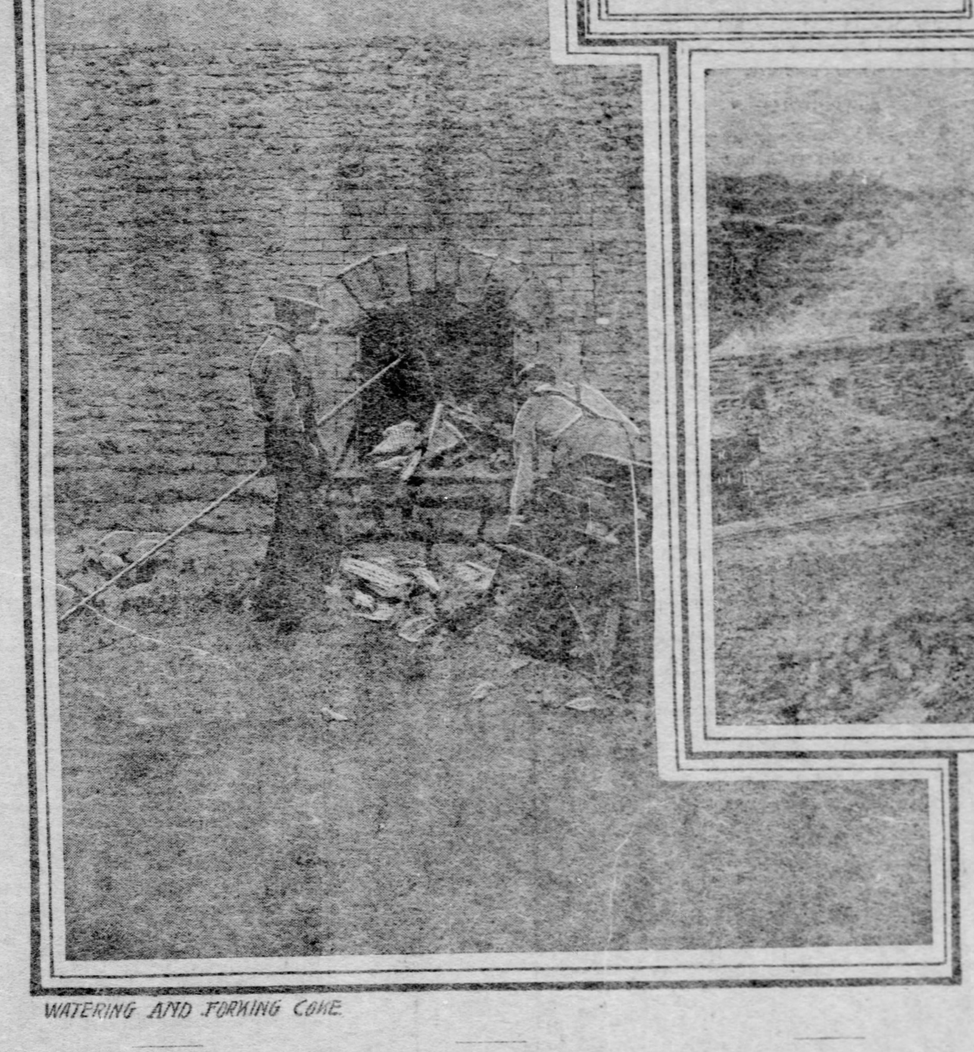
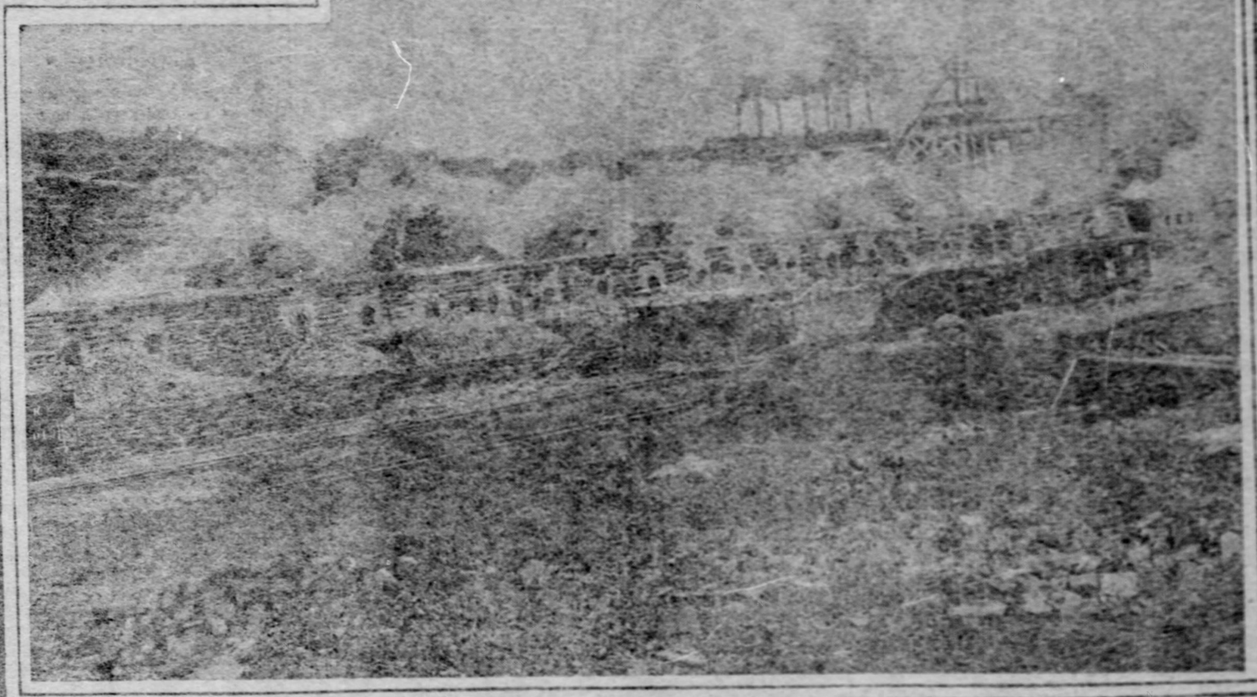


A TIPPLE



WATERING AND FORMING COKE.



THE SERPENT STRING OF OVENS.

On the grassy hood of a hill Sitka, the coke village, is hushed in the arms of night. In a huddled row the company houses squat side by side, like silent Bedouins in a nomad camp. Next to house No. 23 is house No. 24, and in house No. 24 sleeps Con McGarity, the coke drawer, who daily pulls his three ovens on the yards of Morrell.

Does he dream? Scarcely, for the tug at the scraper and the bend of the back to the burden barrow do not bring dreams, but tight slumber—heavy, long-breathed slumber, such as comes to children after play, and soldiers after battle.

Suddenly breaks on the air the resonant, remorseless drum-beat of the Morrell whistle. A long, steady throb pounds the night till panes in the company house and taut window-strips take up the tune; then a jerky toot, another and another, as if to eat into the very heart and core of sleep with the call to labor.

Con McGarity lifts up his length from the bed, leaves his wife sleeping as did the Light of Asia when going forth to the mission of his godhood, and a few minutes later steps out into the midnight, his dinner pail in his hand. If the world pities him now, the world does not know the impulse of his heart. The world, if it laughs at the narrowness of his course, does not see the scope of his seeming littleness, the width of his life-way, however goalless may seem its dreary stretches across the sifting sands of time.

As he trudges down the narrow path leading to the coke yard the day dawns for him. A dusk is his dawn, a red, somber patch of sky, that is for him pasted over one long snake of beaded flames alone—for the coker's morning is the light of the ovens on the sky, and the sunlight of the trunnel-head leaping up in merry counterpart one of the other. As he nears the coke yard more intense is the coloring of this little arena of toil. A tint of amber mixes with the purple glow over all. Dashes of white steam roll into the foreground, and the dust of some torn down door drifts up into the mix with a flake-like stir. From the oven doors dartle quaint lights, making fantastic glories upon the faces and bodies of the coke drawers trudging to their toil.

All about men gather and group. But there is not that quick, sharp clash of labor that opens the work hour in factories and shops. Here there is a sputtering of steam, a blurt as the water strikes the seething formation of coke in the ovens, an occasional dropping of a barrow side, or a sly sally of wit from one coker to the other—and that is all. Con is a wit on the yard, but it is too early to begin his jabbering. He has three ovens to draw, and first is the need of muscle and brawn—later the joke and the gibe at his Hun neighbor on the cinder.

With a curved rod Con tears down the false door of the oven, which has been built up, by the leveler, out of bricks, plastered over with a weak mortar of loam and sand and coke ashes. Before him then is the ashy face of the coke mass. He jerks out a few "black butts," the ends of the coke nearest the door which sometimes is not thoroughly burned. Putting a rod across the door, this fitting into slots on each side of the door frame, he next takes the hose standing near the door and attaches it to the hydrant. The nozzle on this is a long iron pipe, which is thrust into the oven, and the next instant the water gushes in and the steam gushes out. A sizzling volume rises from the trunnel head and another hisses out the door. Dodging to escape it, Con turns the hose from point to point—and since he is an old-timer on the yard, he seldom sprays the water directly upon the walls of the oven-hive itself, which would cause crumbling and decay.

Now look at the picture of this coke yard, and if romance is not a part of it and its meaning and its effects, romance is dead in the world of greed. Three hundred coke ovens wind about the foothills of the Alleghanies, like a great serpent crawling into the ranks of toil. Its head is lost in the shadow of the dark tipple that juts from the lips of the coal mine. Its tail is buried in the sands at the far curve of the last hillock, as if the snake was not yet altogether emerged from the habitation of clay. Between blaze and burn the electric scales of fire, fringing the back of the thing with tongues of flame, as if some giant dragon still stalked abroad to prove the knighthood and the goodness of Saint George. Strange sulphurous vapors hang over the scene, painting the horror of war on the halo of industry and peace. The towers of smoke reach up, modern Babels of the morn. And birds wonder and veer from them as from some snare of the clouds. And before it all, calm, the creator of calmness and the builder of the weird forces and the wonder, man stands out in the light, illumined by his greatness and conqueror of the elements of destruction—man, laughing amid things that are the adoration of art, the terror of the untutored. For to him this is a little thing, a mote in the eye of progress that his greatness and conqueror of the world. And so he will not pluck it out, lest he see the lank sides of the Gray Wolf and feel the fang of the Hunger-Beast come scenting to his door. For out of the cinders a man makes bread—working the miracle of Temptation, and he only a subject of the Master!

It is only a picture, the heart that is a stranger to it will say. And it is only a picture. But it paints things as they are—albeit Con, the coker, does not stop to ponder on its color and its form. And this is the force and the vigor and power of the painting. In the foreground stands the master artist, unconscious of his art. To him a coke oven is not "a hell pent up in ribs of brick and clay"—the quotation is not foreign—but a barrel, out of which he draws so many pieces of silver each day. And out of that barrel he draws the content of home, the peace of the honest worker in the ranks of the world, the happiness of strength, the kingship of the husband and the father. He picks a snare of politics from his silver pyramid of coke; he digs his little prestige in the brotherhood of labor from his stand before that oven door; he scrapes the conceit off his enemy by dragging forth that burden of fuel; he spreads his table in the vision of it, and in the shadow of it he courts the night—queen of repose.

Man's whole destiny in life is the conversion of clay. All are working for the change of one element into another. Destruction is for none, transformation for all. From coal—which is but black clay—Con, the coker, brings forth the spangled power of the furnace and the hearth. He is an agent for compressed sunshine, and sends it romping over the world, into happy homes, into roaring metal pots, into the flying steeds of steel and the mouths of kiln and smelter. And all the while, converting clay to refined clay, he is working out his own destiny, and resolving his own elements—his thought, his good will, his happiness, his strength and his enclosing walls—back into the clay of which all are made, and to which all return.

GOLF FIRST, BUSINESS AFTER

Athletics Are the Basis of All Success, and a Sound Brain Must Have a Sound Body.

By JOHN HENRY BARROWS, D. D.,
President of Oberlin College.
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

THE athletic development of civilized peoples is one of the supreme factors of modern life. Physical training is becoming a permanent fashion and is calling to its aid the scholarship and wisdom of Europe and America. In some form or other, we are told, it is now provided in nearly 300 American colleges, and by more than 400 Young Men's Christian associations. Several hundred cities have made it a part of the public school system. The Germans in our country have established hundreds of gymnasiums, while athletic news fills more columns in the great city journals than the debates in congress.

I meet men past middle age who are almost stupefied by the widespread athletic interest in our country. Some of them are college men who gained their exercises sawing wood or shoveling snow, mowing lawns or doing other "chores." Some of these very worthy men sigh for "the good old times" when football and tennis, baseball and golf, bicycling and boating were never thought of as a part of the college life. To me one of the saddest sights is a middle aged or old man who has never learned to play, who has no sports, no recreation, who cares little for society in the outer world that is not directly and narrowly useful. I have known many men who have broken down utterly and became nervous wrecks largely because the play element in human nature had never been fostered in them.

Under Careful Supervision.

One thing must be said in defense of college athletics against much hasty criticism—that physical training is under careful supervision in all our best colleges. Men who have made a thorough study of the anatomy of the human body, men and women who have given years of special investigation of the problems of health, supervise and direct the physical life of the young people. Before athletic contests are possible the students of our colleges must be thoroughly examined, and over all the physical training, so varied and so useful, which is now provided, there is wise and careful oversight.

I wish, first of all, to speak of the moral advantages of college athletics. A great preacher, who is also an educator, said in my hearing recently that the greatest power of morals in the modern college is the gymnasium. He said this deliberately. The gymnasium, if it is well managed, having had wide experience with young men and knowing the special temptations to which they are exposed. President Eliot wrote that "No American college, wherever situated, possesses any method of discipline which avails for the suppression or exclusion of vice. The vicious student can find all means of indulgence in the smallest village, and the worst vices are the stillest. It is a distinct advantage of the German university method that it does not pretend to maintain any parental or monastic discipline over its students, but frankly tells them that they must govern themselves. The moral purpose of a university's policy should be to train men to self-control and self-reliance through liberty."

A Safeguard of Morals.

There is a large measure of truth in this expression of opinion, but I fear that if the gymnasium and athletic field were taken out of the modern college we should not be able to say, with President Eliot, that an active and interesting university "is the safest place in the world for young men who have anything in them—far safer than the counting-room, shop, factory—farm, barrack, forecastle or ranch."

I believe that it is the general testimony of careful observers, and especially of teachers of physical culture, that the athletic life is a moral safeguard for young men. It gives them an outlet for their energies in the most earnest, tempting and combative period of physical manhood; it helps to send pure blood to the brain; it keeps the mind from introspection; it controls the heart in the period when youth is most sensitive and sentimental, and promotes an all-round healthfulness.

The aroused interest in athletics has been a great advantage to women as well as to men, and the new American woman has a physical vigor and fortitude which give promise of a better and stronger race. From the observations which I have made in the last few years of the aroused and widening interest in college athletics I am persuaded that the advantages are great and permanent, that the evils of which I shall say a few words later are subordinate and temporary.

I always think of John Milton in his youth as a man whose moral courage was backed by physical courage. He was a fencer, and one who loved the outdoor life which he has pictured in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." I always think of Washington as an outdoor man in whom there was an almost perfect balance of the physical, mental and moral qualities. Gladstone was a great walker and could wield the ax with a vigor and skill equal to his strength and expertness in debate. Charles Kingsley was an outdoor man.

Health Needed for Success.

One cannot reach the age of 50 and see much of human life without the conviction that the physical after all is the basis of success in life, in business, in the professions, and in everything else. How many dyspeptic, sleepless anxious-minded professional men are early disabled and laid aside because they have not early learned to take care of their body and had no joy in any of the outdoor sports, some of them very simple, by which human life and energy are prolonged?

The widened and growing enthusiasm for the game of golf, which is fitted to men and women of 60 and 70, as well as to the boys and girls of 16, is to me one of the encouraging signs of the times. I know a banker in Chicago whose precarious health made his family nervous, and cast him into frequent fits of depression, who has been physically regenerated on the golf links. He has something that gives him a perpetual interest, which takes him out of himself and out into God's great world of air and sky and field. An earlier use of the driver, cleque and putter would have saved many a minister, lawyer and business man from a nervous collapse.

We are told that the spirit of professionalism is entering college athletics, and there is some truth in this criticism. Living in the public eye, the eminent athletes miss some of the best results of athletic training; they get to be self-conscious, eager and over-ambitious. But it must be confessed that most college athletes are very modest, temperate and self-restrained. A leading university president told me a few years ago that he would rather his son had a year's training in football than give him a year at an eastern university. He thought his son would gain more to help him in the battle of life, to give him self-restraint, the habit of subordination, the habits of quick decision and obedience than he could gain in any other way. Such strong declarations may be utterly incomprehensible to those who have made no study on these lines, but there is a measure of truth in them.

Evils Can Be Curbed.

Some of the evils of college athletics are alarmingly apparent. Too much time is taken in training contestants for intercollegiate honors. The competition has become too sharp and strong. Premissions are given by university authorities for such long and frequent journeys that the work of the student is often seriously interfered with. Furthermore, men are allowed enrollment in some colleges whose almost exclusive interest is in athletics. It must also be confessed that in the excitement of a great victory college and university students sometimes plunge into serious dissipation.

It is plain that these evils require the strong hand of college authority for their correction. The sportsmanlike spirit is sometimes wanting among the students themselves; they are so eager for victory that they or their friends fall sometimes in courtesy and gentle manliness. But "quality over-driven becomes defect," all good things have their evil sides, and in estimating the present condition of athletic life in our colleges there is too often a tendency to magnify the evil and to minify the good.

The general trend of this larger and wiser athletic life is toward manliness, self-restraint and that physical vigor which is a strong condition of success in life. The colleges and university are more and more to give hope and temper to the American people. The "rage" for athletics will issue in a preference for a large measure of outdoor living. The results are to be of inestimable advantage to the nation destined to the primacy of the globe.

If I had the ear of the leading business men of America I would whisper to it as the wisest counsel I know to men over 50 years of age: "Golf first, and business afterward." This means longer lives, more successful, happier and better American citizens.

Bessie—I thought Nellie Sandreson was to have been married last week?

Jessie—So she was to have been, but Charlie's rich aunt, who had been given up, is getting well again.

London Skyscrapers Are Certain to Be Built

Report of Trouble in County Council Denied—Rumors That American Tailors Will Take John Bull's Measure.

(Special Correspondence of Sunday Gazette.)

LONDON, Jan. 18.—It has been stated in print that the huge American office building planned for the Strand was likely to come to grief in the London county council. Inquiry from two members of that body, which is now considering the American application for a 956-year lease, brings the information that the rumor of collapse in the negotiations is without foundation. "I have every reason to believe," said one member, "that the application will be granted and that even the proposed reduction of the lease from 999 years to 99 years will not be insisted upon."

London tailors have had advices of another phase of the American invasion, an attempt to drive the English tailor out of his own field. The editor of the Tailor and Cutter says he understands there is likely to be some kind of an American tailoring trust organized here, but he prophesies complete failure for it on the ground that there is a radical difference in shape between Englishmen and Americans, and that it will take 50 American tailors years to get the knack of exactly fitting a man of English build. According to this authority the typical Englishman is long and thin, whereas the typical American is short and stout, a shape directly contrary to the specially adapted models.

PARIS AND PITTSBURGH FASHIONS

A BECOMING MORNING GOWN.

Gown of figured moss green and rose challi, trimmed with narrow bias folds of moss green velvet. Yoke and ruffles of cream lace. Wide green velvet ribbon is draped around the shoulders and falls in a sash effect at the back.

straight front corset and wears only short cuirasses which serve to give a pretty curve to the figure and enable it to gain in suppleness and grace. In their infinite mercy the powers that be have decided that straight lines must go, and the woman of the future may assume the rounded fullness of a Juno without having to abandon hopes of entering the lists of beauty.

From the glimpses of spring productions seen in the ateliers it is obvious that yellow is to be the ultra fashionable color of the spring. It is being instituted in one tone or another into almost all the Easter novelties now in course of preparation. The very newest thing I have seen is a spring frock in a soft brownish gray cashmere, the folds of which merge into soft golden yellow tones. The waist is a marvelous combination of yellows and greens. It is in surah silk with a design of yellow stripes and green leaves on a rich yellow background. It is cut with jacket fronts to reveal a transparent vest of soft gray crepe de chine over a velvet lining.

A CAPTIVATING KIMONA.

Kimona of pale heliotrope crepe. Bolero of a deeper shade of heliotrope taffeta. Vest of cream lace.

PITTSBURGH FASHIONS

Fancy Waists and New Skirts—The Janice Meredith Pose—Colonial Furniture.

By "PRISCILLA."

(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

IN all the smart shops in Pittsburgh there are innumerable bargains to be found just now in the winter's stock of fancy waists. Dame Fashion sent forth the mandate some time ago that "separate waists" are no longer to be worn by her devotees, but for once said devotees proved intractible, and the separate waist flourishes as boldly. True it is no longer a universal garb. We do not see Milady of the Family touring the market house in a skirt of one fabric and color and a waist widely different, nor do we see the scarlet waist and green skirt, or vice versa parading its glorious incongruity at afternoon teas and formal receptions. But for theater and concert wear and for all occasions where sitting in a narrow seat is likely to crush a delicate evening gown the separate waist reigns and flourishes. A plainly made and inexpensive skirt will serve a season through for theater and other informal evening wear, whereas an elaborate evening skirt frilled and furbelowed as beauty demands now would give up the ghost of its loveliness after scarce half a dozen wearings. The value of the separate waist therefore makes see ardent appeal to the economical heart of womankind to be banished, and the manufacturers have turned out just as many and these many just as handsome this last season as when the seal of ultra-fashionable approval was set on the style. Winter weather over, the prototype of the evening waist, the skirt waist comes to stay, hence the hurry to get rid of all left over stock.

* * *

A secret may be whispered right here about this "left over" stock, however, which will interest many who are close followers of merchant avowals. This is that the handsomest and most expensive waists which are left over from one winter are not sold on the bargain table, save by very exclusive shops. They are laid away in tissue wrappings to be brought forth very early next season and advertised as the advance style of the winter or they are sold to some lesser firm which will reduce the price somewhat and sell them as "the newest things" next year. But the big middle stock of waists, these which you and I and other sensible people whose purses are not bottomless, buy for our own wearing are reduced to half prices now and may be had at these if one knows where to go. Ten dollars is about the limit to pay for a made-up fancy waist. If one can afford more it is best to buy the material and have it made by one's most fashionable modiste, whereby it gains a distinction of fit and style impossible in the ready-made garment; the ten dollar waists are now going for five and even less. I saw a lovely thing in delicate heliotrope silk the other day for four dollars, though the identical things had been ten before Christmas. It was plainly made, but had exquisite motifs of lace set all across the front in the form of a very deep yoke. It was buttoned down the back, which was the reason of its slashing reduction as no one knows whether this style will be passe next year or not, but the purchaser who intends to wear it sometimes this year has planned to remedy the matter of fastening herself by covering the buttoned portion with a flap and putting some of the lace motifs in the back which will effectively conceal the buttons.

* * *

There are fashions in photographs, as everyone knows who studies the exhibits outside the studios, and the fashion in Pittsburgh just now is the drooping, ingenue style of visage, with a stray curl creeping around the shoulder, a la Janice Meredith, and no shoulder covering to speak of. Such a pose requires a good deal of the too, too solid flesh, bewailed by poets but beloved of beauty seekers, but no one has ever accused Pittsburgh's daughters of ugly contours, whatever else may be their physical sins, so there are fashionable pictures and to spare of the belles and matrons, all showing the shadowy smile, the shading glance from under long-lashed eyes and the artistically coiled heads which make one doubt whether the picture is a picture indeed, from the phantasy of some clever artist or a mere truthful photograph of a form full living charm. The young matron who owns a dimpled baby may be ultra-fashionable through two causes, by standing her cherub behind her, and allowing the dimpled face to peep over her shoulder.

No modern style frocks are permitted in up-to-date autographs, no fringed heads, nor high collars; all these are relegated to the rubbish rooms wherein repose the albums on which we used to lay our hands, and the straight backed chair in which Uncle John sat while Aunt Mary stood beside, with her hand on his shoulder. When one has one's picture taken one must take off tight fitting garments, one must loosen one's hair, one must even discard one's stays and one must relax—else one's picture will not pass muster.

And when the picture is completed, the frame most approved is oval in shape, like those of colonial days, adorned with pearls if one can afford it, or enamelled with metallic colors, if one must count the pennies. The whole effect is very pretty and the Pittsburgh photographers are printing the delicate of these picture portraits in the deep brown or reddish tones of old prints, to carry out the artistic effect.

* * *

To match the colonial homes which are rearing their stately roofs all over the city, there is a decided boom in colonial furniture, which shows its strongest period now in the newer types of straight backed chairs and solid looking tables which may be had from the artistic dealers. These things, handsome as they are in their unpretentious solidity, cost a pretty price, quite or three times as much as the fancy inlaid furniture of the Louis types which has filled our drawing rooms so long. A Morris chair of unvarnished green wood, made exactly after the pattern of the original chair designed by William Morris, is not obtainable at less than $25, while a dining table to match, without any of the brass trimmery for handles and buckles, is cheap at a hundred. If one has the requisite $50 or $100 however, one may find in the Pittsburgh shops splendid satisfaction for the money, and the houses will show longevity of furnishment which would be worth twice the expenditure.

From chair and tables to sofa cushions is not a long step, and there are very decided vogues in sofa pillows just now. The pet pillow is plain. Picture pillows are all very well for the den or college apartment, and embroidered pillows do well to show the skill of their owner with the needle, but the pillow which has the stamp of refinement, in gallicism of any other stamp, it may be covered with cretonne or silk, striped or corded, but it has no embroidery.

CADET BLUE AND SCARLET.

Walking gown of cadet blue broadcloth, trimmed with bands of blue velvet a shade darker. Vest of scarlet taffeta; revers, collar and half sleeves of guipure. The skirt is slashed and filled in with the red taffeta and trimmed with the bands of velvet.

MIDWINTER CREATIONS

Some Debutantes' Dinner Frocks. The Vogue of Slashed Skirts.

By NINA GOODWIN.

(Special Correspondence of Sunday Gazette.)

PARIS, Jan. 18.—The weather and the holidays have both served to quicken activities among the arbiters of fashion and there is an unexpected wealth of novelties displayed, considering the lateness of the season. While costumes have suddenly assumed the greatest importance for visiting purposes, they are very costly, of course, for sable is almost invariably the trimming. A beautiful model in white zibeline, built on empire lines and having an abbreviated bolero, is richly trimmed with the regal fur and is worn with a muff and boa to match. The hat is also edged and trimmed with sable.

White gowns are as much in vogue for evening wear as for visiting costumes. One of the prettiest dance gowns I have been able to discover forms part of the wedding trousseau of a January bride. It is of white organdie, trimmed with narrow grass green velvet ribbons and primroses, held together by the ribbons. From the last row of the primroses falls a puff of the organdie. This ornate little gown is a gem of artistic construction.

Dinner Gown in White.

A charming debutante's dinner gown in white silk muslin, with foamlike flounces, challenges admiration in the window of a rue de la Paix couturier. The skirt is quite plain from the waist to the knee, where it develops into a mass of overlapping frills, attached so that the entire set curves apronlike at the top, and extends to the hem. The corsage is completed by three frills running straight around the figure and a band of satin ribbon. A sash of white chiffon clasps the waist, its long ends floating down the back. There are no sleeves and the decolletage is very square and low. Straps, consisting of rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, united with a rosette, pass over either shoulder, while upon one of them rests a nosegay of lilies of the valley. This is designed for a quite young girl.

Another debutante's costume is of white muslin over rose-colored silk. An entire deux of very wide open embroidery permits of a charming display of silk beneath it. Two deep bands of the lace, set some distance apart, embellish the simple skirt, the lower one topping the flounce. The fullness of this flounce is confined into a series of slender, lengthwise tucks, other tucks conining the fullness of the skirt at the hips. The bodice is given a very stylish effect by a tucked bolero, edged with the lace. A rose-colored silk sash at the waist and a scarf effect in white chiffon and lace at the shoulders complete the ensemble.

The popularity of the silk undershirt remains practically undiminished. A very pretty petticoat of scarlet taffeta, which formed part of the same bridal equipment, has a happy design appliqued on it, the double ruffles being made very full and finished with a heading of scarlet poppies. The novelty of the ideas exploited in this little petticoat makes it conspicuous among the run of commonplace garments.

Equally unique is a Kimona of pale heliotrope crepe, with bolero in taffeta of a deeper shade of heliotrope, the vest being of cream lace. This is a very dainty and bewitching little garment, having a distinct character and grace of its own.

Paris-Made American Gowns.

A very chick gown made for the wife of an American railroad magnate is of cadet blue broad cloth, trimmed with bands of blue velvet a shade darker. The vest is of a scarlet taffeta, the revers, collar and half-steeves being of guipure. The skirt is slashed and filled in with the red taffeta and trimmed with the bands of velvet. These slashed skirts are considered the very last word of elegance and are certainly a relief from the flounce and the narrow gore so long with us.

Chatlle is finding favor in the eyes of our couturiers. An exquisitely dainty morning gown, destined for a young society matron, is made of figured mass green and rose chaille and is trimmed with narrow bias folds of moss green velvet. The yoke and ruffles are of cream lace with trimming for yoke and streamers of moss green velvet. This is an extremely chic and original creation.

One of the prettiest afternoon gowns is in gray silk. The kilted skirt is fitted tightly over the hips with a deep flounce coming more than half way up. It is fitted at the top with two bands of the material fastening across on the right side beneath two buttons. The bodice is an extremely dainty looking affair, cut tight-fitting and round, with a small yoke collar. The front effect is of lace and chiffon. This is cut out down the front in alternate rounds and squares which are stitched round and enclosed in three bands of the material, also stitched and finished with buttons. The bishop sleeves are made with deep cuffs.

Costume for Petite Suppers.

A so-called "little dinner costume," suited to a matron, which is a decided contrast to the omnipresent white creations, is in black net, trimmed throughout with small ruffles of itself and narrow black satin ribbon.

The ruffles on the skirt reach from the hem to the knee, occupying almost a third of the depth, and are set on in vandykes. The ruffle is is not only bordered at its edge with the ribbon, but is headed with it also. A pointed zone of black satin at the waist is finished with a series of small steel buckles, set in at the deepest part in the back. The corsage, which is delightfully simple, sags slightly all the way around, and is finished with a horizontal band of the satin ribbon. The heart-shaped decolletage is finished with a deep ruffle, dispensing on the shoulders, with sleeves. Although entirely in black, to some women this is a very becoming toilet.

One enjoys as ample a range in the choice of fabrics as in the multiplicity of styles without violating the code, and especially for evening wear all sorts of materials are correct. The latest thing in silks is Padua soie, a modern version of a fabric which made the looms of that city famous in the middle ages. Fashion decrees that henceforth all silks, even the richest and thickest varieties, must be noiseless, therefore one whose rustling betrays her presence will, henceforth, be beyond the pale. Some one has discovered that to be pure, silks should be very soft and noiseless, hence the banishing of the harsh and noisy grades. The Parisienne has discarded the stiff,

HER SCARLET PETTICOAT.

Petticoat of scarlet taffeta with poppy design appliqued. Double ruffles finished with a heading of scarlet poppies.

Short Skirt Novelty.

To the Parisian dressmakers are we indebted for a decided novelty in the way of a short skirt; that is, one not really long, yet short enough not to require lifting. This is the French shopping skirt, usually fashioned of zibeline cheviot. The skirt, not reaching the ground by an inch and a half, is laid in single box plaits, quite narrow at the best and spreading to a width of three or four inches at the very bottom. It fits the figure closely, the plaits being stitched flat to within about ten inches of the hem in front, where they are allowed to flare, the stitchings gradually decreasing in length as they reach the back, to produce the effect of a graduated flounce. Five or six rows of stitching finish the hem.

New Ideas in Walking Suits.

Walking suits will be trim and far from cumbersome, and the length of the skirt will depend altogether on individual style. For wear in town the skirt will be just a trifle longer than the one liked by the young woman who chooses the fresh air and uncrowded boulevards of the country. A skirt escaping the ground by two and a half or three inches will be found to give all the freedom of movement necessary when taking this healthful exercise.

ROYAL FACTION OF THE ISLANDS IS RECOGNIZED

Dole of Hawaii to Be Displaced by Prince David's Father-in-Law.

TOO MUCH PARTY STRIFE

Secretary Cooper to Be Succeeded by George R. Carter—The Coming Executive Believed to Be the Richest Man in the Whole Group.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE GAZETTE.]

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WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—According to the present program, Sanford B. Dole, governor of Hawaii, is to go and Col. Sam Parker is to become his successor. Col. Parker was the last prime minister of Queen Lilinokalani, and probably is the richest man in the islands. Furthermore, he is the father-in-law of Prince David, who under the monarchy was an heir to the throne, and royalty, so far as possible under a republic, thus gets recognition from President Roosevelt.

This arrangement has been made here during the week, and the first formal step toward carrying it out was taken today when a letter written by Secretary Hitchcock, at the president's suggestion, was started for Honolulu, intimating to Gov. Dole that his resignation is desired. It will require a month or more to carry out the proposed change, but a radical digression from the present policy, which has been attended with much factional party strife in the last two or three years, is decided upon.

The present secretary of the territory, Henry E. Cooper, in recent months, though acting governor much of the time because of Gov. Dole's illness, also is to be displaced. George R. Carter, a prominent young man of Honolulu, a graduate of Yale university, and son of the former Hawaiian minister in this city, will succeed him. It is probable that still other changes will be made and an entire new regime inaugurated in the islands.

Harold Sewall of Maine, also of Hawaii, where he was stationed as United States minister for several years, national committeeman for the territory until a few weeks ago, when he resigned in favor of Col. Parker, is understood to have had a hand in engineering the change. He has been here the past week, and accompanied by Col. Parker, has been in consultation with President Roosevelt.

For some time President Roosevelt has been seeking a better adjustment of affairs in the Hawaiian islands. The factional strife there was emphasized almost as soon as he had been installed in the White House. The president has sought in his appointments to select men as little identified with either faction as possible, and Col. Parker is regarded as such a man. Besides his own large wealth, Col. Parker has recently brought more riches under his family name by marriage with Mrs. Campbell of Honolulu, one of the wealthiest women of the island.

FUNNY SKITS PUT UPON PUBLIC MEN AND EVENTS

Washington Gridiron Club Plays Its Annual Pranks, Assisted by President Roosevelt and Others.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS TO THE GAZETTE.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—The black and white flag of the Gridiron club floated over the Arlington hotel all day, and tonight the Washington correspondents composing that famous organization assembled for the 17th annual dinner. There were burlesques upon passing events, caustic hits and "roasts" of the prominent guests present, songs and glees, and speeches with the usual witty interruptions.

The menu was a newspaper, "The Yellow Yawn," and a more sensational paper has never been issued in Washington.

One of the best features was a "country school," in which a gridiron class gave an exhibition, answering questions upon various timely topics, which usually turned into jokes upon some of the guests. "Senor Maccaroni," personated by a member of the club, gave an exhibition of wireless telegraphy pictures, showing in amusing cartoons a number of public men and their close connection with recent events. The selection of a delegation to welcome Prince Henry afforded an opportunity for more fun at the expense of men who are prominent in public life. Reciprocity was given a hearing and denied to all nations except Cuba, and preseneted to her in the form of a balloon, which ascended to the ceiling as soon as Cuba reached for it. The "previous question" was enforced by a member in executioner's robes and mask, and no speaker was allowed to exceed the limit.

Gen. James H. Wilson was presented with a proper costume to wear as an ambassador to the coronation of King Edward, and Capt. Charles E. Clark, formerly of the Oregon, the ambassador for the navy, was given an ovation as a hero over whom there was no dispute.

There were a number of excellent speeches, President Roosevelt, Postmaster General Payne, Senator-elect Gorman, Senators Hanna, Platt of Connecticut, Aldrich, Depew, Gen. Wilson and Capt. Clark being among those who were heard. The guests included prominent men in official life and the business world.

SECRETARY GAGE'S FUTURE.

Will Locate in Either Chicago or New York, Probably Chicago.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—A representative of the Bankers' Trust Company of St. Louis called on Secretary Gage today and told him the company would like to make him a proposition to accept a position at the head of it. Mr. Gage informed his visitor that when he turned over his office to his successor he would locate in either Chicago or New York, and that he could not entertain a proposition from any other source.

It is well known among Secretary Gage's intimate friends that, while the New York offer is very tempting, his inclination is strongly in favor of accepting an offer from a leading Chicago trust company, and that after taking a rest of about two months in Florida, he will likely make his permanent home in Chicago.

BAYLY PERSONA NON GRATA.

State Department Admits Complaint Is Made Against Attache.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—It is now admitted at the state department that complaint has been made against Capt. Lewis Bayly, naval attache to the British embassy in this city. Any statement of the nature of the complaint, what will be, or has been done in the premises, is refused.

Last summer so many complaints against foreign naval attaches were made that Secretary Long was forced to issue an order defining sources of information open to such persons. Bayly, it is said by navsl officers, has been ignoring the order.

P. C. KNOX'S SON FINED.

Obliged to Pay $5 for Fast Driving—he Declares His Horse Bolted.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—Reed Knox, a son of the attorney general, was fined $5 today by Judge Kimball for fast driving. The policeman who made the arrest said Knox was driving at the rate of 15 or 16 miles an hour.

The young man said the horse, which was a spirited animal, bolted and got beyond his control.

The Presidential Succession.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—The senate committee on the judiciary today authorized a favorable report on Senator Hoar's joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution giving congress the power to designate some one to act as president in case of the disability of both president and vice president.

New Country Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25.—The following postmasters were appointed today: Pennsylvania—Portage Creek, McKean county, L. L. Heath. Ohio—Spratt, Muskingum county, E. C. McCutcheon.

NATIONAL CAPITAL NOTES.

The senate committee on the judiciary authorized Senator Hoar, chairman, to appoint a sub-committee to consider the various anti-anarchy bills.

Through the energy of the postoffice department a series of lottery schemes which have been in operation in Lexington, Ky., and the immediate vicinity for four or five years are being rapidly put out of business.

Col. Tasker Bliss, United States army, collector of customs at Havana, testified in the house ways and means committee's reciprocity hearing that he believed a majority of Cubans are ready for annexation to the United States.

The comptroller of the currency has authorized the American National bank of Waynesburg, Pa., to commence business on $50,000 capital and with the following officers: Thomas Adamson, president; Thomas C. Bradley, cashier.

Rear Admiral William K. Van Reypen, chief of the naval bureau of medicine and surgery, has retired upon his own application, after 40 years' service. He is succeeded by Dr. Presley M. Rixey, who will also have the rank of rear admiral.

MORE SHIPS AND LESS FOOD.

British Sailors Obliged to Live on Scant Fare, While New War Vessels Are Contracted for.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—The increase of the British navy, which is going ahead at a rate which taxes the resources of government and private ship yards, is adding many powerful ships, cruisers and torpedo boats to the empire's first line of defense, but apparently no attention is paid to the need of improvement in the conditions affecting the sailors of the royal navy. It is pointed out that the present system of feeding the sailors was introduced in the navy in the eighteenth century and has never been altered. Even the paupers in the workhouses of Great Britain are fed better than the men whom the country would rely on for defense in case of war. The following menu is one that applies to almost all the warships in his majesty's navy:

Breakfast, 6:30 o'clock—One pint of cocoa, dry biscuit.

Dinner, noon—Salt pork, pea soup, no vegetables.

Tea, 4:30 o'clock—One pint of tea, dry biscuit.

This is the bill of fare which the British admiralty sets before the stalwart, hard working bluejacket, and if the sailor's appetite refuses to be satisfied, he is at liberty to buy out of his own pocket additional food from the ship's canteen. It is hardly to be wondered at that under these circumstances so many British sailors are to be found in the navies of the United States and Germany.

MY LADY'S DIAMONDS.

Londonderry Jewels Have Been Conspicuous at Recent Functions.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—Lady Londonderry, whose assortment of diamonds and pearls has already attracted much attention at two great functions this season, promised to maintain at the coronation the reputation which at the ceremony of Queen Victoria's crowning the Lady Londonderry of that day won.

Coals and diamonds are said not to be very far apart in chemical composition. At any rate, the Durham coal fields of the Londonderrys have kept the family diamonds from fitting after the manner of so many family jewels in the course of the last two or three generations.

CLEVER HORSE DEAL.

Robbers Gain Entrance to Paris Dwelling by Means of Wooden Animal.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—A "Trojan horse" has just served two enterprising Parisian burglars as a model. They stole a saddler's dummy wherein one man secreted himself while the other wheeled the dummy up to a house, and, under a specious pretext, got the janitor to give the wooden horse accommodation for the night.

Next morning the accomplice returned, tipped the janitor and removed the dummy with the other burglar and his booty inside. This clever game has just been spoiled by the police.

BIG POWER PLANT.

London Will Soon Possess the Largest Electrical Generator in the World.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—London is planning to have the greatest electric power plant in the world. Details of the undertaking are being completed. It is expected the work will begin before many months. The power house is to supply current for the various underground systems. The structure will be situated in Chelsea.

One interesting feature is that steam turbines instead of engines of the ordinary type are to be introduced. They will be larger than any that have ever been constructed.

DINED HER JOCKEY.

Woman Who Won the Grand Prix Causes a Sensation.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—Madame Ricotti has become a heroine on the Riviera since Gratin, a horse bred by her, won the Grand Prix de Nice of $20,000. Her notoriety was not diminished by her publicly dining with her trainer and jockey.

Gratin's victory, however, caused an outburst, as it is claimed that Madame Ricotti knows nothing about horse breeding, and the horse won on a fluke.

New Bicycle Track.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—It is announced that a new bicycle track is to be constructed near Paris on the American plan—that is to say, small and exciting. It will be on the same ground where Buffalo Bill made his debut, which was also the scene of Zimmerman's first victories in Europe.

Boys Imitate the Boers.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—This week two boys took possession of a drainage hut in the Rue Scribe and pelted horses with pebbles. When the hut was stormed by the police the boys said they were Boers firing from a kopje on English cavalry.

Bequest Goes Begging.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—The Louvre art galleries are so crammed that the bequest of M. Thiery, valued at $2,000,000, cannot find accommodation, and is likely to be relegated to the garrets unless art lovers induce the government to dispossess the colonial ministry.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR PLACES IN GAYEST PARIS

Garden of the Tuilleries Is Full of Beauty and Life at All Times.

MORE TOUR CANDIDATES

Comments from Suburban and Rural Contemporaries—The Plan Grows More Popular—Rules That Must Not Be Overlooked by Voters.

One of the most popular places in Paris is the Gardens of the Tuilleries, adjoining the site of the gorgeous palace of the Tuilleries, burned by the communists in 1871. The gardens are also adjacent to the Louvre, extending to the Place de la Concorde. These gardens are handsomely laid out and adorned with statuary. All visitors to the city are shown this handsome spot. Moreover, it is in favor with the denizens of the great city, even the working girls sometimes going there to eat their midday meal. Our picture, a copy of a fine painting, depicts a scene of that kind.

The teachers who will tour Europe as guests of The Pittsburgh Gazette and The Chronicle Telegraph will, of course, visit the Louvre and the Tuilleries gardens. They will see where the gorgeous palace stood that was ruined by the commune and the pavillons at the ends which have been restored.

A Brilliant Section.

The Rue de Rivoli, one of the most brilliant streets in the wonderful city, runs from this point to the Bastile, and it is there that the Bridge of Arts spans the Seine. The days in Paris will be a busy time, for there is so much to see there and the territory to be covered is so vast that strenuous efforts will have to be made to see all that may be seen. Some preparation in the way of reading will facilitate matters, as knowledge beforehand enables the tourist to grasp more readily the significance of what is seen.

The Tuilleries was begun in 1564, but not completed. Additions were made from time to time. The facade was about 1,000 feet long, forming one side of the great rectangle of the Louvre. That portion has been razed to the ground since the ruin effected by the communists. Nowhere is there such another convincing lesson of the unreasoning fury of the mob.

Candidates for the tour continue to come forward. A good many who made a late start have hopes of winning, and they show signs of hustling to make up lost time. The list appended may contain winners; who knows?

New Candidates of a Day.

Miss Lillian Delamater, Lawrence school, Pittsburgh.

Miss Minnie E. Patterson, Larimer school, Westmoreland county.

Miss Margaret Callan, Criste school, Munster township, Cambria county.

Miss E. Ingoldsby, Duquesne schools, Allegheny county.

Miss Ida Bash, Johnstown schools, Cambria county.

Miss Margaret A. Tife, Bridgeville school, Allegheny county.

Miss Lacee Greenawelt, Manor school, Westmoreland county.

Miss Belle McMillen, Sterrett school, Pittsburgh.

The Greensburg Daily Press says editorially: "Every Greensburg resident should be interested in the candidacy of Miss Laura C. Cochran for the European trip provided by The Pittsburgh Gazette and The Chronicle Telegraph. Other towns in which Miss Cochran has taught have given pledges of support. Will Greensburg do her share in helping Miss Cochran secure the trip?"

Booming the Contestants.

Mr. D. F. Grier, superintendent of schools at Sharon, writes that at the regular semi-monthly meeting the teachers there indorsed the candidacy of Miss Eva Hamilton for the European tour of The Pittsburgh Gazette and The Chronicle Telegraph and pledged enthusiastic support.

The East Liverpool Daily Crisis notes a most enthusiastic campaign by the pupils in the schools of that city in behalf of Miss Conkle, one of their teachers.

The following is from the Waynesburg correspondence of the Uniontown Republican: "Guy Morris, teacher of the Clayhick school, near Rutan, is a candidate for the European trip offered by The Pittsburgh Gazette and The Chronicle Telegraph. Miss Helen Day and Miss Nora Summersgill are two Waynesburg teachers being voted for."

The Monongahela Republican and the Kittanning Tribune warn their readers that "Series A" in the voting contest has closed and the ballots must be deposited before midnight, January 31, to be counted.

Tour Grows More Popular.

A letter has been received from a gentleman at Everett, who says he is 62 years old, and who wishes to give his ballots to a male candidate who does not part his hair in the middle, or to some young woman who will send him a photograph of herself.

The tour grows more popular the more the liberal offer of The Pittsburgh Gazette and The Chronicle Telegraph is studied. The teachers can well appreciate the advantages of such a tour during their next summer vacation. They could hardly improve upon it if they were in command of unlimited means and were giving careful thought to the manner of best filling in the time between June commencement and the reopening of the schools in September. The itinerary has been planned by a man who has traveled much and with a view to obtaining the largest possible amount of rest, recuperation, pleasure and instruction out of it.

Rules to Be Observed.

Ballots must be voted in series; those of one series must be deposited before midnight of the day the succeeding series closes. They must be filled out legibly, with full name of teacher, school where employed, town and county. They should be kept in good condition and sent in flat, not rolled or crumpled. If torn or mutilated they will not be counted.

The tour will be of more than six weeks' duration. Starts at Pittsburgh July 3; leaves New York July 5, by Atlantic transport line steamer; arrives London July 15; Antwerp July 19; Brussels, July 20; Amsterdam, July 22; Cologne, July 24; Mayence, July 25; Heidelberg, July 26; Lucerne, July 28; The Rigi, July 29; Interlaken, July 30; Paris, August 1; London, August 6; Highlands, August 8; Glasgow, August 8; leave Glasgow by Anchor Line steamer Columbus, August 9; expect to arrive New York August 17.

Who Will Be Taken.

The party will be composed of 25 teachers of the public schools, i. e., persons engaged in teaching in schools supported by public funds. These will be apportioned as follows: Twelve from the cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, six from Allegheny county outside of the two cities, and seven from those parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia outside of Allegheny county, but within the territory covered by the daily deliveries of The Pittsburgh Gazette and Chronicle Telegraph. They will be elected by the readers of these papers. Those having the largest votes in their respective divisions will be declared elected.

All expenses of the tour will be borne by The Pittsburgh Gazette and Chronicle Telegraph, and these papers will give each member of the party $50 in cash to gratify individual tastes. Representatives of the papers will accompany the party to arrange routes and look after the comfort of the guests.

The contest will close May 31 and the result will be announced as soon after all of the votes are in as possible. Ballots from The Pittsburgh Gazette and Chronicle Telegraph will count one vote each, and those from The Sunday Gazette will count for three votes each. The ballot will be found at the top of the second page in each issue, and attention is directed to the terms and conditions printed thereon. The whole ballot, including border, must be sent in.

DISEASE AT CORONATION.

Outbreak of Smallpox Frightened London When Queen Victoria Was Crowned.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—A very curious coincidence in connection with the approaching coronation is the fact that in 1838, when Queen Victoria was crowned, London was visited with an alarming outbreak of smallpox. The newspapers then, even during coronation week, urged the public to take proper precautions by being vaccinated. Similar notices were posted on the doors of churches and public buildings.

Some stories have already gained circulation to the effect that the number of Americans coming over this year will be much smaller than is expected on account of fear of an epidemic. One manager of a large trans-Atlantic steamship line was even quoted by a London paper as saying: "By May, I fear, we will have such a smallpox scare and epidemic that London will be in quarantine when King Edward is crowned."

It is said that such stories as these, spread without any attempt at confirmation, do incalculable harm. The number of fresh cases reported today was 17, as compared with more than 50 a week ago, and the number of fresh cases has shown a gradual decrease for the last ten days. On the other hand, the number of persons submitting to vaccination is increasing every day. In the medical profession the opinion is now held that the disease has been checked and is now on the wane, and that by the end of March it will be stamped out.

CHOATE'S BIRTHDAY.

London Newspaper Comments Pleasantly Upon the Ambassador's Return.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—Ambassador Choate celebrated his birthday yesterday, a fact that was pleasantly commented on by the London papers, in connection with his arrival the previous day from America to take up his duties again.

The Daily Chronicle, referring to his birthday, published several quotations, including "I was born an American. I will live an American and I will die an American," from Webster; "Not yours alone, America. Europe's as well," from Whitman; and "This gentleman is come, and here he means to spend his time a while, I think. This is not unwelcome news," from Shakespeare.

REVIVAL OF OLD CUSTOM.

King Edward Will Hold Full Chapters of the Order of the Garter.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—The practice of holding full chapters of the Order of the Garter, which for 50 years has been discontinued, is to be revived by the king. These will be held on occasions when new knights are received into the order. The first will take place right after the coronation, when his majesty will bestow the garter on Prince Charles of Denmark and the duke of Fife.

The throne room of the Waterloo chamber will be the scene of the ceremony of investure. Afterward a great banquet will be given in St. George's hall. At the chapter the knights will be required to wear their full robes and insignia.

FAREWELL TO BE MARKED BY NO FORMALITY

German Emperor Decides to Bid His Brother a Simple Farewell.

MAPS IN GREAT DEMAND

The Principal German Newspapers Have Decided to Send Correspondents to This Country to Follow the Movements of Prince Henry.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS CABLE TO THE GAZETTE.]

BERLIN, Jan. 25.—When Emperor William bids Prince Henry of Prussia farewell, prior to the prince's departure for the United States, their parting will be a simple, private affair. No speeches for publication will be exchanged. The leave taking will assume the form of a military act in which an officer receives the last instructions from his sovereign before going on an important mission.

It is understood that the emperor will give Prince Henry written memoranda of what he wishes his brother to communicate to President Roosevelt. Prince Henry, who is now here, will return to Kiel February 10 and remain there until he goes to Bremen to embark for the United States. The various members of the prince's party will assemble at Bremen February 14.

No Ceremony at Departure.

The sailing of Prince Henry will not be marked by any special ceremony, nor, so far as known, will any member of the royal house see the prince off.

The foregoing are the arrangements as communicated to the correspondent of the Associated Press today; but it is still quite possible that Emperor William will disregard the program and bid farewell to his brother in a more public manner at Bremen. This, at least is the hope of some members of the suite.

The dinner to be given in Prince Henry's honor, under the auspices of the New Yorker Staats Zeitung to the press of the United States, is the feature of the prince's diversion which is attracting the most attention here.

Anxious About Press Dinner.

Prince Henry himself asked particularly about this feature of the program, and when told that some of the editors would probably travel 3,000 miles to be present, he expressed wonder.

Prince Henry's attitude towards the press, when in the United States, has been the subject of consideration by his counselors. While the prince will not be interviewed, he desires to show respect for the profession, and will give an audience to the newspaper men, with the understanding that he is not to be quoted. What the prince has to say will be issued through the official channels.

Emperor Interested.

Every detail of the trip interests Emperor William, who has even given instructions regarding the flowers which will grace the tables at the luncheon on board the Hohenzollern. His majesty has maps of Berlin and New York on the same scale. When he first compared them, the other day, the emperor remarked:

"Why, New York would stretch to Potsdam."

His majesty then asked a member of his household the number of New York's inhabitants.

"New York has 3,000,000," was the reply.

"No," said the emperor; "4,000,000."

Marked American Papers.

His majesty has taken the leading New York newspapers since Prince Henry's trip was planned, has marked articles which he thought would interest the prince's suite, and has sent them to the prince.

The principal German newspapers will send special correspondents to New York on the Kronprinz Wilhelm. Among them will be Capt. Dannehauer of the Lokal Anzeiger, Alexander von Huhn of the Vossische Zeitung, and Konrad Alberzi, editor of the Berlin Morgen Post.

Our Claim Admitted.

The German foreign office admits the legitimacy of the United States' claim in behalf of Dr. Tenney's college at Tien Tsin. Secretary Hay has been notified that Germany will pay a proper indemnity, the amount to be agreed on later, and turn over to the college authorities certain machinery and equipment now in the possession of the German military authorities, who are taking the best care of them till new quarters can be obtained for the military.

Dr. Tenney was here last week and had a satisfactory interview with the foreign office officials.

At the museum of art and industry today a memorial window, designed at the command of the emperor by Prof. Elwald, in honor of the late Emperor and Empress Frederick, was ceremoniously unveiled. It is a magnificent specimen of stained glass, with life-size portraits of their highnesses and the British and German coats of arms. The emperor in his address spoke tenderly of his parents who established the museum and said he considered it his solemn duty to foster it.

SOCIETY THANKFUL.

Tedious Period of Mourning Has at Last Ended.

LONDON, Jan 25.—(Special Cable.)—There is a great feeling of thankfulness that the period of mourning is now over. The time has seemed interminable to those who have been compelled to wear mourning, and, if the report be true, as I believe it is, that the queen and her daughters are going almost immediately into bright colors, it will have a very beneficial effect in more ways than one.

FIRE IN A RAILWAY TUNNEL

Mishap to a Train in Paris in Which Passengers Save Themselves.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—Parisians had a scare on Wednesday night, when volumes of smoke were seen issuing from the station of the Metropolitan railway. The motor of a train caught fire and the blaze spread. The train pulled up under the Champs Elysees and the passengers were told to get out of the tunnel as best they could. No one was hurt, but the train was destroyed by the flames. All who assisted at their rescue were nearly asphyxiated. Even after traffic had been re-established passengers suffered from the smoke, which hung in the tunnel for hours.

BRITISH PLEASED.

Controversy Started by Lord Cranborne Causes Much Satisfaction.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—There has been a considerable amount of quiet satisfaction and inward chuckling indulged in by the majority of Englishmen over the unexpected results of Lord Cranborne's statement to the effect that it was Great Britain's point blank refusal to the Austrian ambassador that prevented the European powers making further attempts to interfere between the United States and Spain. Particularly is this self-satisfaction felt with regard to what is considered to be the awkward position in which Germany is placed at this moment by the revelations of the secret history of the Spanish-American war.

Statements as to the exact attitude of the other powers at that time, which the Associated Press has gathered in the various capitals of Europe are seized upon by the English press to demonstrate beyond a doubt that Great Britain was the only friend of the United States in those disquieting days. Editorially the English newspapers more than suggest that Russia, Germany and France were with Austria in her abortive attempt.

FEVER UNABATED.

London Society Whiles Away Many Hours Playing the Latest Game.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—The ping pong fever is growing still more virulent. In the windows of fancy goods and toy shops it is the exception if a ping pong set does not occupy the place of honor.

Now another game is striving for a foothold in the drawing rooms. It is called ping pong football. Miniature goal posts are fixed up at either end of a long table. A small silk ball, inflated with gas is set going at the center. The players strive, with the aid of fans alone, to drive the ball between their opponents' goal posts.

The purser of an ocean ship, talking about this game the other day, said: "You will find it occupying a prominent place among the amusements advertised on sailing bills. Ships carry the supplies for the game. When the weather is at all decent the recreation will be ping pong."

RAGTIME INVASION.

London Has Just Awakened to the Possibilities of Cakewalk Music.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—There is one feature of the American invasion whose popularity is unquestioned. There may be tobacco wars and strifes over electric railways, but for the "coon" song and the cake walk there is an open field. London has caught on to syncopated time amazingly. Go where you will, you hear nothing but ragtime melodies, whistled and sung.

Of course many of them have acquired the respectability of age, from the American point of view, but ever here they are comparatively new, and the pioneers of cake walk tunes are in just as high favor as the more recent importations.

OLD BUST FOUND.

Has Been Resurrected After Retirement Lasting Forty-Two Years.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—Windsor castle, the other day, was the scene of a most interesting discovery. When Queen Victoria died there was considerable anxiety as to where the bust of her majesty, made in the year 1862, had been hidden away, for it was understood to be in the queen's wish that it be placed along with that of the prince consort in one of the reception rooms, only after her death.

The long-lost bust was discovered in a cavity of a wall, where it had been boxed up nearly 40 years ago. It was hardly any the worse for its long confinement.

CLEVER POLICEMAN.

Prevents a Queen from Disrobing to Bathe in Paris Fountain.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—There was a sensation on Wednesday in the Square Batignolles. A well dressed young woman went to a fountain and began to undress. When a policeman arrived she said: "Avaunt! I am the queen of queens, and before putting on my diadem must purify my body in these holy waters."

She also told the policeman that if he interfered she would cause the stars to fall on his head. He addressed her as "Your majesty" and promised to find her husband, and so led her to a station.

MUSH MALADIES.

For years we have had the drinker's disorder, coffee drinker's confession, and now we have the mush malady or starch indigestion (amylaceous dyspepsia). This is the result of the extensive use of cooked breakfast cracked wheat and other pasty foods which do not digest well, but ferment, forming acids and poisons which irritate the small intestine, congest the stomach and liver, impoverish the blood, irritate the nerves, weaken the muscles and sap the vital energies, inducing exhaustion, pain and disease. The prevention and the remedy is to use that appetizing food, Toasted Wheat Flakes, sweetened with Malt Honey. Each flake is thoroughly cooked and toasted so that the starch is turned to dextrine and is at once digestible. Each package of the genuine bears a picture of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. 1267

NEW EDWARD STAMP.

Picture Faces the Wrong Way and Shows a Scar on the Forehead.

LONDON, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—The design of the new postage stamp, which has been received with very little enthusiasm, is to be changed, not because anyone in authority feels that some concession must be made to the artistic sense of the country, but because it has only now been discovered that the head of the king faces the wrong way. The rule, strictly observed hitherto on coinage, is that the heads of successive sovereigns shall, for the sake of distinction, face opposite ways. The head of King Edward VII., which is on the stamps, faces the same way as that of Queen Victoria, and will have to be turned around.

Another defect which has been noticed on the new Edward stamp is that upon the forehead there appears a scar clearly to be seen with the naked eye, as though his majesty had been slashed with a sword. It is curious that this does not appear on the penny stamp alone, where it was first noted, but on each of the halfpenny, twopence-halfpenny and sixpenny stamps. These stamps will, of course, be greatly valued despite their inartistic appearance, as new designs are to be prepared.

WARM IN NOTRE DAME.

Worshipers No Longer Shiver at Their Devotions.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—Notre Dame is quite cozy now on cold days, a modern heating apparatus having been installed in the old cathedral. During the installation workmen uncovered a subterranean tomb of archbishops, reached by a secret stairway. Here reposes in iron coffins the remains of Cardinal Gilbert and 15 other famous churchmen of the seventeenth century.

Boycotting English Governesses.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—Animosity against England is becoming deeper than ever. French women are boycotting English governesses. One I know who made a good living for years was told by an agency that no English need apply. Only German girls are in demand.

Divorce for Lord Rosslyn.

EDINBURGH, Jan. 25.—The court today granted the suit of Rosslyn a Divorce from his wife, who was Miss Vivian De Grey Vyner, on the ground of desertion.

Bartlett Hangers—Quick Sales—
J. C. Bartlett Co., 622-624 Liberty st. Bryson

A SECRET POWER.

The "Ki-Magi" System of Personal Influence—Guaranteed to Make You Successful in Any Business or Profession.

Tremendous Interest Everywhere Manifested in This Wonderful Discovery.

If you want to better your condition in life, learn the new "Ki-Magi System" of Personal Influence. It is a powerful secret method which will make you successful in anything you undertake. Hundreds of prominent business men are daily practicing its money-making secrets. Mr. W. Rockwell Kent, of Binghamton, N. Y., is one of them. Your "Ki-Magi" System is the most powerful agency on earth for the betterment of man, he writes. "All who master it will become a power in the world and be successful and happy."

It is a big step in advance of Hypnotism or any of the occult sciences. It does all they do and infinitely more. Mr. Joseph Steiner, 1106 Ninth st., Washington, D. C., states his honest conviction in these words: "In your system I have found what I have searched for in vain. It has changed my whole trend of thought and given my life a new meaning. I feel younger and stronger every day. I find in it the real key to business success."

"Your 'Ki-Magi' System of personal influence has brought me that success in business for which I have been looking," writes Mr. S. I. Yetter of Middletown, Pa. "It is the magnet that controls; there is no guesswork about it—it is a scientific fact. It has taught me to know and control myself as well as others. If I had been in possession of the powerful information contained in your 'Ki-Magi' system earlier in my life, it would have saved me thousands of dollars." Mr. W. H. Ramey of Decatur, Ill., declares, "I strongly advise every young man and woman to purchase it."

Our new discovery strengthens your memory and gives you a will of iron. It drives away that fear or lack of self-confidence which keeps you from accomplishing what you desire. It makes you a positive instead of negative force; it develops in you an intensely magnetic personality. It enables you to read the innermost secrets of a person's nature and to exert a secret, irresistible influence over whomever you will without their knowledge. You can accurately determine what vocation you should follow to be most successful. It makes your nerves strong and steady and your brain keen and active. You can cure all the common ailments of life almost without effort and even chronic diseases will yield to you when all else fails.

You can acquire this strange power in a very short time in your own home. If you are interested in attaining greater success than you have ever known, we will send you a free copy of our handsomely illustrated book which explains our "Ki-Magi" system in detail. It will not cost you a single cent. Send your name and address to the Columbia Scientific Academy, Dept. 402 K., 1931 Broadway, New York, and you will receive it by return mail, postpaid. You can then know for yourself the money-making, success-bringing secrets of the "Ki-Magi" System.

HOTELS.

Largo View Hotel—The Palm Beach—Open Jan. 30, 1902.

Have 30 feet per day and up. Rooms with or without private bath. Table d'hote at noon. All rooms outside. Most delightful location on the coast. Private walk direct to the beach. Write for illustrated booklet. Address A. STONE, Mgr. Palm Beach, Fla.

RIGHTS OF FAT MEN MAINTAINED

French Court Decides a Novel and Interesting Question for Heavy Weights.

PARIS, Jan. 25.—(Special Cable.)—The question whether a fat man may take the air on the balcony of a house rented by him has just been settled by the courts. M. Rudel, a Paris merchant, weighs 320 pounds. When he stepped on a balcony it collapsed, so he sued the owner.

The claim was contested, but was upheld by the courts in favor of Rudel, as they decided that heavy men have as much right as light men to stand on balconies.

First Aid to the Hair.

HAIR needs help to stay on the head, in its fight against its enemies, DANDRUFF, ITCHING SCALP and FALLING HAIR. If no help, soon no hair.

COKE DANDRUFF CURE

is the one preparation that is known to cure the scalp and hair diseases that cause baldness. Its use is no experiment, it has a world wide reputation, it has been made and used with success for years.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Unscrupulous dealers are putting out a spurious article that possesses none of the beneficial qualities of the genuine.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF COKE DANDRUFF CURE FAILS. Buy the genuine of druggists anywhere. A. R. BREMER CO., Sole Makers, Chicago. Trade supplied by

KELLY DRUG CO.

New Linings.

Specials for Monday Only.

Percalines—400 pieces lustre Percalines—full 36 in. wide—black and all colors—at ..... 10c yd.

Sateen—100 pieces Mercerized Sateen—36 in. wide—black and all colors—worth 35c, at ..... 25c yd.

Black Florcen Skirtings, 19c yd.

French Hair Cloth—black and grey—at ..... 25c yd.

Extra—5,000 yds. of best quality Kid Lining Cambric—(on sale only till 11 a. m. Monday)—at ..... 2½c yd.

Corset Specials.

The genuine Imported "P. D." Corsets—also "W. B." Erect Form Corsets—latest models—satin bound—reduced from $1.50 and $2 to 85c

Odd lots of "G. D." "H. & H." and "P. N." Straight Front Corsets—black or drab—at 44c

Taffeta Silk Petticoats—Several new styles—in black and colors at $4.98 and $3.98

KAUFMANN'S

"THE BIG STORE"

Special Monday Offerings

Optical Goods.

Specials for Monday Only.

Genuine Goldine Spectacles—straight temple or riding bow styles—also Nose Glasses—fitted with fine lenses to your eyes—Opticians' price, $1.00. Our price for Monday only 25c

14k. Gold Straight or Riding bow Spectacles—very light and easy on the nose—fitted with best periscopic lenses to suit your eyes—Opticians' price $2.50. Our price for Monday only 95c

That Fine Gilt Top

Cloth Bound Book Sale

At 3 for 50c

Instead of 40c Each.

Furnishes an excellent opportunity to add to your library at small cost. The assortment includes

Over 250 Titles.

The best Books of the standard authors being represented. Don't delay coming in, though, as there's no telling how soon the list of titles will become broken.

Special One-Day Sale of

Linens, Wash Goods.

Inducements that will have a great attraction for the shrewdest shoppers of the two cities.

A Scotch Manufacturer's Entire Stock of Bleached Pattern Cloths on sale tomorrow at only $2.50. These cloths range from 2½ yds. long—and come in choice new patterns—$3.75 would be considered a very low price, yet we offer choice tomorrow at $2.50

Table Damasks—Three special lots of Bleached Irish Damask—72, 68 and 64 in. wide—at $1, 75c and ..... 50c yd.

White Goods—1,000 yards fine White Manchester Lawns, India Linons, Fancy Lace Lawns, plain Oxfords and Madrases—just the thing for shirt waists—at ..... 10c yd.

Persian Lawns—100 pieces fine Persian Lawns, Striped Madrases and Figured Mulls, at ..... 25c yd.

Figured Damasks—The new waist material—large or small figures—also Figured Piques, at ..... 39c yd.

1,000 Pieces Wash Goods—Including such fine Sheer Fabrics as Dimities, Lawns, Mulls and Batistes—in 500 different styles and colorings—also linen Finished Ginghams, Seersuckers, Corded Ginghams, 36 in. English Cambrics and Percales—all at ..... 12½c yd.

Printed Lawns—1,000 yards Printed Lawns for Children's school dresses ..... 3½c yd.

Muslins—2,000 yds. Muslins and Cambrics, Lonsdale Cambrics, London "G. B." Muslins, Lonsdale Muslins, Hill Muslins, "Pride of the West" Muslins, "Wamsutta" Muslins—36 in. wide and bleached, at ..... 8½c yd.

Dress Goods Clearance.

The Price Cutting here is especially severe, as Shelves and Counters MUST be emptied at once to make room for the new Spring goods soon to arrive. Here are a few examples:

50c & 65c Dress Goods Now Cut Down to 25c yd.

This sweeping offer embraces over 1,100 pieces of Dress Goods and Suitings, including 50-in. All-Wool Homespuns, 54-in. Camel's Hair Cheviots, All-Wool Cashmeres, Serges, Granites, Whipcords, Heavy Melitons, Ladies' Cloths, Satin Soleil Novelties, etc.—each in a great variety of colors—positively all the usual 50c and 65c qualities—offered tomorrow only, at 25c yard.

$1 & $1.25 Dress Goods Now Cut Down to 69c yd.

These are strictly fine and fashionable French and German Dress Fabrics, among them being German Prunella Cloths, French Poplins, Whipcords, Satin Panne, Drap de Sole, Satin Cloths, Elegant Granite and Melrose weaves, Paquin, Serges, Broadcloths, Venetians, Coating Cheviots, and many other weaves—each in splendid color assortments—positively worth $1 and $1.25, tomorrow only, at 69c yard.

All-Wool Albatross—The fabric now so fashionable for waists and dresses—in all the pretty shades of Pink, Light Blue, Lavender, Rose, Cadet, Royal, Navy, Nile, Reseda, Cardinal, Garnet, Wine, Tan, Mode, Grey, Beige, etc. also cream and black. Reduced from 50c to ..... 33c yd

Reversible Golfings—Extra heavy qualities for unlined Skirts—full 58 in. wide—in Grey, Oxford and Black—Reduced from $1 to ..... 59c yd

$1.50 and $1.75 Heavy Meltons and Thibets—in black and colors—Reduced to 89c yard.

52 In. Satin Coverts—450 pieces of strictly pure Wool Satin Coverts—in Tan, Castor, Mode, Brown, Cadet, Dark Blue, Grey and Oxford—never heretofore sold under $1, tomorrow only, at ..... 50c yd

Special One-Day Sale of

New Laces and Embroideries.

An opportunity to get the very latest and choicest Spring styles at less than other dealers are still offering last season's goods.

Irish Crochet Laces—Most beautiful Straight and Serpentine bands with Edgings, Flouncings and All-Overs to match—most fashionable for trimming the new gowns, or for millinery purposes—The All-Overs at $2.98 to $4.98 yd.—The Bands and Laces from $1.75 down to ..... 45c Yd

Venise Bands—Sample pieces of beautiful Venise and Batiste Bands—straight and irregular effects, pretty Motif designs, Medallion Patterns, etc.—white, black and Arabian colors—will be all the fad for trimming the new Foulard and Liberty Satin Gowns—at 98c, 75c, 48c and ..... 25c Yd

Embroidered Waist Fronts—Will be all the go next spring for the button-in-the-back Waists—the above picture shows how prettily they make up—We show a splendid line of new patterns at prices ranging from $1.48 down to ..... 79c Each

All-Overs—Pretty Venise and Batiste All-Overs—also Embroidered Linen All-Overs—very swell for making those button-in-the-back Waists—Tomorrow at $1.48, $1.25 and ..... 98c Yard

Embroidered Bands—Fancy Double Edge Embroidered Bands will be very much used for trimming the new Wash Gowns—We show over 75 patterns Straight, Serpentine and Bolero effects—½ to 3 in. wide—at prices ranging from 7c down to ..... 10c Yard

Black Nets—3 great lots of fine All-Silk Black Dotted Nets—an stylish for complete gowns—Point de Esprit, small figured, Plain Tours and Ring Dot Nets—at $1.25, 98c and ..... 75c Yard

Special One-Day

Silk Sale

Offerings that will simply PACK the Silk Store tomorrow, and EMPTY the shelves and counters.

Figured Crepe de Chines—In shades of turquoise, white, light blue, cherry red and cream—goods which will launder nicely—regularly sold for 65c and 75c—now reduced to only ..... 35c yd

Moire Velours—The very latest and most stylish materials for costumes, skirts, jackets, etc.—19 in. wide—in shades of white, cream, blue, pink, etc.—at prices ranging upwards from ..... 49c yd

All-Silk Foulards—Twilled Satin finish—also Liberty Satin Foulards—in all the newest shades of reseda, gobelin, tan, castor, navy, red, helio, white, black and black and white, at ..... 39c yd

Grenadines—42 in. wide Colored All-Silk Grenadines—in evening shades only—worth $1.50 yd., at ..... 89c yd

Tomorrow's Reductions in Cloaks, Suits & Furs

Will give a fresh impetus to the January Clearing Sale now in progress on the big Cloak Floor. No matter how low the prices you can depend on it that the goods are RIGHT and styles strictly UP-TO-DATE. No back-number garments here at any price.

Fur Scarfs—Women's Fur Scarfs—in Isabella or Sable Fox, Stone Marten, Baum Marten and Mink—single or double cluster effect—Reduced from $10, $12 and $14 to $5

Fur Scarfs—In Isabella Fox, Deep Striped Mink, Baum Marten, Persian Lamb, etc.—extra long or short cluster effect—tail trimmed—Reduced from $15, $20 and $25 to.. $10

Alaska Seal Coats—Women's extra fine Alaska Seal Coats—made of full skins—guaranteed for wear—newest styles—plain or trimmed with Russian Sable—Reduced from $175 and $200 to $100

Women's $1.50 Wrappers—Choice of 10 different styles in fleece lined Cashmere delaine and flannelette—large or small figured designs on light or dark grounds—Flounced skirt—braided or ruffled yoke—Reduced from $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75 to 75c

Women's Suits—Women's fine Tailor-made Suits—Eton or Jacket effect—black and all colors—satin or taffeta strapped—Jacket silk lined—Skirt with graduating flounce—Reduced from $15 and $18 to $8.98

Women's Jackets—Made of fine Kerseys, Meltons or Unfinished English Cheviots—lined with guaranteed heavy soft satin—double-breasted or fly front style—no old styles or left-over goods in this lot, but all up-to-date, fresh and new—Reduced from $12 and $15 to $6.98

Girls' and Misses' Dresses—In all-wool plaid and check materials—nicely trimmed—sizes 6 to 16—Reduced from $2.50 to.. 99c

Women's Suits—Made of Broadcloth, Basketweave Cloth, Cheviot or English Covert—silk lined throughout—plain or fancy effect—Reduced from $40, $50 and $60 to $24

Raglan Coats—Women's fine Long Raglan Coats—made of Cheviot, Kersey or Melton—medium or heavy weight—some heavy satin lined throughout—fly front or double breasted effect—Reduced from $30 and $35 to $14

Women's Separate Skirts—In dress and rainy-day styles—made of fine Serge or Cheviot—with graduated flounce—Also new style Walking Skirt of medium or heavy weight All-Wool Materials heavily stitched or strapped—Reduced from $3.98 to only $1.98

Flannel Waists—Women's French Flannel, Tricot Flannel and Mohair Waists—all the leading shades, including black—tailor made or fancy style—button in back or front—Reduced from $2 and $2.50 to 95c

Flannel Waists—Women's strictly Tailor-made French Flannel Waists all colors, including black—also in light evening shades strapped, tucked, hemstitched or trimmed with buttons—buttoned in back or front—worth from $2.98 to $5, at $1.98

Women's Dress Skirts—Made of All-Wool Broadcloth, Cheviot, Basketweave Cloth or Melton—trimmed with cording—strapped or graduated flounce effect—Reduced from $5.98 and $6.98 to $3.98

Special One-Day Sale

Stamped Linens.

(Art Dep't, Main Dry Goods Floor.)

Dainty Lunch Cloths, Dresser Scarfs, Tray Cloths, Doylies, etc.—all neatly stamped in designs of roses, violets, carnations, holly, etc.—some with plain hemstitch—some with spoke hemstitch—some with fancy drawn work, etc.—on sale on bargain table in center aisle as follows:

The 18-in. Squares, at 19c.
The 20-in. Squares, at 25c.
The 24-in. Squares, at 35c.
The 30-in. Squares, at 48c.
The 36-in. Squares, at 75c.
18x45-in. Scarfs, at 48c.
18x54-in. Scarfs, at 59c.

Doylies—500 dozen Fancy Hemstitched Round Tumbler Doylies—embroidered with silk floss—worth 10c and 15c—choice for 5c

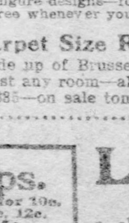
Special One-Day Sale

Ribbed Underwear.

19c For Women's high neck and long sleeve ribbed Corset Covers—taped neck—all sizes.

47c For Women's or Children's fleece lined combed Egyptian yarn Union Suits—"Florence" style—all sizes.

25c For Women's best quality fleece lined combed Egyptian yarn Vests or Pants—perfect finish.



69c For Women's Fast Black all-wool Underwear—also natural or ecru ribbed Union Suits.

15c For Children's all-wool Camel's Hair or Scarlet Underwear—also fleece lined ribbed Vests.

50c For Children's wool mixed ribbed Vests or Pants—in natural or scarlet—all sizes.

Muslinwear—Women's Muslin Underwear, such as Gowns, Drawers, Chemises, Corset Covers and Skirts—all nicely trimmed—with embroidery or lace—at 25c

Women's Cambric or Muslin Underwear, including several pretty styles of lace or embroidery trimmed Gowns, Skirts, Drawers, etc.—at 59c

Dressing Sacques—Women's new Flannelette or Elderdown Dressing Sacques in light or dark colors—at 98c

Petticoats—Two new styles of Women's Mercerized Sateen Petticoats—accordeon pleated or tucked ruffle—at 98c

The Manufacturers' Shoe Sale

Will go down in history as one of the greatest bargain-giving events ever known. And these are the two extraordinary offers that have made this sale so famous:

The Usual $2.00 and $2.50 Shoes At $1

The Usual $3.00 and $4.00 Shoes At $2

☞ In spite of the immense number of Shoes sold since the commencement of this sale, we still have all sizes for men, women and children.

Special 1-Day Sale

Trimmed Hats.

Any Trimmed Hat in Stock

Marked to sell for $2.98 or $3.49, offered tomorrow (and tomorrow only) at $1.49

☞ Many Early Spring styles are now ready—enough to indicate the drift of fashion.

Black Breasts—Imported Black Padded Breasts—the 50c kind at 25c—and the 29c kind at.. 15c

Black Ostrich Plumes—Brilliant lustre—the $1 kind at 63c—the 75c kind at 45c

Tomorrow's Grocery Offers

Are sure to interest all housekeepers who want to combine Quality with Economy.

As usual, "The Big Store" is first to offer the new Purchases Oriental Sugar at ..... 5 lbs 37c

GOOD BREASTS—Genuine Stewarton Dandies Smoked Geese Breasts, at, per lb.... 60c

SUNSHINE—Fresh Shelled Hazelnuts ..... 50c per doz.

SPRATS — New Fresh Smoked Sprats—can of 50 for 50c

ORANGES — Fancy California Navel Oranges—per doz. 35c

MUSHROOMS — Finest quality dried Mushrooms, per lb. 60c

BUTTER — Best, freshest and purest Eight Boston Dairy—per lb. 27c

TOMATOES—Our Own Brand—Table Fruit—3lb. cans, $1.75 dozen, at, per can 15c

PEAS — "Victory" brand Early Pure Peas—per can ..... 2 cans 25c

PEAS—New York Special brand—extra choice Peas—6lb. can, at, per can 8c

PEARS — Anderson brand Spring Pears—2lb. can, at, per can 7c

PEACHES, PLUMS and APRICOTS — Assorted Pineapple brand—2½ lb. can, $2.25 per dozen, at, per can 23c

RAISINS — Extra Select Seeded Raisins—also Choice Currants, per lb 12c

PRUNES — Extra fancy Honey Cured Prunes—per lb. 7c

APRICOTS—Best Evaporated Apricots— per lb 18c

CUTTOLENE—Pure Vegetable Cuttolene, 3 lbs. for ..... 2 lbs 22c

LARD — Pure Leaf Lard—$1.20 pail—3 lbs for ..... 3 lbs 33c

MACARONI—Genuine Imported Macaroni or Spaghetti— at ..... 3 lbs for 25c

MILK—Best Grade Evaporated Milk—same brand as $1.20 dozen cans, at, per can 10c

SOAP—Fairbanks' Santa Claus Soap—7 bars for 25c

SUGAR—Genuine American Granulated Sugar, at... 20 lbs for $1

Special One-Day Sale

Glove Sale.

Women's $1.00 French Kid, 2-Clasp Gloves, at 59c

These Gloves were placed on sale yesterday, and the rate at which they're going shows that the women know a good thing when they see it. They come in the newest Spring colorings, with self-color or Paris stitching. Take your pick and fit for only 59c the pair.

A Special One-Day Sale of Housefurnishings

That will crowd the big basement tomorrow with money-saving housekeepers.

75c For "Universal" Vegetable Slicers and Cutters—for all kinds of fruits and vegetables—worth $1.50.

39c For 5 ft. high 8-partition Clothes Horses; worth 75c.

19c For unbreakable Nickel Plated Sad Iron Holders—never become hot—worth 30c.

$7.50 For our "Demand" Cooking Stoves—excellent bakers—4 cooking holes—medium-sized oven—worth $10.

5c For large size Chamois Skins, for window washing and polishing silver.

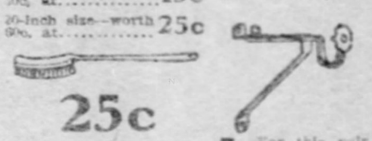
75c For full-size, well-made Skirt Boards—on stands—worth $1.25.

$1.75 For Bissell's celebrated "Crown Jewel" Carpet Sweepers—warranted for 2 years—worth $2.50.

Nickel Plated Towel Bars—Extra heavy—16-in. size—worth 40c, at.. 17c

18-inch size—worth 30c, at 19c

20-inch size—worth 35c, at 25c



25c For good Bath Brushes, with long handles—worth 40c.

65c For strong galvanized Wash Tubs—good sizes—worth $1.

7c For this pair of Curtain Pole Extenders—size 4x7 in.—worth 15c.

59c For Oak Umbrella Stands—worth $1.

$2.98 For complete Bath Cabinets, including lamp—worth $4.00.

2c Cake for the best Scouring Soap—worth 4c.

Special One-Day Sale

Wall Paper.

The very latest designs at a saving of 50%

Pretty Strong White Blank Wall Papers—in perfect combinations—full 8-yard bolts—worth 5c, at only ..... 2½c bolt

Artistic Wall Paper in the new Spring Stripes, Tapestries, Chintz and other pretty effects—worth 10c and 12½c, at only ..... 6½c bolt

Heavy Gilt Wall Paper, in deep rich Reds, Blues, Greens, Browns, Yellows, etc.—all the very latest Spring designs—worth 20c to 25c, at only ..... 14c bolt

Very handsome New Papers, such as fine Tapestries, large Florals, Silk Stripes, Orientals, Damasks, Two Tones, etc.—worth up to 35c at only ..... 17½c bolt

The very latest Spring Papers—in most exquisite designs, many confined to us exclusively—worth 40c to 50c, at only ..... 25c bolt

1-Day Carpet Sale

Tomorrow will be a day long to be remembered by all persons taking advantage of our extremely low prices to effect a quick clearance before the New Spring goods come in.

All-Wool Ingrains—Extra Super—in blues, tans, reds and greens—a very popular bedroom Carpet—formerly sold for 75c yd. Tomorrow at (made and laid free whenever you desire) ..... 60c yd.

$1.25 Velvet Carpets—Extra quality Velvet Carpets with borders to match—an elegant parlor or library Carpet—in reds, greens and blues—floral and Oriental set figures—formerly sold at $1.25. Tomorrow at (made and laid free whenever you desire) ..... 85c yd.

Smith Axminster Carpets—So very soft to the tread for bedrooms—floral or broken figure designs—formerly sold for $1.35. Tomorrow at (made and laid free whenever you desire) ..... 95c yd.

Special—**Carpet Size Rugs**—Made up of Brussels, Axminsters and Wiltons—in sizes to suit most any room—also lot of Smyrna Carpet Rugs—worth up to $35—on sale tomorrow at $19.50

Rousing Special One-Day Sale

China and Lamps.

Offerings that cannot fail but interest economical shoppers.

$10.87 For $15.50 elegant English Porcelain Dinner Sets—112 pieces, including large Roast Platter—underglazed Flow Blue decorations, embellished with gold tracings.

$14.87 For $20 Carlsbad China Dinner Sets—with delicate Floral Spray decorations and gold lines.

$6.98 For $10.50 English Porcelain Dinner Sets—with Rococo pattern decorations in underglazed colors.

25c For choice from a big lot of 75c to $1.25 fancy decorated Lamp Globes—all with slight manufacturers' imperfections or chips, which, however, are scarcely noticeable.

$2.48 For 8-piece Decorated Toilet Sets—in two colors—with covered Slop Jar.

$3.50 For "Maddock's" celebrated Toilet Sets, of 11 pieces, including Slop Jar—underglazed decorations in various colors.

$1.98 For $3 and $4 decorated Banquet Lamps with globes to match—60 candle power central draft burners.

Special One-Day Sale of

Curtains & Portieres.

The following few items will give you an idea of the truly great values that will be ready for you here tomorrow:

$1 Nottingham Lace Curtains—Also Ruffled Swiss Curtains—good width and length—worth up to $1. at ..... 45c Pr.

Scotch Lace Curtains—200 pairs of fine Scotch Lace Curtains—in Renaissance and Point effects—3½ to 6½ in. wide—not more than 2 pairs of any one design—worth up to $2.75—at ..... $1.00 Pair

All Odd Portieres—In stock, including Satin Derby, Mercerized, Oriental and All-Silk Portieres—worth up to $20 a pair, at ..... $3.00 Pair

Real Irish Point Lace Curtains—Applique on fine Bobbinet—50 in. wide—3½ yards long—Curtains that were sold for $4 and $5 a pair, but of which there is only one pair of a kind, they go tomorrow at ..... $2.75 Pair

Dainty Curtain Materials—8000 yards of Striped and Dotted Curtain Swisses, Fish Nets and Scrims—30 to 36 in. wide—worth 10c and 15c—tomorrow at ..... 8c Yd.

Fine Drapery Silks—In Floral and Oriental effects—all colors—worth 50c and 75c—at ..... 25c Yd.

Toilet Soaps.

5c and 10c Toilet Soaps, 3 for 10c.
Pear's Unscented Glycerine, 12c.
Pear's Scented Glycerine, 15c.
Packer's Tar Soap, at 15c.
4711 White Rose Glycerine, 15c.
Blue Medicated, 3 for 25c.
2½-lb. Bars Castile Soap, 45c.

Last Week of the Furniture Sale

Yes, this extraordinary Sale at One-Third Off the Marked Prices, will come to a close next Saturday. No time to lose, therefore, if you want to get anything in the Furniture line at a discount of 33 1-3 per cent. Remember, every piece of Furniture in the house is included in this sweeping offer.....

At 1/3 Off The Marked Prices.

Sheet Music.

(1st Floor, Middle Isle.)

"Frogtime"—"Like a Bird With a Broken Wing"—10c a copy. "Lion Tamers"—"I Love But Thee"—12c copy. "Parker Wedding Gem Dance"—"Daisy and the Butterfly"—15c copy.

FOURTH SECTION.
EIGHT PAGES.

The Pittsburgh Gazette.

LITERARY, RELIGIOUS, THEATRICAL, INDUSTRIAL, HOUSEHOLD FEATURES.

PITTSBURGH, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1902.

THE REFORMED MESSENGER BOY

HOW ONE FORTY-TWO "FELL DOWN"

By HENRY M. HYDE.
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)
(Copyright, 1902, by Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

"'ONE Forty-Two,' says de manager to me one aft, 'are you wise to Klapp & Carlip's store?'

"'Am I,' I says, t'inking he might be tryin' to string me, 'Sure I am. Dat's where I buy most a' my jewelry. Dat's where I bought dat diamond necklace what Ag, my Nort' side daisy is makin' such a hit wid. Sure I knows Klapp & Carlip's store. Any'ting doin' over dere?'

"'It's like dis,' de manager says. 'Dere is somebody over dere pinchin' gold rings an' rocks an' shiners an' dey can't any of 'em git onto de grafters. Dey all t'ink it's one of de clerks an' dey had t'ree flies from Central in de joint for a week. But de only t'ing dey done was to arrest a ole daisy on suspicion an' now she's soaked 'em for $2,000 damages.

"'Ole man Carlip was over here dis aft,' says de manager, 'an' he's jes' about bughouse he's so worried. He says to me dat mebbe we can put a smooth kid over dere for a week or two an' he might git next to de guy what's eaten 'em up. He says dat he'll hand de kid a hundred if he can catch de grafter an' give him a good job in de store, too. You can go over an' take a peek in if you want to.'

"Dat looked like easey money to me an' den it was a good chance to do a little work like 'Old Sleuth' done, so I screws home an' puts on my plain rags an' goes over to Klapp & Carlip's lookin' for a job. Jes' to make de play strong ole man Carlip puts a ad in de papers dat he wants a boy an' I cuts dat out an' walks in de store. I holds de ad in my mitt an' sticks it under de nose of the first guy I seen behind de counter.

"'Are you de guy what wants a kid like what dis paper says?' I says to de clerk, tryin' to talk like a rube so he'd t'ink I was jes' in from Sout' Haven or St. Louis to make my fortune.

"He pipes de paper an' den he laugis an' says, 'No, I don't want no kid. Dat's de ole man's ad, but I don't t'ink he wants no tough little cuss like you,' he says. 'His offis is right up dem stairs dere,' he says, 'an' you can run up an' see him if you want to,' he says.

"Ole man Carlip is settin' in a little offis wid glass doors to it an' when I goes in an' gives him de distress signal like him an' de manager makes it up he looks up over his glass lamps an' says, 'Boy, can you write?'

"'Yes, I says, 'I can write an' read an' I got a saddle what's a sinche in de afternoon drawin' tomorrow,' I says.

"'Boy,' he says, tryin' to hang out a strong bluff before de pair a' queens he's got punchin' de keys in his offis, 'do you want to learn de jewelry biz?' he says.

"'I know de dif now between a white one an' a shiner,' I says, 'an' I'm stuck on gettin' wise to de hull game,' I says.

"'You can show up tomorrow morning at 7:29,' says ole man Carlip, 'an' your wages will be three-fifty a week,' he says. 'You can run errands for me an' help take care of stock an' if you don't work hard an' be polite you won't last fifteen minutes,' he says. 'Now run downstairs an' if I want you I'll ring, see?'

"De next mornin' I'm down early an' while I'm out in de stock room dere is a guy comes out dere an' hits up a brown bot for t'ree fingers. Dat's a bad sign when a guy has to git his mornin's-mornin' before he starts work an' I asks de other kid who dat guy is wid de black mustash an' de blue eyes. De kid says dat he's de ole man Carlip's son an' dat he's de head salesman an' de manager of de retail house.

"Dat night I goes down an' gits next to my ole friend, Andy, who used to deal over to Morgan's when de town was good. I asks Andy where de best game is runnin' an' he puts me wise. I steers up dere an' dere sits my guy wid de black mustash an' blue eyes wid de chips piled up before him on de table higher dan a cat's back. Dat's enough for little Willie to see an' I screws out before he gits his lamps on me. An' I says to myself dat de reason ole man Carlip ain't catchin' his grafter is because he ain't lookin' close enough to home. But I ain't makin' a spiel to anybody else 'till I gits wise to de hull combination.

"It takes me a week to catch de ole man's son palmin' a spark out of de vault an' I follows him dat night an' finds out where he hocks his swag an' gits de dough for it. Den it's all set an' I'm ready to pull off dat hundred an' take a little trip.

"I goes over an' tells de manager dat I'm gettin' wise to de game an' dat I'll be ready to cop de dough in a couple of days. He puts a bug in ole man Carlip's ear dat dere'll be something doin' pretty soon.

"Den one day dere was a pretty little daisy comes runnin' in to de store. Say, she was de swellest little peachalorum what ever come down de pike. She had a little white dress on, wid a blue sash an' necktie. She had a bunch of flowers in her mitt an' when she sees me pipin' her off from behind de counter she throws me a big piece of lilac flowers an' hands me a grin what make me t'ink de sun was shinin' in my eyes. Den she goes bobbin' along down de store till she comes to de guy wid de black mustash an' de blue eyes. De daisy t'rows her arms around his neck an' hits him a kiss on de kisser an' says, 'Good mornin' Brother Paul,' he says. 'I've jes'-been down to git my graduation rags,' she says, 'an' if you send me flowers, Paul,' she says, 'be sure dey're pink,' she says to him, so she says.

"Den she hits him another kiss an' I has a fit. When I comes to I says, 'Yes, you'll be buyin' pink flowers, you will,' I says to myself, lookin' at de black mustash. 'You'll be tryin' to crawl out between de bars, dat's what you'll be doin',' I says.

"Den de next day de daisy comes back again an' she gives Papa Carlip a smack an' hands Brother Paul another kiss an' gives me one of dem smiles what she's de only one what carries 'em in stock. An' I makes up my mind dat if I put de ole man onto Brother Paul's curves dat it'll be all off wid de little daisy havin' a good time. De cops'd make de pinch an' dere would be a piece i nall de papers.

"'I'll go an' give Brother Paul a hot game of talk,' I says, 'an' den I'll see what I better do next.'

"Dat night I goes up to Brother Paul when him an' me is all dey is left in de store an' I says, 'Mr. Carlip,' I says. 'I'm dead wise to de hull game,' I says. 'De ole man hired me to catch de grafter what's pinchin' de sparks an' jewelry, I says, 'but of course he ain't suspectin' dat his own son'd be doin' him dirt.'

"Brother Paul put a terrible front.

"'You're crazy, you little devil,' he says. 'Nobody'd believe such a lie from a brat like you. You couldn't make my father listen to it.'

"'Your father wouldn't believe dat you was settin' in de game over to Morgan's every night, either, I guess nit, I says, 'or dat you was soakin' sparks an' shiners over on de west side to git coin to play wid,' I says. 'He'd hate to t'ink dat you was goin' out to de stock room every mornin' to hit up dat black bot to steady your nerves,' I says. 'Dere is a lot of t'ings he wouldn't believe unless he has to an' I'm de kid what can make him, see? If you git gay wid me it's all off wid Brother Paul,' I says. 'But if you cut it all out an' stop graftin' an gamblin',' I says, 'I'll keep it dark. I like your fambly,' I says, thinkin' of de little daisy in de white dress, 'an' I ain't goin' to squeal on you if you stay on de square. But if you go against de bank once more,' I says, 'I'll put de ole man next as sure as my number is One-Forty-Two.'

"Dat night I tells de manager I can't git next to the grafter an' he tells ole man Carlip an' he ties a can to me. Instead of dat hundred an' a good job I gits de merry ha-ha an' an' de ole G. B. But I ain't kickin'. Dat little daisy wid de white dress is wort' it. An' Brother Paul braced up an' when de ole man croaked he took hold an' he's been runnin' de biz ever since.

"I got a good job waitin' for me over dere at dat jewelry store now an' every once in a while I see dat little daisy an' she hands me one of dat same brand of smiles."

"Contentment is riches," I'll truly allow; but you can't be content without money, I trow; unless in your bosom no ambitions burn, and for things worth possessing you don't give—— a straw.

THE HUMOR OF LIFE

As Seen by Gunning King.

Lady Visitor—And was your husband good and kind to you during your long illness?

Parishioner—Oh, yes, miss, 'e just was kind; 'e was more like a friend than a 'usband.

"Bjinks Practices Physical Culture"

Written for The Sunday Gazette by HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

"Humph! Something new all the time. When a man opens his mail nowadays he should have a hatchet, tack-puller and a hired man. I can remember when it was a great feature in my life to get a letter—and I had to go to the postoffice to get it, too. Oh, dear! Those good old times are gone; now we get our mail by wholesale and three times a day. Just look at that pile of matter, will you? Just look at it. It's enough to give an ordinary man the horrors simply to glance at his mail—let alone wading through the stuff. I think I will go into the deep, unsolvable depths of the impenetrable wilderness early in the spring, just to get away from this stupendous mail."

"One or two lumps, dear?"

"Oh, yes; I comprehend your question, my love. Sugar is all right in its place, but when a man has to face a pile of mail matter like this he sighs for an open grate, a bottle of acid, a shotgun or an oasis in some wild and dreary sandy waste where mail is not, see?"

"All people of popularity get mail; some more, some less."

Bjinks looked at the queenly face with a stare that would have frozen anybody but Mrs. B——. she refused the frightful of the stare, dumped four lumps of sugar into his cup, passed over the cup and sipped her coffee between stolen glances at the two or three slim letters placed by her plate. She was awaiting the explosion, and it came suddenly. Bjinks opened a pamphlet, cast his eyes at the first page, gasped, grew red in the face, then white as a sheet. He exploded:

"It says: 'Throw open the window and take deep breaths of pure air if you want to live long and enjoy life.'" He jumped up, threw open the dining-room window; he leaned out, spread out his arms, opened his mouth and drew in a long, deep breath. Then fell back in a chair and gasped:

"W—wa—water! I—I've swallowed a fly—two of them. Hang the man who made me swallow a—a. Thanks! You can pull down the window; the first part of the circus is over."

"Oh, but you're a funny man, pet."

He melted; he always melted when she addressed him in those endearing terms. He felt frisky and young again when she gave him the soothing glance and the soft tone. He was an impressionable creature after all; and it is so nice to be smoothed the right way of the fur when things are at odds and ends.

"Dearest," said he, after recovering his breath—not the fly—"this infernal thing says: 'Throw physic to the dogs.' I will, how about the dog? Does that strike you as a David Harum joke or not?"

"What dog?"

"Why, the dog that's waiting with wide-open jaws for the physic—see."

"I see no dog."

Then he relapsed into silence and was dead to the world for two minutes. He saw that a joke'et worth $5 per was lost upon her dense brain.

Suddenly his eyes bulged again as he opened another pamphlet. It was a pretty thing, and there was a personal testimonial to him from the writer, telling all about how he, the writer, had reduced the girth of his waist, and at the same time raised a luxuriant growth of hair on the top of his head, where the hair ought to grow.

"See how simple it is. Grasp the two sides of the doorway between the palms, lean in, then out, take a long, deep breath and raise both feet from the floor—thus." He rushed to the dining room doorway, he grasped the passage walls, he leaned in and he leaned out, beaming all the while pleasantly at his astonished wife. Then he took a firm hold, drew a deep breath, and raised both feet from the floor—and the plasterer came next day to repair the ceiling in the cellar.

"Of course, a man has got to have lots of patience before he gets onto this new-fangled system of reducing the girth of the waist," sighed Bjinks as he mopped the blood from the back of his head, while his wife fanned him and applied the camphor.

"If you keep up that sort of practice, dear, I guess it will reduce me of a dear old fool of a bob who gets bugs in his head when he reads such trash. There, the blood has stopped now. Let's finish our breakfast in quiet."

"Not when I jump onto a thing like this that tells me how to straighten the stoop in my shoulders and bring back the raised eyesight. Not by a long shot will I overlook this simple exercise with a broomstick—thus." He took a broom from the corner, laid himself flat upon his stomach; then he drew up his legs over his back, holding the broomstick far down. It looked easy, but he found it a trifle hard to accomplish. He was made of good, stern, tough stuff, and he quietly succeeded in passing his hands under the broomstick. And then he said softly:

"That is the—the pro—proper sort—sort of thing for—for stoop—stoop in the shoulders, see? Ouch! Say, help a friend in—in—on the other leg—the rheumatic one, you know. Ouch! Don't press down so hard, Tom—Moses! You are breaking my spine. Oh! send for the doc. There, you have done it without help. Bore the sliding room door is shut. What a picture for Hannah, the cook, to carry to her gamin, McGuffy, the policeman."

"Does your back hurt you now, pet?"

"No, but my pride is warped and my ideas of physical culture are no longer in the swim. I'm a fool—ah!"

She warmed up his ears and arose; she passed around to his side of the table and laid her hand upon his pile of mail; she tossed an arm about his neck, and said:

"Does it go?"

"Too bet."

And with one sweep she threw the whole stuff into the stove. He smiled as he rose, bent forward, and she kissed him just above the eyebrow. And as he left, a bit unsteady and flush of face, she sighed:

"Dear old boy; full of freaks—but the darlingest man in all the world, just the same."

GEORGIE'S PAW TALKS OF THE DANGER OF GETTING INTO RUTS

"When maw saw that he would pull thru al rite she sed: 'Well, you got out of the rut, Paw.'"

Uncle Henry invited us to Come out in the Country and visit them a Few days, so paw Sed he Neaded a Change Enny way and We mite as Well Go while We had the Chanst becoz Aunt Harryut makes the Best buckwheat Cakes he ever et, and we Could neerly save the Car Fair on Groceries and gas and coal and things.

"One of the Best things for people in this life," paw sed When we got to Tawking it Over, "is a Change. The great trubble with people is They get into Ruts. The worst Thing in the world is ruts. If people wouldn't Get into Ruts lots more of them would be Good and Grate. Take Rustie Sage. He's in a Rut. If he could only Get out he mite go to Spending munny like a Shoo clerk getting Leven dollars a week and be Usfle putting cash into sirculashen. But there he sticks in the Saim old rut, Having up Seven or ate Millions Every year and the older he Gets the Harder to Brajk away from the Habbut. Why do people get in Ruts? Becoz it's easier to fall in than Stay out. The poet Tells us about it.

"Never, enny changin',
Goin' every day
Just to do things over
In the saim old way;
Just the saim Old hours,
Just the Saim old grind.
Everything so steddy
You could go it Blind.
Yes, it kills ambishen,
Makes us lazy—but
Golly it's so easy
Slidin' in the Rut.

"What neerly everybuddy neads every little while is a Good Shaken up. They are an old man in Our offus that's worked at the Saim desk Forty two years. He never takes a vaikashen or Gets to the offus two minits Late in the morning or Goes home a minit Earlier one nite Than nuther and he would probabully Drop Ded of Heart disease if Sumbuddy would tell him to Do his work a Different way some Day. The last time he had his Sallery raised was when the Man that owns the Bizness now was Getting raised on a Bottle and his pairunts Didn't no whether they Could pull him thru or Not. If he would only get sick some time for a few days soast he mite Start in new again it would be a good Thing for him, But no. There he stays in His rut and it'll Take the Undertaker to Git him out of It.

"Why don't you have the tooth pulled out?"

"I haven't the nerve."

"You get a dollar and the dentist will find the nerve."

"They are nothing Like a few Days off wunst and a while to Get people out of ruts, so this is a Chanst for me that I would be Foolish not to Take."

"But what if you Lest your posishen while we were Gone," maw sed, "and the winter not more Than half over. You've had a Good menny vacashens lately, it seem to Me."

"You must be filosofficable when you look at these Things," paw answred. "Even if sumbuddy would come along while I was away and Get my job it mite be a good thing for me, Becoz if I would of stayed and worked away I mite of cot the tyfoid fever or new moan you or Sumthing from over work, and Enny way if they Didn't think enny more of me at the offus than to Chuck sumbuddy else in my chair as soon as I got out of it For a few minits it Would she that I was not a Nintegrull part of the institoochen and mite work up Faster sumwhere Else. Just being there All the time wasn't the Best way to Hold a job, and the man that Gets the biggest Sallery is the one that can make them the anxioussest for him to hurry back when He goes away."

So we Went out to Uncle Henry's and took Little albert and the Baby along But left the Dawg and Uncle Ramsey at the Capton's next Door till we Got back.

Uncle Henry lives on a Farm and they are Some Big hills around there. It was good slaying and a Little ways from the house the road goes Down offle Steep, with a Bridge below where they have a mill. The first thing paw wanted to Do was Get Uncle Henry's bob sled out there and Coast with the hole Fambly in Behind. Paw sed he Could steer the Sled from the Frunt Seat Becoz he offen ust to when he was a Boy. Uncle Henry sed:

"You kin hav the Bob sled if you're Bound to Coast, But you Better leave the Folks out Till you Try it a Few times and Git kindust to it. Our house is so cramped Like that we never Did enjoy havin Funerals in It."

It froze hard that nite and the next morning me and paw and Uncle Henry got the Bob sled out to the Top of the Hill and maw and the Rest came Along to watch. They were two Deep Tracks in the road for the Runners to Go in, and paw Got on the seat with the Tung of the sled turned Back for him to Guide with. After he was all Ready we give Him a Shuv and when he was about half way Down the Hill going faster Than munny at a Summer resort, as Uncle Henry sed, we Saw a man with a Load of wood turning into the Road below and Starting up Tords paw.

Maw hollered at paw To stop, but he Didn't pay Enny a Tenshun to her, and Uncle Henry sed "Dummitt they are Going to be trubble," but paw kept rite on Getting in more of a Hurry all the Time, with his Overcoat flappen Like a Blanket on a close line. The man down at the Foot of the hill Stopt, but paw Didn't. We could notice him Standing up in the Sled, and you Could see that if the man with the Team didn't get out of the Track paw Would naft to or Sumthing would break.

Then the man down below Tried to pull out, But one of his horses threw its Hed over the Other one's neck and refewsed to Lissen to reason, so pritty soon paw gave the Tung of the Sled a Twist and Got out of the Rut.

The sled seemed to kind of Hump Itself all up at First Like a Cow before she Lies down, and then it Commenct to shoot off in Differunt direckshens, with so mutch snow and Straw and Things in the air that you Couldn't tell which was paw or what he was Thinken about.

We found him under a Fents after while, and when they Looked him over at Uncle Henry's and saw that he would pull thru al rite maw sed:

"Well, you got out of the rut and all Shaken up enny way, paw, so Let's hope it'll be for the Best."

Paw looked up kind of Sad and said:

"I wonder if you Could get anuther pillo to put under Me?"

GEORGIE.

(Copyright, 1902, by S. S. McClure Co.)

A typewriter, and a pretty girl to operate it are great incentives to an apparent increase in business.

"Maw hollered at paw to stop, but he didn't pay enny a Tenshun to her."

SMILES.

BY NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE.
(Written for Sunday Gazette.)

An optimist is a man who smiles upon misfortune—when it visits his neighbor.

Smiles are said to be born of angels; but the devil often takes a high hand in the rearing.

A man may smile and smile and be a villain still; but then he may smile and smile and be just a simple idiot.

Some people's smiles seem to hurt them so that we tremble at the bare possibility of a tear.

The only thing in the world sadder than a man who represses his smiles is the man who tries to smile and can't.

No pill is quite so bitter that we cannot swallow it with a smile—so long as the other fellow has to swallow one just a little bitterer.

Almost a Tragedy.

"Speaking of narrow escapes," observed Mr. Chugwater, reaching for his second cup of coffee, "did I tell you I was in a train the other day that came within three feet of being run into by another train going at full speed?"

"For mercy's sake, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Chugwater. "How did it happen?"

"The train that came so near running into ours," he rejoined, buttering another round of toast, "was on the other track, and going the other way."

It was several minutes before Mrs. Chugwater broke loose, but when she did she made up for lost time.

The architect finds more profitable work and warmer friends than does the iconoclast.

Monologues of Mystery

Burning Issues of the Hour Briefly Reviewed for the Benefit of Those Who Are Too Busy to Patronize the Theaters.

By NEWTON NEWKIRK.
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

LADIES, gentlemen, and all those over 10 years, half price! It gives me great pleasure to stand up here before you in a fulldress suit and talk to you about the burning issues of the hour. I say it thrills me to the core of my heart to look into your faces, upturned toward me, upon which I see written an unreplete, upon which I see written an unrepleted thirst for knowledge. Here and there I also see a nose drooping off the rare effulgence of a pepper, while down on the front row are a few bald and arid heads, belonging to men of family, who came here thinking I would appear in tights. I am sorry, however, there are not more present.

That reminds me of a very careless thing a friend of mine once said. He was a minister and was asked to dedicate a new jail in the county where he resided. It appeared the old jail had sprung a leak through which several notorious criminals had escaped, so a new jail was built and the few remaining criminals were transferred into it. My friend, in opening his dedicatory remarks, did not use a corkscrew. On the contrary, he merely said: "I am sorry to see so few present this evening." Those desperate, short-haired men who had been fritter-ing away their years behind unrelenting bars did not take this statement in the spirit it was given. They crushed over the seats and sauntered up and down the clergyman's frame. When he came to he was in a hospital—and out a new suit, one ear and an eyebrow. In speaking to me of the matter afterward he said that pastoral work and football playing were somewhat alike in certain respects. All this, however, is quite irrelevant. I propose to address you at this time on "Wireless Politics, or, Adrift With a Sponge, on the Tempest-Tossed Waves of the Bathtub."

This is a question, ladies and gentlemen, upon which rests the fate of this nation. Shall we let the American eagle serve out circles on the blue vault of heaven, or shall we relegate him to a dilapidated chicken coop in the backyard? In other words, I ask you frankly, do we want a shave or a haircut? Now don't decide this question hastily, gentlemen. Go home and ask your wives about it.

Speaking of wives reminds me of my own. She has been in the family now about five years, but she doesn't seem to improve much with age. I remember the day she and I were married just as well as if it were last week. I would like to forget it, but I can't. I recollect I paid the preacher $2 to tie the knot and looking back now, I don't believe it was worth more than $1.50. It didn't take him over 10 minutes to do it. My wife is a peculiar woman in some respects and extravagant in others. Now, for instance, every Saturday night I give her 75 cents to run the house on. Sometimes I give her a dollar. It all depends on how much I have in my hand when I pull it out of my pocket. Sometimes I don't give her anything, but what I was going to say is, she says she can't run the house on 75 cents a week. To look at the house you would think it could be run on 75 cents a week. It is not a large house. I don't understand it, but I just told her that if she could not run the house on 75 cents a week I would get her a house she could run on 75 cents a week, and if there was any change left over she could save it up and give it to me on my birthday. It pays to be generous to your wife, even if it is expensive.

Pursuing this interesting subject further, I might add that there is no statesman anywhere who deplores any more than I do the decadence of politics. You can look about you nowadays and see corruption on every hand, but the corruptionist crop is not as good this year as it was the year before. I only got 20 cents for exercising the glorious right of suffrage on fall, while the year before that I got $1. I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, how in the honest nation are going to make a living when he has only one vote and can get but 20 cents for it, even if he is used.

On the other hand, look at the gas meter! I don't believe there was ever a larger fat head than just a common, ordinary gas meter. If Anarchs were to return and were to try to compete with a gas meter, he would go away back and sit down, only to sob himself to death. Month before last my gas bill was $29.80. I kicked, but the collector said he had consulted the gas meter and that it said the bill was $29.80. After I had parted with the $29.80 and the collector, I went down into the cellar to have a quiet little heart-to-heart talk with the meter myself. I took the axe we use to chop coal with and knocked a hole in the gas meter. The result was that last month my gas bill was $36. I often wish I had control of one gas jet and could rent it out at regular rates. I would own a yacht and would be endowing public libraries in a few weeks.

Taking up the question of sordid wealth for a moment, I have always maintained that I am just as happy as if I had money. If there is any millionaire in the audience who doubts this I am willing to change places with him, temporarily or permanently, just to prove what I say is true. If the millionaire is the willing to do this let him meet me at the side exit of the theater immediately after the performance and hand me a dollar. If, after so doing, he is satisfied I am any happier than I was before, I will agree to keep the dollar, but if I appear more melancholy, let him give me two dollars.

You would hardly suspect, ladies and gentlemen, to look at me through a pair of four-horse-power opera glasses that I have a past, but I have. When I was a small boy just out of long clothes, I didn't have as much of a past as I have now. A past is something that one can not accumulate in a week or two. Well, as I was about to say, when I sit down and glance back over my past the success I have achieved fills me with emotion. Of course there are different standards of success. My great ambition in life has always been to avoid work and with a few exceptions, the memory of which pains me deeply, I have triumphed. Almost any energetic man can get work three days in a week if he wants it, but those who can struggle along through life on three square meals a day when there are feasts on all sides are few indeed.

"Bah," you reply, "the work has to be done by some person." Very true, it does. Some person has done it so far in a manner that I cannot find fault with and I would be a craven cur if I should throw any person out of work who has been so faithful as some persons. In other words, I say, give me liberty or give me a ham sandwich!

If you will kindly hold to the seats and hold your tempers for a few minutes I will endeavor to sing you that soul-stirring little ditty entitled: "Be Still, My Sassy Heart, Be Still":

(Singe)

BE STILL, MY SAUCY HEART, BE STILL!

"Oh hear a mokkin sarpunt," I cried
"If but, 'and I will buy the bill!"
"I'd rather I had never seen,
Be still, my sassy heart, be still!

What though the ayed worst shall pall,
And fate shall now be haughty will?
I will, I had at last taken pie,
Be still, my sassy heart, be still!

O, let us smark with last sarkasm,
And let us all our values spill!
Who would a saval hose be?
Be still, my sassy heart, be still!
(CHORAIN.)

Penetration.

Editor (testily)—I don't see anything in that manuscript of yours.

Struggling Author (feebly)—I presume not, but, you know, some of our readers may be quite intelligent.—Pearson's Weekly.

Don't Bear Them Too Far.

Bear ye one another's burdens, but do make out with them.—Dallas News.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, but it takes a woman to keep it in order.

HOW TO FURNISH THE LIBRARY

LUXURIOUS, COMFORTABLE AND YET SIMPLE

Replies to a Widely Distributed Correspondence That Answers Many a Perplexing Question.

By KATE GREENLEAF LOCKE.
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

A. K.: You say that you wish in furnishing your library to give it "a touch of the orient." By that I understand that you would like, without apparently stretching a point or going directly out of your way, to impart an air of oriental richness and Turkish air to your room. I like your way of putting it. I feel sure from the expressions in your letter that you will understand what I mean by the adaptation of a style. My idea of artistically adapting a certain style to one's own needs and tastes is to work up from some particular piece or pieces of furniture or bric-a-brac of which one is the fortunate possessor to a general scheme which produces the atmosphere of the time or place to which the piece belongs. Be sure, in the first place, however, that the incentive is of sufficient worth to furnish an excuse. In other words, that your piece of bric-a-brac or furniture is of really intrinsic value, so that you can point with pride to it as the keynote to your whole scheme. If, for instance, you have a piece of rare old armor, a Saracenic helmet or battleax, one which carries history and suggestion in its every look and line, upon which to found your den, you are artistically secure; but if this implement of war is made of papier mache you are lost.

The field of oriental art is so broad that it is hard to go astray in this kind of furnishing, so many beautiful things that have come into common use are of oriental origin. As all roads once led to Rome, so most of the arts in textiles, metals, embroideries, carvings and jewel work can be traced back to the Saracens. Unless great discretion and a real feeling for art enters into the composition of such a room a frightful "mixiness" is often the result, whereas the end aimed at should be restfulness. A dignified repose, combined with more or less luxury, should be the atmosphere of the library. To avoid "mixiness" do not use too much figured material. When fabrics of many different figures are employed in the same room it is hard to keep it quiet; it becomes what artists call "restless" at once.

Fabricona is the only stuff I know of which could be used with good effect on your walls. It presents a hard, glazed surface. Better still, I like the walls above your wooden paneling (which should be as rich as you can afford to have it) simply calcimined. In either the burlaps or calcimining you can use a soft, warm Pompeiian red, the shade which has a glow of yellow in it. I think in fabricona it is called "poppy red." It produces an indescribably rich glow, and you feel at once when you have gone only so far in your decorations that with this color and dark wood paneling and Turkish stuffs for cushions and curtains, your room will be as handsome as you care to make it. With this wall I would use a good deal of dull blue. Find a Turkish material with figures of this color in it and make cushions of it, interspersed with some of brilliant yellow silk embroidered with gold. Hang any sort of Turkish or Persian rug in your doorway which is soft enough to draw back easily and contains your blues.

If you want a substantial table in place of the carved Turkish affairs throw a good rug over a plain, square table. Soft old Kiskilims can often be bought for from $8 to $10, and make beautiful table covers. Upholster your seat running round the room with dull blue velours and place some comfortable chairs upholstered with Turkish stuffs near the table.

A Library in Beautiful Tones, and a Design for an Alcoved Window.

D. J.: Your library presents some charming possibilities, to my mind, if you will handle it with exquisite care. You seem to consider it hopeless, because the floor is painted a dark drab, with a bluish tone, and you have a bay with three very large, high windows and inside shutters. I know that I have inveighed against drab paint, but having received several letters from people who have to suffer from it, I have set myself to make a study of it, and I find there is just one way to treat such a floor to make it presentable. Your woodwork is in the oiled yellow pine. I say fortunately, because such woodwork is capable of golden lights, and these tones will be necessary to your floor. Buy for the center of your room a rug (either an oriental one or an American imitation) having tones of shaded brown, orange and old gold, mingled with blue. Sometimes very good home made Smyrnas come in these shades, and you often find them in the oriental Anatolians. When you lay these rich, soft colors on your "blue drab" floor you will find it suddenly beautiful; your paint is just the background for the warm browns and yellows, and the dull blues must be reproduced in other places about the room. Above your bookcases your walls should be a tawny saffron color. You can obtain a very rich and finished effect also if you will use a frieze of dark blue tapestry paper, and then have made for your central electric light a border in leather work. This should encircle the chandelier, coming against the tan colored veiling, and should be done in blue, silver and gold. It can be designed and made to order to correspond with the general effect or frieze. Any paperhanger can apply it for you. Now for your bay window. You complain that the window runs up so high that you could not take away the inside shutters without giving a look of extreme bareness and letting in too much light. As this window is alcoved, I can tell you of an arrangement which will add much to the beauty of your room. Remove the shutters entirely and upper sash in all three of the windows and replace it with rough glass in a clear green color. In front of this and over the three upper sashes place a lattice work of interwoven bamboo. This should be stained quite dark, and the light, streaming through the green glass broken by the delicate lattice will have a fascinating effect. A shelf at the bottom of this top sash, that is, just midway of the window, holding pots of ferns and small palm will add to the effect, and the lower sash should be curtained with green silk. Let the green of the glass and the curtain be much the color of your ferns and palms when the light shines through them. If you will place a handsome palm in the alcove near an easy chair you will find the little green retreat a great addition to your room.

An Inexpensive Library.

K. V. W.: As your house is a simple little country house and plainly furnished you would not wish, of course, to furnish your library with any degree of luxury, and yet I think you can make a most acceptable and cosy reading room of your 11x12 with its two French windows. Paint your floor dark, and put a blue and white jute on it; have this just large enough to leave a foot or so of margin all around, showing the dark, polished floor. As your two long windows hang curtains to the floor of the simple white worked muslin, with scalloped edges, which can be bought so cheaply and yet which looks so fresh and pretty when well laundered. Hang these from a slender brass rod with brackets. This is much prettier than a heavy pole.

Between the curtains at one of your windows swing a basket of trailing ferns and vines. Under your hanging lamp in the center of the room place your library table. You can make this table for a song in this way: Buy a pine table, called a "kitchen table;" this should be a little over 3 feet long and 28 inches wide; paint it carefully a good, soft glaze black; then on the top tack dark blue denim, having a margin of two inches of wood. Fit this very tightly and smoothly and fasten it with brass tacks, placed very closely and evenly together. You will find that your common pine affair is thus metamorphosed into a most presentable library table. On this you will have room for the last magazines, your writing materials, your favorite books, etc.

A quaint looking brass candlestick holding a red wax candle is useful for sealing letters and adds to the effect of your table. On the floor underneath a large Indian basket for holding newspapers is both useful and ornamental. Any comfortable wooden chair you may have can easily be converted into a pretty dark chair by painting it black to correspond with your table and putting a blue denim seat in it fastened with brass tacks. Hang your red Navajo from a rod in the doorway, and put a red shade on your hanging lamp.

You say that you wish very much for a large easy chair in here, but that you cannot afford it. If I were you I would search the second-hand shops until I found a large, stuffed chair of the style I wanted. I would upholster this myself in dark blue denim, and, making a square footstool of the same material, I would put it just in front of my easy chair. With these few pieces of blue and black furniture you can put any other chairs of dark or light wood you may wish to use.

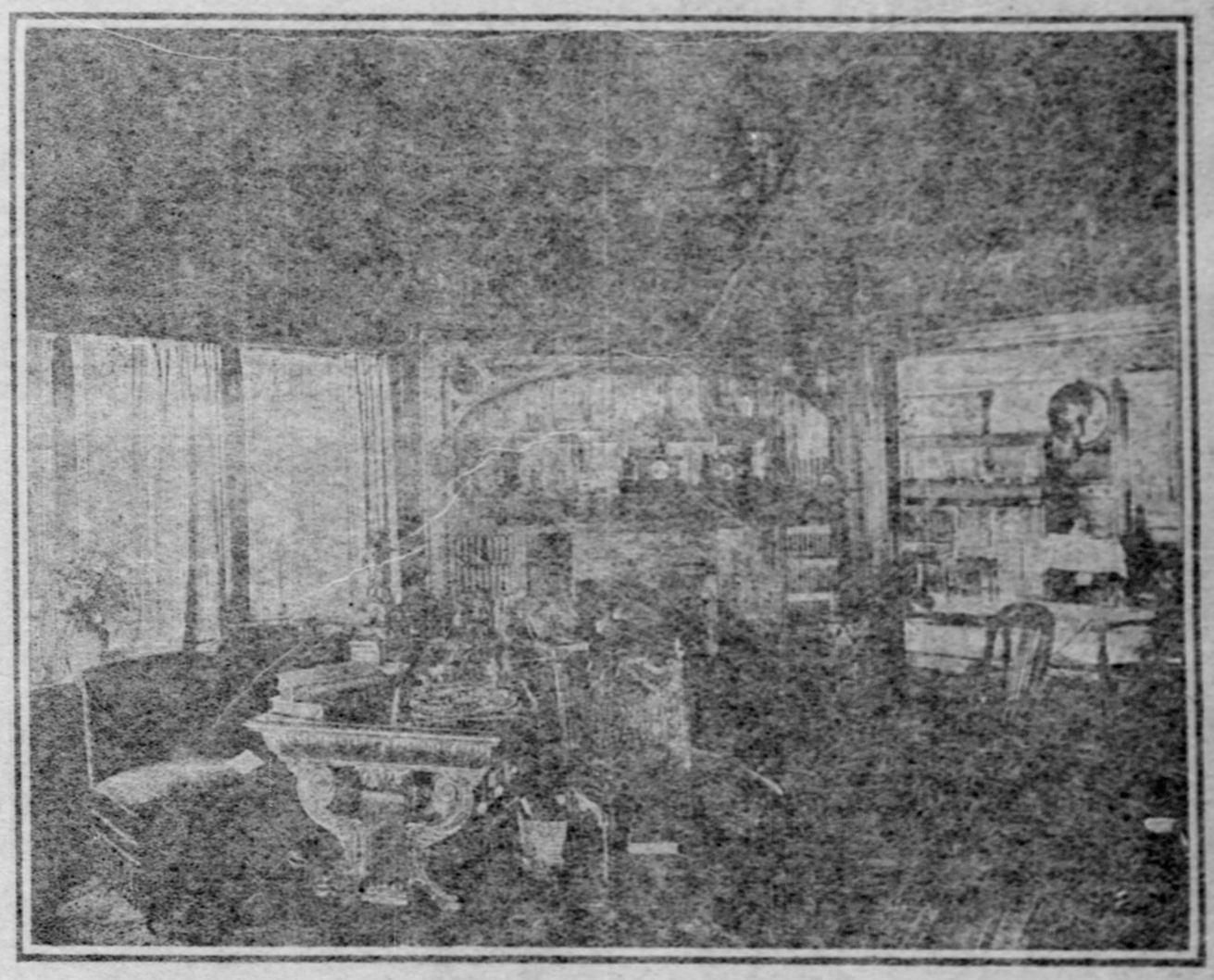
And now for your book shelves. Have your carpenter make you two upright pieces of simple pine or redwood a little more than an inch thick. At the intervals where the shelves are to go let him make openings large enough to shove the ends of the shelves through, so that they project at least three inches; these are then secured with wooden clamps and you have a substantial and handsome set of book shelves. It is well to introduce an irregularity in them, as it makes them a little more artistic. The book case I have in mind rests on the floor and has four shelves four feet long. The fifth shelf is only two feet long, and is placed at one end; on this, instead of books, is placed an Indian basket. A case of this size will hold more than 100 books, so that if you have two such pieces made your library walls are furnished.

I would have the walls papered with cartridge or Ingrain paper of a French gray color, and you can use your discretion about the woodwork, as almost any finish looks well with the colors I have suggested. Hang Copley prints of details from Abbey's and Blashfield's works, in black frames, on your walls, and you will also find that a small painting in a gold frame will look well hung there. A good piece of plaster in relief, against the wall, over one of your book shelves, would give an added distinction to this refined and pretty little room. If you have your shelves made of redwood do not varnish them, but rub them down with oil. If they are of pine paint them black and they will make a rich and beautiful setting for your books.

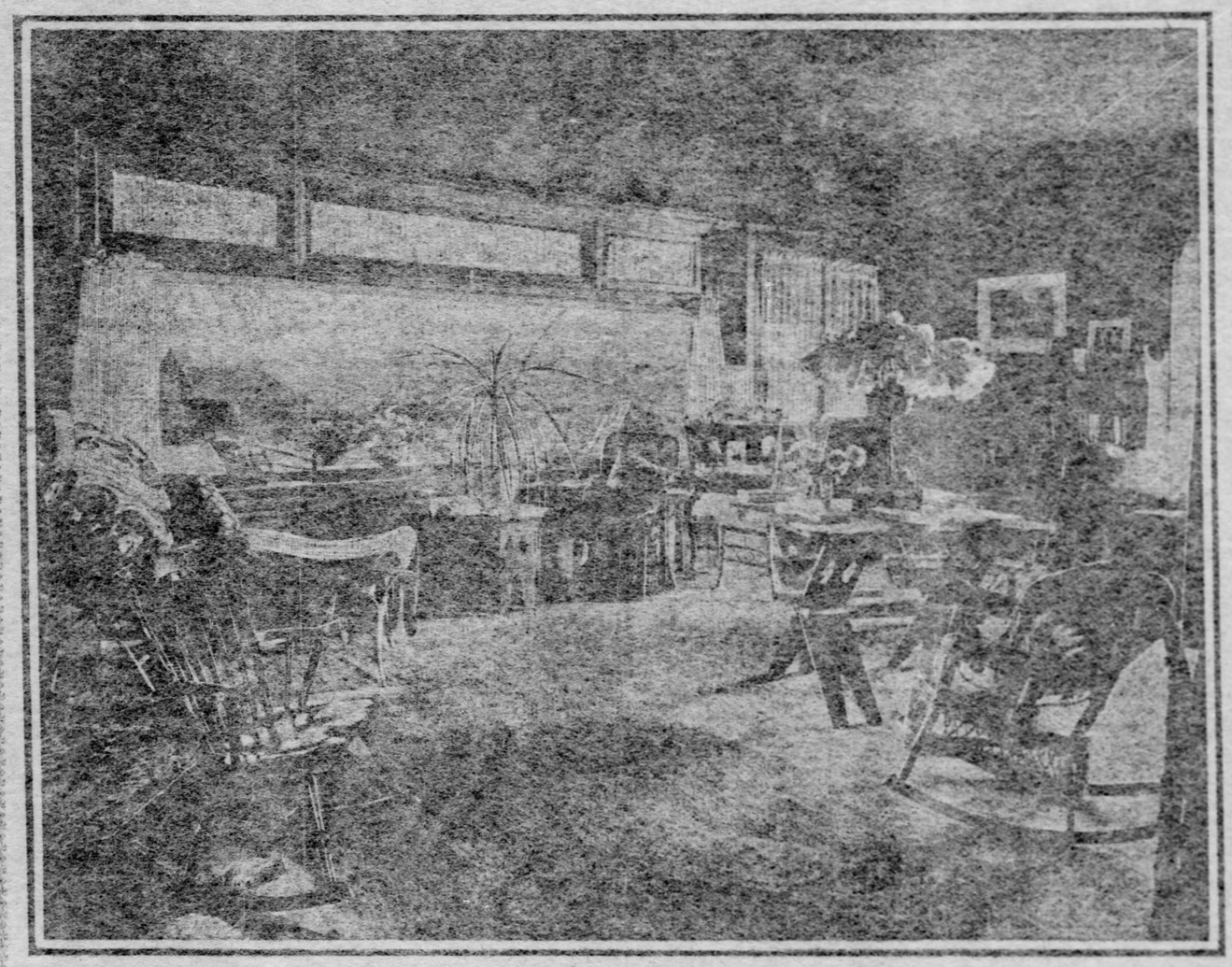
Concerning Oriental Rugs.

There is in many places a mistaken idea prevalent that the Turkish rug is a luxury which is beyond the means of the ordinary purchaser. Also, that to set the pace with a Turkish rug means that one is to be led into all sorts of extravagances, and that it looks well only with the richest accessories. Both of these ideas are mistaken ones, and it would be greatly to the advantage of many people to discard them. First, as to price: A Brussels or Moquet rug or an American "Smyrna" will often exceed in price a rare, soft toned, everlasting and always beautiful oriental one. Of course, there are rugs and rugs, even when genuinely oriental. Sometimes, but rarely, they are really ugly; but if one will in selecting, choose one in which her favorite colors predominate, if she will assure herself that these colors are softened so that they tone readily into one another (and this toning is only accomplished by wash, that, in other words, there are no colors which are crude and staring, she will be sure to buy a good one, and will never regret the purchase. Whether the weave be that of an Anatolian, with its silky sheen; a Kazak, velvety and deep in tone, or a Cashmere, with its heavy fringe and its indian designs, she will extract a thrill of pleasure from it every time her eye encounters its soft beauty. A word as to the purchase of a Cashmere: I would advise the avoidance of those which have a strong yellow in them. Many very handsome pieces present a strong yellow against a dark background and running as a border into the fringe. If this light thread is white instead of yellow, and the fringe is strong, pure white, you have a much more valuable rug and one which will look well wherever you place it.

(Copyright 1902 by Kate Greenleaf Locke.)



Library Opening Into the Dining Room and Furnished in Simple and Restful Style.



A Cozy and Inexpensive Library Furnished Chiefly by Shelves Full of Well-Chosen Books.

A KUBELIK DINNER....

The Latest Fad in ... Entertaining

By NELLIE G. COLEMAN.
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

YOU may not be so fortunate as to secure the Bohemian idol of the hour to grace your entertainment, indeed, he might not come sufficiently near your part of the country to permit you the pleasure of hearing him play, but every host can at least indulge in the luxury of that latest society fad—a Kubelik party. These affairs are strictly the thing, and promise to become especially popular in those cities where the young virtuoso appears in one of his marvelous concerts.

Of course, any phase of social hospitality may be given a Kubelik or musical flavor, and it is simply a matter of individual preference whether it assumes the form of a breakfast, matinee luncheon, tea, or dinner; but the latter style, accompanied by a violin orchestra and followed by an impromptu musicale, will appeal to most people as more desirable than either of the former, particularly men who find parties after business better suited to their convenience.

As suggestive of the artist's native land, it is proper to have the room where dinner is served decorated in the Austrian colors—red, yellow and black. The last named, however, being the number for general use, is represented only by the double eagle of the nation's coat of arms, which is utilized for wall pockets for containing flowers, and as supports for flag staffs, floating Austria's ensign, together with Old Glory. The eagle is further used to confine streamers of red and yellow draped about doors, or scroll festoons hung from the frieze molding, between each loop of which a violin is suspended on ropes of twisted red and yellow. These violins, by the way, are either regular instruments secured for the occasion, or fancy ones of richly tinted celluloid strung with parafined cord, and if not that, then they may be manufactured from cardboard covered with glazed paper in the appropriate wood tints. Cardrolls of wire ones have made are extremely effective for windings, forming canopies, and festooning curtains and other available furnishings that the room contains. In a word, the "king of instruments" is to reign supreme throughout the entire scheme of embellishment. All the lights, candle, gas and electric are shaded in red and yellow to harmonize with the rest of the room.

In place of the customary white a bright yellow cloth is used upon the table, this being edged by red ribbons tucked up at the left of each cover with a tiny bow and tying a violin which acts as a souvenir name card. Along the length of the table gilt threads are drawn to represent the staff in musical compositions, after which small red rosebuds or rose petals are laid to resemble a bar of some classic selection for the violin. This mode of ornamenting the cloth is not alone exquisitely beautiful and suggestive, but is entirely original. For a centerpiece most entertainers will have their own ideas, yet none could prove daintier than a red violin lying in a bed of red and yellow blossoms margined by a wreath of laurel with an imitated figure of Kubelik reclining beside it, his fingers caressing the strings. If one wishes the whole thing may be composed of flowers, or on the other hand can be entirely created in candy by the caterer.

Other ornamental pieces appearing over the board at intervals and acting in lieu of dishes for the more delicate viands retaining a permanent position during the dinner, come in chocolate iced shapes symbolizing certain musical terms and figures, such as sharps, flats, the differently formed rests, etc. Bass and treble clef figures placed upon the pulled sugar at either end make very odd receptacles for fruits, and as all of these supplemental bits of decoration fit in on lines and spaces with technical precision the harmonious tones of the table is thereby retained to a wonderfully picturesque ensemble. Ices molded as violins are served in violin cases, likewise the confections for the ladies, which are made up in pretty leather-covered, satin lined cases. Knack, velvety and deep in tone, or a Cashmere, with its heavy fringe and its Indian designs, she will extract a thrill of pleasure from it every time her eye encounters its soft beauty. A word as to the purchase of a Cashmere: I would advise the avoidance of those which have a strong yellow in them. Many very handsome pieces present a strong yellow against a dark background and running as a border into the fringe. If this light thread is white instead of yellow, and the fringe is strong, pure white, you have a much more valuable rug and one which will look well wherever you place it.

(Copyright 1902 by Kate Greenleaf Locke.)

that may afterward be used as handkerchief boxes. Something smaller can also be furnished the masculine element to serve as future cigar holders for the surprise supply of "smokers" to be safely kept in. These are adorned with medallions of Kubelik affixed to the lids.

During the course of the dinner the hostess may, if she feels so inclined, introduce a critical or biographical sketch of the young artist. The entertainer of the playing are imaginary, of course, not written along the lines of some professional criticism, which either or all the guests may have read, but just a jotting down of what they presume would be their verdict if they heard Kubelik really adverse and humorous ones go the same as the most sympathetic and appreciative tributes. These sketches are written on silhouette cards with the artist's picture on the reverse side, that are presented as the diners enter the room. In the biographical contest, each individual writes all he knows, or imagines he knows, about Kubelik, and the person having the most correct data on the subject is declared his sincerest admirer, and is therefore entitled to the prize for the best biography. The odd ideas, and conflicting statements which will be developed by the company being taken thus unawares, when read aloud, add no small share to the enjoyment of the feast.

WIFE OR WIDOW.

A Parisian Marriage Annulled Because the Bridegroom's Mother Had Not Been Asked.

A trial has just taken place in Paris which should be a warning to all foreigners who purpose marrying a Frenchman. The Marquis de Bernis, a lieutenant in the French army, was married in the Roman Catholic church, Dover, to Madame Elsa Rosenbaum, a charming young widow. The marriage took place without the consent of the young man's mother, who has just asked the courts to annul the union, on the ground that she had not sanctioned her son's marriage. The decision of the tribunal was that the marriage is null and void in French law. The curious part of the affair is that the marriage was authorized and validated by Cardinal Richard, archbishop of Paris, and is, therefore, ecclesiastically absolutely unassailable. Ecclesiastically the young lady is the wife of the Marquis de Bernis, but civilly, she is no man's wife, in short, she is still a widow.

A Furniture Polish.

A very good furniture polish may be made by dissolving a piece of clean beeswax the size of an egg in a pint and a half of spirits of turpentine. When polishing take a piece the size of a dinner plate, at a time, rub a little swivel of it over it and wipe it carefully to remove all dust from it. Then put on a very little polish and rub with a polisher made in this way: Take an old woolen glove and make it pear-shaped, thickened at the large end. Over this the tightly doubled piece of very soft old flannel. Afterward, to put on the finishing touches, rub lightly with a piece of soft old silk. Varnished furniture may be cleaned before polishing with a soft cloth dipped in vinegar.

A Charming Pincushion.

A charming pincushion of novel design intended to be hung at the side of a dressing table. The cushion portion is made of white silk embroidered in graceful design of soft, delicate tones, while a narrow yellow satin ribbon with a shirrelle outlet runs through the corner, is arranged over the seams of cardboard, which forms the handle. A ring of ribbon-covered cardboard is extended in the lengthening strips. Another ring, although smaller, is used for the top.

OBSERVATIONS

By SOPHIE G. KERR.
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

The Freaks of Photography.

If the misguided wretch still lives who instituted the "Your-face-on-a-button-ten-cents" atrocity, then Azrael has not been giving his work the serious attention it merits. Better the hideous imitation turquoise matrix under Bridget's corpulent chin than that fearful representation that purports to be the likeness of Patrick. Patrick, the squint-eyed, the snub-nosed, the cavernous-mouthed, when thy charms are perpetuated on the deathless button, even the Kodak fiend looks on his favorite weapon with disgust. None, not even the loveliest maid, or the loveliest made, can come forth unscathed from this photograph button craze. With her face on a button—ten cents—Maxine Elliott would be a banshee, and Julia Marlowe a hoodoo. This fact alone ought to condemn it.

Moreover, what pleasure or profit, mentally, bodily or spiritually can there be in letting the careless world, as we meet it on car and street and market place, know what our dear relatives and friends displayed in counterfeit presentment on our lapel or neckwear do not look like? Strange mystery of a mysterious world betake thee to a puzzle page. Such conundrums are out of place here.

But, ah—make way for another outrage to artistic sensibilities. Your photograph colored and reproduced on a handsome china vase or plate! That is a happy thought. Luckily it is too expensive a process to be in reach of any save those who have money enough to be in a social position where the tenets of good taste are known. But there was once a good looking, but broken hearted widower who had put a fine monument over his wife's grave, endowed a hospital bed and given a fat check to sundry charitable institutions in her memory, and sighed for more ways to spend money in honoring his grief. He saw this ceramic-camera ad., and as all bric-a-brac from Sevres vases to papier-mache dogs looked alike to him, he ordered a vase two feet high to have his wife's portrait on one side, and any amount of curly conventional wiggles on the other.

It came—! A peroxide blonde run mad was the only possible description. The inconsolable widower looked at it sadly and set it in a prominent position on the library mantel. The days went on and his grief grew lighter, and he married again, a discerning lady who knew lace and pictures and tapestries—and china. She looked at the china horror of her predecessor, she told the maid that she would dust the library herself—and one day there was an accident. Those who run may read.

The last, and perhaps the worst freak of all the photographic freaks is the sofa pillow "with your picture life-size." The stern black—and white of the distorted crayon portrait appalled—but think of a picture of portly Aunt Martha on bilious green satin, or the saintly young minister's ascetic features shining out in garish red. Would not even your sweetheart's face grow a trifle depressing if seen every day in unadulterated blue?

The camera is capable of such magnificent productions, such real simon-pure art that surely it were only the most vile who would put it to such base uses. Keep the lens and tripod on its pedestal, pray you, masters, ere the pots and pans, the washtub and the ignoble garbage box display our lineaments to the public gaze.

The Polite Liar.

Their name is legion. As the children say, "We're it." King David says utterance to that trenchant truth, "All men are liars," and he did not include women because he felt it was not necessary. Possibly he omitted them from politeness, but it is far more likely that he knew feminine lack of veracity to be a matter of course.

It is not unusual to hear a mother in Israel, a church woman, and a moral pillar in the community make some such remark as this: "Just as I had lain down, and I was so tired and had such a wretched headache, Mrs. Smithson called. Of course, I told her that I was delighted to see her. I was so thankful that she didn't bring those dreadful children that I asked for them in my sweetest manner and told her that Tommy was the brightest child for his age I ever saw. So she went away looking quite pleased."

Now, these statements were manifestly untrue, by the speaker's confession. Yet, after all, was she not justified? She sent her caller away with a pleasant feeling and she justified her reputation as an amiable character all at the expense of truth. Poor Truth! It is no wonder she retreats to a well. Possibly she needs water to revive herself after such an encounter with Social Necessity.

According to the frailty of human nature it isn't the kind friend who tells us that our new gown fits well enough, but the shade is really very unsuited to our complexion, for whom we keep a warm spot in our heart, but the one who clasps her hands and murmurs ecstatically, "What a heavenly foulard! And so becoming!" And this, mind you, when our own mirror has proven the justice of our first friend's condemnation.

It is a matter of wonder how the ancient Spartans, who were such great sticklers for exact truth under all circumstances, ever got along with each other. They must have had their weaknesses and pet foibles, even as the people of today, and if they were forever informing one another of them, methinks there must have been more than one "terrible r-ruction" as Dooley says. What a pity some historian of that time did not leave us a record of what Calchas said when Tisemenus told him he held his spear like a Persian monkey. It would be interesting reading.

Indeed, it is the polite extravagances and smaller fictions that make life easy. The bit of flattery helps a dreary day wonderfully. The solicitous inquiry, and the expression of pleasure at our presence all go to grease the wheels of society's chariot. There is no need to carry it to excess, but a certain amount of it is absolutely necessary to existence. Let the ultra honest person try it for one day—speak truthfully to all on every subject—and if he escapes with his life he will swear never to try it again.

CORSETS BY PRESCRIPTION.

Parisian Woman Doctor Has Entered Into a Curious Partnership.

A Parisian lady doctor has just had a splendid idea. Her sister is a staymaker, and the two are said to be coining money. They have combined their different professional capacities in the following manner: Customers calling find themselves first ushered into the consulting room of the lady doctor. There they undergo a regular medical examination. They have to answer the usual practitioner's questions; their pulse is felt, their lungs sounded, their heart listened to and so on. The doctor then draws up a diagnosis; in other words, gives a description of the kind of corset which the build and state of health of each customer requires that she should wear.

It is said that the lady physician carries conscientiousness so far in some cases as to forbid the wearing of corsets at all. When this dread vate is pronounced, customers are towed out with many expressions of regret and sympathy. But in the majority of cases, customers are "passed" by the doctor, and are then handed over to the other partner, who takes the measures in strict accordance with the medical instructions supplied.

The partnership of physician and staymaker has proved so successful that, although the charges made are on the pinchers scale of the corset trade, yet both consulting and fitting room are always crowded.

UP-TO-DATE SMUGGLERS.

Dogcart and Automobile Have Come Into Use to Outwit Customs Officers.

France's increased duty on alcohol has given an enormous impetus to smuggling, and scarcely a week passes in Paris without a cycle accident revealing that the tires had been filled with something stronger than air. But cyclists are not the only smugglers. A "gentleman" who has been in the habit of driving every evening out of Paris and returning after dark has just met with a remarkable adventure. He usually drove out in a dog cart, with a smart young groom sitting behind. A few evenings ago his trap collided with a lamp post and the groom was thrown out. The customs officers, who ran to the rescue, found the groom lying on the ground with a serious wound in his head, from which not blood, but brandy, was pouring. The groom was tin and had been regularly filled every time his master took his evening drive.

Another ingenious method of smuggling is reported from Avignon. A spirit merchant in an automobile frequently passed the municipal barrier in such a manner as to excite suspicion. Finally one of the men noticed that the spirit merchant appeared much broader of chest and plumper of body than at ordinary times and he was asked to alight, and was conducted into the office.

Here he was discovered that he was wearing beneath his shirt a hollow breast plate of tin, while lower down he had a false stomach made of the same metal, the two receptacles containing about six gallons of alcohol.

The fight for the "stomach" was fast and furious, and in the struggle the stomach burst, and the liquid that escaped caught fire at a stove. The results were disastrous. The customs officer was burned down, while several men were badly injured.

WOLFVILLE STORIES

THAT OSAGE, Bill Connors

BY ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

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"AT THE RIFLE CRACH, THE SAUCY WILLOW, ALL ALONE COMES CHARGIN' FOR THE CROOKED CLAW LIKE A SHOOTIN' STAR"

"Nacherally, if you-all is frettin to hear about Injuns," observed the Old Cattleman, in reply to my latest request, "I better onfold how that Osage Bill Connors gets his wife. Not that thar's trouble in roundin' up this yere squaw; none whatever. She comes plumb easy; all the same said tale elab'rates them savage customs you're so cur'ous concernin'."

My companion arose and kicked together the logs in the fireplace, which was one of the great room's comforts. They leaped into much accession of flame; and crackled into sparks; and these went gossiping up the mighty chimney, their little fiery voices making a low, soft, roaring like the music of bees.

"This yere chimley draws plenty successful," commented my friend. "Which it almost breaks even with a chimley I constructs once in my log camp on the Upper Red. That Red river floo is a wonder! Draws! Son, it could draw four kyards an' make a flush. But that camp of mine on the Upper Red is over eight thousand feet above the sea, as I'm informed by a passel of surveyor chaps who comes romancin' through the hills once with a spy glass on three pegs; an' high altitoods that a-way proves a heap exflieratin' to a fire.

"But speakin' of Bill Connors: In Wolfville—which them days is the only part of my c'reer whereof I'm proud an' reviews with unmixed satisfaction—Doc Peets is like you a whole lot, bein' inquis'tive touchin' Injuns. Peets allows that some day he's doo to write books about 'em. Which in off hours, an' when we-all is more or less at leesure over our Valley Tan, Peets comes explorin' 'round for details frequent. I imparts all I surveys about this Bill Connors, an' likewise sech other aborigines as lives in my mem'ry, same as I does now to you. Still it shakes my estimates of Peets to find him eager over Injuns, they bein' plumb low an' debasin' as topics. I says as much to Peets.

"'Never you-all mind about me,' says Peets. 'I knows so much about white folks it comes mighty clost to makin' me sick. I seeks news of Injuns as a relief an' to promote a average in favor of the species.'

"This yere Bill Connors is a good lookin' young Osage buck when I cuts his trail, straight as a lance an' strong an' direless as a bronco. It's about six years after them philanthrofists ropes onto Bill an' drug him off to a school. You-all understands about a philanthrofist—one of these yere sports who's allers out improvin' some party's condition in a way the party who's improved don't like.

"'A philanthrofist,' says Col. Sterett one time when Dan Boggs demands said explanations at his hands; 'philanthrofist that a-way is a stranger gent who insists on you-all givin' some other stranger gent your money.'

"For myself, however, I regyards the colonel's definition as too narrow. Troo philanthrophy has a heap of other things to it that's jest as onreasonable an' which does not incloode them fiscal feschers mentioned by the colonel.

"As I'm sayin', these yere well meanin', though darkened sports, the philanthrofists, runs Bill down—it's mebby when he's 14, only Injuns don't keep tab on their years none—an' immures him a heap in one of them gov'ment schools. It's then Bill gets his name 'Bill Connors.' Before, he cavorts about the scene, free an' wild an' happy, onder the Injun application of the Jack Rabbit.'

"Shore.' Bill's sire—a savage who's 'way up in the picture kyards, he is, an' who's called 'Crooked Claw' because of his left hand bein' out of line with a Ute arrer through it long ago—gives his consent to Bill 'thin' that sem'nary, Crooked Claw can't he'p himse'f; he's powerless; the Great Father is backin' the play of the philanthrofists.

"'Which the Great Father is too many for Crooked Claw,'" says this yere parent, commentin' on his he'plessness that time. 'Bill's gone eanterin' up to his ol' gent to remonstrate 'a lot 'bout learnin' an' Crooked Claw says this to Bill: 'The Great Father is too many for Crooked Claw; an' too strong. You must go to school as the Great Father orders. It is right. The longest spear is right.'

"Bill is rebranded like I says, 'Bill Connors,' an' then he's done bound down to them books. After four years Bill graduates, he's got the limit, the philanthrofists takes Bill's hobbles off an' throws him loose with the idee that Bill will go back to his tribe folks an' teach 'em to read. Bill comes back, shore, an' is at once the Osage laughin' stock for wearin' pale-face clothes. Also, the medicine men tells Bill he'll die for talkin' pale-face talk an' sportin' a pale-face shirt, an' these yere prophecies preys on Bill, who's eager to live a heap an' ain't none ready to cash in. Bill gets back into blankets an' feathers in about a month. It's this a-way:

"Old Black Dog, a leadin' sharp among the Osages, is goin' about with a dab of clay in his hair, an' wearin' his most torn an' ornery blanket. That's because Bill's mother, 'Big Moanin',' his squaw of this yere stam, 'does over the Big Divide, mebby it's two months prior. Black Dog's mournin' has got deep down to the turn like; an' windin' up his grief an' tears, Osage fashion, he gives a war dance. Shore; them savages rings in a war dance on all sorts of cer'monies. It don't allers mean they're hostile, an' about to spraddle forth on missions of blood. Like I states, Black Dog, who's gone to the end of his mournful barks about the death of the squaw, turns hime'f loose for a war dance; an' he nacherally invites the Osage nation to get in on the festivities.

"Accordin' to the rooles of the game, yore Bill, jest back from that school, has got to cut in. Or he has his choice between bein' fined a pony, or takin' a lickin' with quirt whips in the enthusiastic hands of a brace of Kaw tenders, whose delight as well as dooty it is to execute out sale punishment. Bill can't afford to go shy a pony; an' as he's loath to accept them larrupin's, he wistfully organizes to shake a moccasin at the baile. An' as nothin' but feather, blankets an' breech-clouts goes at a war dance—the same bein' true as to dress—loines that a-way, the social rooles plumb severe, costoomes havin' to be what Col. Sterett describes in the Coyote once as de rigorous—Bill shucks his pale-face garments an' arrays himse'f after the breezy fashion of his ancestors.

"Bill attends the war dance an' shines. Also, bein' bralled by the Medicine men an' olden bucks for quittin' his pale-face duds; an' findin' that old-time blanket an' breech-clout easy an' saloobrious—which Bill plumb forgets their feel in his four years at that sem'nary—he adheres to 'em. This yere lapse into aboriginal ways brews trouble for Bill; he gets up ag'inst the agent.

"It's the third day after Black Dog's war dance, an' Bill, all paint, blankets an' feathers, is sa'nterin' about Fawhusky, takin' life easy an' Injun fashion. It's then the agent meets Bill an' sizes him up. The agent asks Bill does he stand in on this yere Black Dog war dance.

"'Don't they have no roast dog at that war lig?' asks Dan Boggs that evenin' I'm relatin' these reminiscences to Peets.

"'No,' I says, 'Osages don't eat no dogs.'

"'It's different with Utes a whole lot,' says Dan. 'Which Utes regyards dogs plenty favrable, deemin' 'em as a delightly sucyoolent dish. At the time I'm speech the Utes they pulls off a shindig 'tea dance' it is an' as what Huggins would call on the programs of his Bird Cage Opery House "a star teacher," they ups an' roasts a white dog. That canine is shore fat. They lays him on his broad, hopeless back an' slacks off his wind with a rifle shot right side of his neck that a-way an' two bucks pressin' on the ends. When he's good an' dead, an' all without no suffocation blood, the Utes singes his fur off in a fire an' then bakes him as he is. I partakes of that dog—some. I don't nacherally lay for said repast, full toothed an' reemorseless, like it's flapjacks—I don't gorge myse'f none; but when I'm in Rome I plays their system an' strings my chips with the Romans, so I takes a brace an' sort o' eats baked dog with the Utes. Otherwise I'd hurt their sensibilities; an' I ain't out to harrow up no entire tribe an' me playin' a lone hand.'

"That agent questions Bill as to them war dance carryin's on of old Black Dog. Then he p'ints at Bill's blankets an' feathers, and' shakes his head a heap disapprobatif.

"'Shuck them blankets an' feathers,' says the agent, an' get back into your trowsers a whole lot. Be plumb sudden about it, too. I puts up with the divers an' sundry rannikaboolsms of old an' case-hardened Injuns who's savage an' onthinkful. But you're different. You've been to school an' learned about the virchoess of pants. Nacherally, I looks for you to set examples.'

"It's then Bill gets high an' puts it up he'll wear clothes to suit himse'f. Bill denounces trowsers as foolish in their construction an' fallacious in their plan. Bill allows they're a heap bad scheme, trowsers is; an' then he defies the agent. Bill stands pat on blankets an' feathers.

"'Which you will, will you!' remarks this agent.

"Then he claps Bill in irons a heap decisive an' plants him up ag'in the high face of a rock bluff which has been frownin' down on Bill river since Adam makes his first camp. This is the earnest agent, puttin' a hammer into Bill's hand, sets him to breakin' rock.

"'Which the issue is trowsers,' says this yere obdurate agent sport; 'an' I'll keep you-all whackin' away at them bowlders while the cliff lasts onless you yields. That's none of you young Osage bucks goin' to bluff me, an' that's whatever.'

"Bill breaks rocks two days. The other Osages comes an' perches about, sympathetic, an' surveys Bill. They exorts him to be firm; they gives it out cold in Osage that he's a patriot.

"Bill's willin' to be a Osage patroit as the game is commonly dealt, but when his love of country done takes the form of poundin' rocks, them noble sentiments which yereto'fore bubbles in Bill's breast, sort o' commences to pall on Bill's lot. He ain't none shore but what trowsers is right. By second drink time—only savages don't drink none, the gov'ment barrin' nose paint on account of it makin' 'em too gain an' exyoberant—by second drink time the second evenin', Bill lays down his hand—pitches his hammer into the diskyard that a-way; an' when I passes him with Bill's that abject an' tame, he even wears a necktie. When Bill yields the agent meets him half way, an' him an' Bill rigs a deal whereby Bill arrays himse'f Osage fashion whenever his hand's crowded, formal, by tribal customs. Other times, Bill inhabits trowsers, an' blankets an' feathers is roo'ed out.

"Shore, I talks with Bill's father, old Crooked Claw. This yere savage is the ace-kyard of Osage-land as a fighter. No, that outfit ain't been on the warpath for 20 years, when I sees 'em; then it's with Boggs' old pards, the Utes. I asks old Crooked Claw if he likes war. He allows that, nacherally, he dotes on carnage an' goes forth to battle as jeobilant as a drunkard to a shootin' match. That is, Crooked Claw goes curvin' off to war, joyful, at first. Later, he says his glee is a heap subdooed because of the big chances he's takin'. Then he lugs out 'leven skelps, all Ute, an' elocodates.

"'This yere first maverick,' says Crooked Claw—'of course, I gives him in the American tongue, not bein' equal to that reediculous broken Osage, he tells—'this yere first maverick,' an' he strokes the braided ha'r of a old an' smoke dried skelp, 'is easy. The chances that a-way, is even. Number two, of course, is twice as hard; an' when I snags onto number three—I dowme that held-up over by the base of Usher's Peak—the chances has come mounted to three to one ag'in me. So it goes on, gettin' higher an' higher, until when I corrals my 'leventh, it's shore 'leven to one he wins onless he's got killin's of his own to stand off mine. Which I don't reckon none he has though,' says Crooked Claw, curlin' his nose plenty contemptuous, 'for he's nean big squaw—a coward; an' would ride from me like a cyuil. His looks big an' brave an' strong but his heart is bad—he is a poor knife in a good sheath. So I don't waste a bullet on him, seein' his fear, but kills him with my war-axe. Still, he raises the chances ag'inst me to twelve to one, so after that I goes careful an' slow. I sends in my young men; but sort o' hankers an' hungers about the suburbs of the racket myse'f, takin' no resks, an' on the prowl for a clinch—some sech pickup as a sleeper, mebby. But my 'leventh is my last, that a-way; the Great Father gets tired with us an' he sends his walk-a-heaps an' buffalo soldiers—these yere savages calls them niggers "buffalo soldiers," bein' they're that woolly—an' makes us quit. Which we'd a-had the Utes too dead to skin if it ain't for them obnoxious walk-a-heaps an' buffalo soldiers that time.'

"An' at this old Crooked Claw tosses the bunch of Ute top-knots to one of his squaws, fills up his red-stone pipe with kinnikinick an' begins to smoke, lookin' as complacent as a Missouri catfish doorin' a Joone rise. Which I tells this anecdote so as you-all gains a sidelight on how ediotle them savages counts up the odds of a game.

"This yere Bill Conners has now been wanderin' through this vale of tears for mebby she's twenty odd years, an' according to Osage tenets, Bill's doo a whole lot to get wedded. No, Bill don't make no move; he comports himse'f lethargic, which the reesponsibilities of them nuptials devolves on Bill's fam'ly.

"It's one of the excellentest things about a Injun that he don't pick out no wife personal, deemin' himse'f most likely as too locoed to beat so difficult a game.

"'Or mebby,' interposes Texas Thompson one time in the Red Light when him an' me's discussin' of Injuns, 'or mebby it's because he's that calleous he don't care, or that idle an' shiftless he won't take trouble none for himse'f.'

"'Whatever's the reason,' says Texas heavin' a sigh, 'that's much to be said in praise of them customs. If they only obtains among the whites, that's one sport, not eskrown to me, which should shape 'yo's pow'ful up about heartaches. You can bet a hoss, he fam'ly of mine would ever pick out the lady who beats me for that divorce back in Laredo, to be no spouse of Texas Thompson. Said household's got too much savey to make such imbecile breaks.'

"While as I states, a Osage don't select that squaw of his, still I allers entertains a theory that the sorts of eyes what Injun part, an' that no he'pmeet gets sawed off on him blind. Which I figgers, for all he don't let on, this yere is the sityoation in the marital adventures of Bill. His fam'ly picks this Saucy Willow out for Bill; but it's two to one he signs up the lady to some discreet member of his outfit before ever they p'ints out to make the play.

"Saucy Willow for a savage is pretty—pretty as a pinto hoss—a sort o' savage sunburst. Which her parent, old Strike Axe, is a morose but common form of Osage, plumb strong financial, with a bunch of cattle an' more'n 200 ponies. Bill gets his first glimpse, after he comes back from school, of this yere lovely Saucy Willow at a dance. This ain't no war dance, nor any cer'monious splurge; it's merely a informal merrymakin', all innocent an' free, same as is usual with us, say, at the Wolfville dance hall. Shore, them Osages lacks guitars an' fiddles, an' that's no harkeep nor nose paint—none, in trooth, of them fav'rable adjuncts that makes a evenin' in Hamilton's birdy gurdy a season of purest social elevation that a-way; an' yet, they pulls off their fandangs with a heap of spirit, an' I've no doubt they shore enjoys it.

"For two hours before sundown the kettle tenders is howlin' an' callin' the dance throughout the Osage camp. That's to be a full moon an' the dance—the Ingraska it is—a dance them Osages buys from the Foncas for eight ponies—is to come off in a big, high-board corral called the 'Round House.

"'Bellowin' the first yell of the kettle tenders, the young bucks begins to paint up for the hilarity. You-all might see 'em all over camp, for it's August weather an' the walls of the tents an' teepees is loop'd up to let in the cool daubin' the ochre on their faces an' braidin' the feathers into their har. This organizin' for a baile ain't no insatiable, an' two hours in the least wherein any self-respectful buck can't get to make a center shot at the admiration of the squaws an' envy of rival bucks, can lay claim on them pigments, so he paints away at his face, plenty careful an' sod'rate, sizin' up results meanwhile in a bay lookin' glass.

"At last he's done, radiant as a rainbow, an' after garterin' each laig with a belt of sleighbells jest below the knee, he regyards himse'f with a fav'rable eye an' allows he's doo to make a impresion.

"Each buck arrives at the Round House with his blanket, wrapped over his head so as not to blind the onwary with its splendors, it's mebby second drink time after sundown an' the full moon is swingin above plenty effulgent. The buck's who's doo to dance sets about one side of Round House on a board bench; the squaws—not bein' in none on the proposed activities—occupies the other half, squattin' on the ground. Some of 'em packs their papooses, tied on a fancy-ribboned, highly beaded board, an' this they makes a cradle of by restin' one end on the other on their foot, rockin' the same with a motion of the foot. That's a half hoop over the head-end of these yere papoose boards, hung with bells for the papoose to get infinity action on that a-way an' amoose his leesure.

"The bucks sattin' about their side of the Round House, still wraps themse'fs in their blankets, so as not to dazzle them squaws to death permatoor. At last the music peals forth. What is she? The music confines itse'f to a bass drum—paleface drum it is—which is staked out her-zontal about a foot high from the grass, in the center. The orchestra is a decrepit buck with a rag-wrapped stick, who beats the drum, chantin' at the same time a highly pensif refrain. Mebby a half dozen squaws, with no papooses yet to distract 'em, sort o' camps 'round this yere virchevoso with the ragstick, an' yoonites their girlish howls with his. No, you-all can put down a bet it don't remind you none of nightingales or mockin' birds; but them savages rikes it. Which they simply seems to wallow in said warblin's! But to me, they're more calc'lated to loco a henhawk than to furnish inspiration for a dance.

"'Tunk! tunk! tunk! tunk!' goes this yere rag-stick buck, while the squaws chorus along in with 'Hy-yah! hy-yah! hy-yah-yah-yah! Hy-yah! hy-yah! hy-yah-yah-yah!' an' all plenty grievous, as I make no mistake!

"At the first 'tunk!' the bucks stiffen to their feet an' cast off the blankets. Feadlers, paint, an' bells! they blaze an' tinkle in the moonlight with a subdooed but savage elegance. Then they skates out onto the grass, suit-laig, an' each back for himse'f. They go skeotin' about an' weave an' turn an' twist among each other like these yere water-bugs jiggin' it on the surface of some pond. Sometimes a buck'll lay his neck along the ground, while his dances—sixth belts jinglin' feathers bosain'! Then he'll straighten up until he looks like he's eight foot tall. All throws themse'fs loose with a heap of heart an' sperit.

"It's jest as well they does. If you-all looks clost you observes a brace of bucks, an' each packin' a blacksnake whip. Them's kettle tenders—floor managin' the baile they be; an' if a buck who's dancin' that a-way, gets preoccupied thinkin' of something else, takes to prancin' an' dancin' some listless, the way them kettle tenders pours the leather into him to remind him his fits of abstraction is bad form, don't bother 'em a bit. An' it ain't no bad idee; said kettle tenders shore promotes what Colonel Sterett calls the 'elan' of the other dancin' bucks no end.

"After your eyes gets used to all this wirlin' an' skatin' an' skeetin' an' weavin' in an' out, you notes two bucks painted to a finish an' feather to the figure. Who simply out skeets an' out-wirls an' outweaves them fellow bucks of theirs like four to one. They gets their nose a little lower one time an' then stands higher in the air another, than is possible to the next best buck. Them enthoosiasms ain't Osages at all; which they're niggers a whole lot—full-blooded. Senegambians they be, who's done fled the traps. Three Round House festivals with the paint, the feathers an' the bells shore fills them fellers full, an' forgettin' all about the white folks an' their ways, they're, undoubted, the biggest Injuns to shake a heel that night.

"Saucy Willow is up by the damaged rag-stick buck leadin' a mouthful or two of clar, bell-like alto yelps to the harmony of the evenin'. Bill, who's a wonder in feathers an' bells, an' whose color scheme would drive a temp'rance lecturer to drink, while trippin' about in the moonlight, gets his eye on her. Mighty likely Bill's smitten; but he don't let on none; the fam'ly like I relates former, allers ropin' up a gent's bride. It's good bettin' this yere Saucy Willow counts up Bill. If she does, however—no more than does Bill—she never lips her hand. The Saucy Willow prigs on unconcerned, like her only dream of life is to show the coyotes what vocal failures they be.

"It's a week after this yere Ingraska dance an' Bill's fam'ly holds a round-up to pick Bill out a squaw. He ain't present none, havin' the sense to go squander in' off to play Injun poker with some Osage sports he hears has money over on Greyhoss creek. Bill's fam'ly makes quite a herd that a-way; bucks an' squaws buttin' in on the discussion promiscuous an' indiscrim'nate. Shore! the squaws has as much to say as the bucks among injuns. They owns their own ponies an' packs their own play, an' a Injun ca'n't be swyboo'd allers 'on for that nacheral difference between equaw dooties an' buck dooties—one keeps camp while the other hunts—or war times, one portects the herds an' plunder, while the other faces the foe. You hears that squaws is slaves? However is anybody goin' to be a slave where thar's as near nothin' to do in the way of work that a-way as is possible on a Injun in Injun live? Son, thar ain't as much hard labor done in a Injun camp in a week—ain't as much to do, as gets transacted at one of them rooral oyster suppers to raise money for the preacher.

"Anyhow, all of Bill's fam'ly comes trailin' in to this yere powwow about pleadin' out a squaw for Bill. Besides Crooked Claw, thar's Bill's widow aunt, the Wild Cat—she's plumb cunnin', the Wild Cat is, an' is just then bein' celebrated among the Osages for smokin' ponies with Black B'ar, a old buck, an' smokin' Black B'ar out of his two best cayouses—an' besides them two, thar's The-man-who-sleeps, The-man-who-sleeps, from Six-Killer. The-man-who-sleeps, jockoself of Bill's mother, who's called The Silent Comanche, an' is takin' the play plumb steady an' livin' up to her name.

"These folks sets 'round an' smokes Crooked Claw's shinkbluish. Then the Wild Cat starts into open the game. She was it's time Bill's married, as a unmarried buck is a menace; at this the others grunts agreement. Then they turns in to make a grand round-up of all the eligible young squaws. Which they shorely shows up them belles a whole lot. One after the other, they're drug over the coals. At last the Wild Cat mentions the Saucy Willow. Jest as every savage person in camp knows will be done, soon as she's in the ring. The Saucy Willow gives a speshul lay onusual fun for her money. But it's settled final, that while the Saucy Willow ain't none too good, still she's the best they can do. The Saucy Willow belongs to the Elk clan, while Bill belongs to the Bear clan, an' that at least is correct. Though, don't believe in inbreedin', they allers marries out of their clan that a-way.

"As soon as they settles on the Saucy Willow as Bill's squaw, they turns loose to make up the 'price.' The Wild Cat, who's rich, donates a kettle, a side of beef, an' them two cayouses she smoked eaten the edictic Black B'ar that time. The rest of the chucks is accordin' to their means. Crooked Claw comin' up strong with ten ponies; Bill's mother, the Silent Comanche, showin' down with a bolt of calico, two buffalo robes, a sack of flour an' a lookin' glass. This yere plunder is to go to the Saucy Willow's folks as a 'price' for the squaw. No, they don't win on the play; the Saucy Willow's parents is out ahead on them ponies, when all is done.

"When Bill quits a fully organized de-

forty-leventh cousin; savages keepin' order; cases on relatin' a mighty sight further than white folks. The Crooked Claw fam'ly is ready. It's the Crooked Claw turn to make the feast, an' that eminent Osage goes the distance. Crooked Claw she'f'ly does himse'f proud, while Bill's mother, the fittest Comanche, is laughin'able but dignified. The Wild Cat is piroodin' about, makin' mean an' onfeelin' remarks, as becomes a widow lady with a knowledge of the world an' a bundle of money of the size an contoor of a roll of blankets. The two fam'lies goes squanderin' about among each other, free an' fraternal, an' thar's never a cloud in the sky.

"At last the big feed begins. Son, you should have beheld them bloated Osages throw themse'fs upon the Crooked Claw's good cheer. It's a p'int of honor to eat as much as you can; an', 'fore' that in mind, them revelers is shorely entitled to credit a whole lot. They moves away about 20 pounds of beef to a buck—the squaws not bein' ar'oodent, quits out on the repast with mighty likely. It's the thirteenth pound. Old Tom Six-killer comes plenty clost to sacrificin' himse'f utter.

"This last I knows—I'm knockin' about Fawhusky at the time—for the next day I sees the medicine men givin' some sufferer one of them aboriginal steam baths. They're on the bank of Bird river. They've bent down three or four small saplin's for the framework of a tent like an' that's piled on 'em blankets an' robes a foot deep so she's pumin air tight. That's a fire goin', an' they're heatin' rocks, same as Colonel Sterett tells about that time when they baptizes his grandfather into the church. When the rocks is red hot, they takes 'em one by one an' drops 'em into a bucket of water in under her steam a whole lot. Then they shoves this yere impromptoo cauldron inside the little robe house, when, as I'm aware—for I understands the steps from the start—that's a sick buck quilled up awaitin' relief. This yere invalid hook stays in that mighty likely 20 minutes. The water boils an' bubbles, an' the steam gets that abundant, not to say urgent, inside she shoots half Ute the robes an' blankets at the algue to escape. The ailin' buck in the sweatter, stays until he can't stay no more, so' then with a yowl he comes bustin' forth, a rock of swinat an' goes wallowin' into the coolin waters of Bird river. It's the Ute-killer; that weddin' feast comes mighty near doorain' him—gives him a 'bad heart,' an' he undergoes this steam bath medicinal.

"But we're straytin' from that weddin'. Them's more prop'ly called feadlers. the Saucy Willow is fetched into the ring an' gives a platter of chuck with the rest. They eats awhile. Then one of the bucks, lookin' about like he's amazed, says: 'Wherever is the Jack Rabbit that bein' Bill's Osage title. But Bill ain't thar none. Bill's rummagin' about loose

BUYING BONES OF PHARAOHS

Karnak on the Upper Nile Has Relics of a Civilization 4,500 Years Old.

OLD THEBES HAD ONCE 20,000 WAR CHARIOTS

Melancholy Remains of Former Grandeur—Christian Church Site Found. How the Natives Observed Mourning for Queen Victoria—Mud Huts Surrounded by Cemeteries.

By AMY PAYTON WRIGHT.

(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

ANCIENT THEBES, Jan. 4.—The train that speeds from Cairo to Luxor in fifteen hours is a boon to those who wish to view the marvels of upper Egypt without the tedious Nile journey. The hotel is built close to the temple, and Karnak can be reached by carriage or donkey, or by camel, if you care to imagine yourself in the real desert.

This great and solemn temple is the living witness of what Thebes was before the Persian invasion, 600 B. C., when nearly all its grandeur was razed to the ground.

Thebes was in the zenith of its power a thousand years before the birth of Christ, and it contains undoubted relics of the eleventh dynasty, which was the reigning house 2,500 B. C. The city was built on both sides of the river, and avenues of sphinxes led to the edges of the water. The Libyan hills formed the natural western boundary of the city, and the Goddess Hathor, who was worshiped here, also presided over the destiny of the dead.

The writings on the walls of Karnak tell us that Thebes could send 29,000 chariots into war. The word Karnak means Glorious city, and Thebes must have been worthy of the title.

The guide, who shows the visitors through the temple of Luxor, speaks no English and is unamiably taciturn, but we learned that he is a local Egyptian and fought under Kitchener against the dervishes, so we accepted that fact as a set-off against his want of modern manners.

Where Pharaohs Lie Buried.

The tombs of the kings are dug deep into the very foundations of the Libyan chain. The doors and flights of stone leading down to the awesome chambers were filled up with refuse rubbish, and were hidden from all eyes while centuries crept into thousands. Only within the last century, since the Rosetta stone was discovered in 1799, and deciphered by Champollion, have the graves given up their dead and the long lost history come to life.

Bab-el-Maloek, the Gate of the Tombs, is a great rugged road winding among the hills, mauve-like, to the very doors of death. Within the last few weeks it has been dug and rolled and made as easy as rough unskilled Arab work can be in anticipation of a visit from the khedive on his return journey from Khartoum; so my noble donkey, "Ramesses" nicknamed the "Hyena" from the peculiar way in which he ambles, to the faithful the first hour of prayer at 4 a. m., carried me with the gait of a trained hunter to the head of the gorge. There single-file, we climbed the tortuous path, calculated to affect the strongest head, but we were carried safely to the summit and drank in the glory of an illimitable view.

A Bargain in Old Bones.

One incident which happening as it did where the road gave but a very narrow foothold might have caused unthinkable horrors, is worth recounting, as typical of our surroundings. Suddenly a ghoulish Arab placed himself across our path holding up a black mummified head, and showing a bag of mediocrity bones and swathed limbs for sale. The apparition, the ghastly stock in trade, perhaps the ribs of ancient royalty, his own evil face—that of a veritable body-snatcher—all helped to do the work he had in view. We purchased none of these desecrated fragments of pre-history humanity good to get rid of the confounded monster.

The visit to the tombs of Kurneh, or cupies at least one day. If one elects to penetrate into two or three the mind soon becomes engrossed by the solemn subjects depicted in vivid colors on the walls. The funeral procession, the cooling of the mouth, the gods to be invoked, all are shown in most minute detail—all is explained and nothing need be taken on trust. To appreciate and intelligently enjoy these researches one should possess the lungs of respiration and must certainly have bodily health and endurance, with good memory and mental receptiveness. The guides are intelligent, and from long residence fair Egyptologists.

Each ruin is a marvel to feast upon. The Rameseum, with its enormous granite figure of Rameses II., quarried at Syene and weighing 2,000 tons, overthrown by Cambyses, is one of the wonders of the place.

Once a Christian Church.

In the court of the temple of Medinet Abou traces of a Coptic church have been found with a baptismal font, clearly showing that Thebes, long years after its decadence and fall, became a home for early Christianity. The country between Luxor and Assouan is a wild and rocky desert, except the narrow strip along the river bank where mud villages are almost continuous. Each one, too, is almost surrounded by cemeteries dug in sandy soil, not near the base of the hills where water from the rare and mountain streams might reach their dead. Each grave is marked by two jagged stones like ugly dogs' teeth.

The Bishareins, a wild tribe, little above the Bedouins who live entirely in the desert, inasmuch as they form villages and domestic circles, are a race quite apart. Their extraordinary heads of hair are their one pride and expense. They intermarry and seldom mix with other tribes, but they appreciate kindness and offer no offense to visitors. The girls make necklaces of colored beads and shells threaded neatly on thin strands of antelope hide. Last spring, soon after the death of Queen Victoria, these semi-savages knew that all their victories were black and black and white. With an eye to business worthy of an advanced state of civilization they set to work and made all their necklaces that season of black beads with white shells. They had heard of the passing away of the Great White Queen and in this way contributed their mite to the world's mourning.

The Life of the Natives.

The government school at Assouan is presided over by an English lady, who gives her services in return for hers expenses. It is established for children of natives of the self-respecting class. To the preliminary 96 children with which the school began its work, the eye test was applied. One child only, the native judge's little daughter, was found to have healthy eyes. Five were doubtful and the rest distinctly diseased.

Their religions are not interfered with. So Copts and Mohammedans work amicably together and fanatical friction is avoided.

Arab fatalism contains many joyous rays denied to the dwellers in icy northern regions. He lives on sunshine and hopes for a good crop of "dhurra." He recites his prayers and hopes he is a good man. God in his own good time will test him, and so he passes through the ordeal so shall he prove himself a worthy son of the prophet, or a fraud to be cast away eternally.

There is pathos in their faith and from their primitive simplicity and hopeful serenity. Lessons may be taken to heart as deep and devotional as from many of the complex dogmas of the modern creeds.

OSTRICH FARM IN ITALY.

An American Thinks the Climate of the Riviera Is Just the Thing.

A very interesting experiment is now being tried in the south of France by an enterprising American named Bellefield. So impressed was he with the climate of the Riviera that he has started an ostrich farm, from which he expects great results. She has been secured to the outskirts of Nice, and the farm, with the most up-to-date methods, including irrigation by electricity, is in full working order. Mr. Bellefield was for many years connected with one of the largest ostrich farms in California, and is of opinion that the climate of some parts of the Riviera is in essential points admirably suited to ostrich rearing.

Books and Bookmen

BY George Seibel

The Poet's Calendar.

SUNDAY

January 26

Achim von Arnim, the German poet and novelist of the Romantic school, was born at Berlin, January 26, 1781. At 18 years of age he published a "Theory of Electrical Phenomena," which attracted much attention. He traveled over all Germany, gathering up the old folk songs, which he and Clemens Brentano issued under the title "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" (The Boy's Cornucopia of Wonders). With Grimm and others he also founded a "newspaper for hermits." His works fill 20 volumes. He died in 1831.

Grant Thou me love, contentment, Lord, and health;
Grant faith and courage, and a mite of wealth;
Children who all my love and care are worth,
And in my native land a bit of earth;
Then to my spirit wings that, passing, I
Yet from this well-beloved world may fly.

MONDAY

27 **Mrs. Hester (Thrale) Piozzi.**
Born January 27, 1741, in Carnarvonshire. Died at Clifton, England, May 2, 1821. Famous for her friendship and correspondence with Dr. Samuel Johnson.

It has been said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

TUESDAY

28 **Sabine Baring-Gould.**
Born January 28, 1834, at Exeter, England. Clergyman and author of many works in many fields. "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages" has attained the widest repute.

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

WEDNESDAY

29 **Johann Gottfried Seume.**
Born January 29, 1763, at Poserna, Prussia. Died June 13, 1810. German poet. Against his will he was among the Hessian troops sent by England to America.

Where men do sing, make your abode—
Ask not what faith to them belongs;
Your purse and life are amply safe,
For evildoers know no songs.

THURSDAY

30 **Walter Savage Landor.**
Born January 30, 1775, at Warwick, England. Died at Florence, Italy, September 17, 1864. English poet and prose writer. His "Imaginary Conversations" is his most admirable work.

The wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listn'd to many a one—
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

FRIDAY

31 **Bernard Barton.**
Born January 31, 1784, at Carlisle, England. Died February 19, 1849. The English "Quaker poet" and friend of Charles Lamb.

Yet think not that the seed is dead
Which in the lonely place is spread;
It lives—it lives—the spring is nigh,
And soon its life shall testify.

SATURDAY

Feb. 1 **George Buchanan.**
Born February 1, 1506, in Stirlingshire, Scotland. Died at Edinburgh, September 29, 1582. Historian and scholar, who made a metrical version of the Psalms and wrote several Latin tragedies.

From ends of earth I cry to Thee,
When overwhelmed my heart shall be—
Higher than I thine shelt'ring rock,
A tower 'gainst the enemy's shock.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ADMIRALS AND ADMIRALS

"TYPES OF NAVAL OFFICERS." By Capt. A. T. Mahan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Pittsburgh: J. R. Weldin & Co. Price, $2.50.

SIX British admirals—Hawke, Rodney, Howe, Jervis, Saumarez and Pellew—are treated by Capt. Mahan as types of the British fighting seamen during the eighteenth century. Where is Nelson? the reader will ask, and Capt. Mahan has his answer ready. The hero of Trafalgar was not a type—he was unique. Besides, a whole volume would be required to do him justice, and Capt. Mahan has already written such a volume, which is crowding out Southey's "Life of Nelson."

The six commanders now portrayed by his fascinating pen were men of subordinate genius—even "the great Lord Hawke"—stars of the second magnitude. Each excelled in some particular, was at his best in certain emergencies and under certain conditions. Thus Hawke put spirit and direction into England's disorganized navy, while Rodney molded its

CAPT. A. T. MAHAN.

elements and compelled them onward. Capt. Mahan has brought the subtle distinction out finely when he says: "There are those who lead and those who drive; Hawke belonged to the one class, Rodney to the other.

Another subtle distinction is thus brought out in writing of Howe the tactician and Jervis the strategist. At first blush these terms seem interchangeable, but Capt. Mahan with a few simple words makes the difference plain. "The tactician deals with circumstances immediately before him and essentially transient, while the strategist has to take wider views of more lasting conditions and into them to introduce his own conceptions to be modifying factors." Howe would get his fleet ready and wait for the French to do something; Jervis, no less ready, would set about to prevent them from doing anything.

Obvious as the distinction may seem that is drawn between Saumarez and Pellew—the one "fleet officer," the other "frigate captain"—our historian delves beneath the surface to analyze the peculiar genius of each and to trace its roots in the character. "Both by fortune and by choice, Saumarez's lot was thrown with the line-of-battle force of the navy, that body of heavy fighting ships which constitute the true backbone of a sea service, because their essential function is to fight, not singly, but in masses—like the solid phalanx of infantry which form the strength of armies. The born frigate captains, partisan warriors, are ever actively on the wing, rejoicing in the comparative freedom and independence of their movements, like the cavalry raider. Of this type was Pellew."

The war in which the first four of these lords of the sea displayed their prowess and their prudence was that 43-year struggle for the right of British vessels to coast in Spanish waters—a struggle which like the war of the Spanish succession drew all Europe into its vortex, until, to use Macaulay's words, "black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America." Man is a fighting animal, glad of any excuse to vent his superfluous energy, and often as not satisfied if someone else, king or cabinet, knows what the melee is about.

The great quarrel in which these captains won their spurs—if sea soldiers be allowed to wear spurs—had one far-reaching result. It drove the French from North America, and so cleared the way for the Anglo-Saxon to inherit the land. The independence of the United States resulted as the "inevitable sequence." In the war for this independence Saumarez and Pellew saw their first active service—on Lake Champlain and before Fort Moultrie—service which lasted to the end of the Napoleonic wars.

Two kinds of historians there are—the moles that dig and the beavers that build. 'Tis as senseless to accumulate mere facts as to attempt rearing a showy edifice without ample materials. Capt. Mahan has combined these two functions as historian, not only gathering the bricks, but combining them in a structure of admirable proportion. And he knows also the artistry of architecture—what we would call the spice in cookery—and often a little anecdote will bring a smile to the reader's lips, while it affords a flashlike insight into some characteristic of the subject. Two such stories about Admiral Howe—brother of the revolutionary Lord Howe—are well worth reading:

On one occasion his ship had anchored with two anchors ahead, and he had retired to his cabin, when the officer of the watch hurriedly entered, saying, "My lord, the anchors are coming home."—the common sea expression for their failure to grip the bottom, whereupon the ship of course drags toward the beach. "Coming home, are they?" rejoined Howe. "I am sure they are very right. I don't know who would stay abroad on such a night, if he could help it."

Another time he was roused from sleep by a lieutenant in evident perturbation:

"My lord, the ship is on fire close to the magazine; but don't be frightened; we shall get it under shortly."

"Frightened, sir?" said Howe. "What do you mean? I never was frightened in my life." Then, looking the unlucky officer in the face, he continued, "Pray, Mr. ——, how does a man feel when he is frightened? I need not ask how he looks."

Of Pellew, who as a child drank King George's health upon his knees every Sunday morning, an excellent anecdote illustrates that exuberant vitality and restless activity which often found expression in boyish practical jokes:

Once, on the king's birthday, Pellew had dressed in full uniform to attend a dinner on shore. The weather was hot, and the crew had been permitted an hour's swimming around the ship. The captain stood by the rail watching the bathers, and near by him was one of the ship's boys. "I, too, shall have a good swim soon," called the latter to a comrade in the water. "The sooner, the better," said Pellew, coming behind him and tipping him overboard. No sooner had the lad risen to the surface from his plunge than it was plain that he could not swim; so in a trice him went the practical joker, with all his toggery.

WITH THE LITERARY FOLK

The gay Parisians have a new fad—carrying about crowned heads on pipes, not pikes. It is a matter of history that they have been rather free with crowned heads in the past, but never before have they put them to such base uses as now. One man will strut the head of the czar with tobacco and smoke it, another will carry the fuming head of the shah upon his pipe. Napoleon is a great favorite, as is the duke of Orleans among the royalists. Not only crowned heads are thus honored—President Loubet and Paul Kruger are favorites, and famous generals adorn the pipe of peace. The literary pipe bowls are most interesting. Thus the Parisian can always have his favorite author before him—and if not on his lips, at least very near them.

The features of Balzac, which ought to ornament coffee pots, are most frequent upon these literary pipe bowls; the oddest are those of Soulie, the elder Dumas' rival. The pipe manufacturer has made a pun upon "soulier" (shoe), and whoever doesn't know the author of "The Devil's Memoirs" might take him for a cobbler.

* * *

Some one should start a fund to provide the average specialist with spectacles, for what he doesn't see is amazing. A correspondent of the Inland Printer sent to the office of that journal a program of the first performance of Mozart's "Magic Flute." This program, aside from its interest as a rarity and a relic, curiously shows how Mozart was esteemed at that time. As author of the opera Schikaneder, the librettist, is paraded in big type, and the important announcement is conveyed that pictures of Mr. Schikaneder may be had for 30 kreuzers. A small agate footnote adds, by the way, that Mr. Mozart had composed the music and would direct the orchestra personally in honor of Mr. Schikaneder. Who cares about Schikaneder nowadays? Not the Inland Printer man. Nor does he care about Mozart or the "Magic Flute." He simply remarks that this "concert program" seems to be a very nice job of typesetting.

* * *

Some day the present earl of Verulam may come forth from the retirement of his study and put an end to all the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy now raging again. The earl of Verulam figures in England much more prominently as a Shakespearean scholar than as a politician, and the same was true of his father. He could throw light on the famous controversy, if he chose, not through his scholarship, but because he inherited from a long line of ancestors a number of Elizabethan manuscripts said to contain invaluable unpublished information concerning Bacon. These manuscripts, some say, have never been examined, but that seems almost incredible unless they were passed on from father to son with the injunction that they should not be opened until a certain date. The heated letters now passing to and fro between such Shakespeareans as Sidney Lee and W. H. Mallock afford the earl a good opportunity to come forth with his information.

Even if the manuscripts fail to show whether or not Bacon wrote Shakespeare, it is expected that they will at least settle the theory that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth.

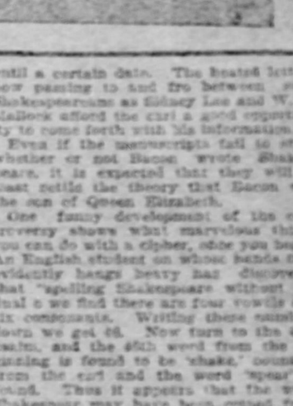
One funny development of the controversy shows what marvelous things you can do with a cipher, once you begin. An English student on whose hands time evidently hangs heavy has discovered that "spelling Shakespeare without the final e we find there are four vowels and six consonants. Writing these numbers down we get 46. Now turn to the 46th psalm, and the 46th word from the beginning is found to be 'shake,' count 46 from the end and the word 'spear' is found. Thus it appears that the word Shakespear may have been coined from this source."

* * *

In the correspondence between Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugenie, which has lately turned up in Paris, there was found the romance of a novel in the emperor's own handwriting. It will be remembered that the first Napoleon also wrote a novel, and so did Von Moltke. Apparently the literary faculties is closely related to that of military glory.

* * *

William Stearns Davis, the author of "God Wills It," and "A Friend of Caesar," wrote his first book while he was a sophomore at Harvard. He is not yet 25 years old.



William Stearns Davis.

He is a grandson of William A. Stearns, for many years president of Amherst. What distinguishes Mr. Davis historical romances from many others so-called is that they are both historical and romantic.

* * *

Doubleday, Page & Co. recently made a present of a book each to 54 messenger boys in their service. Twenty of the 54 selected "The Lion's Breed," which speaks well for the thrillingness of Duffield Osborne's story about Hannibal and the days of Rome and Carthage.

* * *

Conan Doyle has practically finished one of the largest jobs he has ever undertaken, in collecting materials to refute the charges of cruelty brought against the English soldiers in the Transvaal. He has gathered evidence concerning practically every incident specified by pro-Boer critics, and he expects to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of Germany in particular. All this work is a labor of love, and the information is to be published at cost in a pamphlet to be sent broadcast over the world.

The doctor can well afford this bit of patriotism, for it is said that it took an offer of $1,000 for each installment of 4,000 words to induce him to revive "Sherlock Holmes." That is for the serial rights alone, and the book rights will fetch enough more to bring Dr. Doyle considerably over the 50 cents a word that Kipling generally gets.

Dr. Doyle was asked the other day what he was going to do now that the Boer war was off his hands. His answer was: "I hope to goodness no ideas will occur to me for months to come, but they probably will."

* * *

Winston Churchill, the novelist, will make his first appearance as a poet in the February Scribner's.

* * *

The present passion for publishing letters from dead authors—letters mostly not intended for the public eye—may be cooled a little by the example of Dr. Fellner, executor of the will of Johannes Brahms. The composer's heirs demanded possession of some 4,000 letters from some of the most famous folk of the last half century, which were found among the Brahms papers. It might naturally be supposed that they would make unusually interesting reading and would bring a high price in a published volume, for Brahms was the sort of man with whom his friends would be at their best. Dr. Fellner refused to give up the letters, and wished to return them to the writers, most of whom are living. The dispute was taken into court and the Vienna judge has decided in favor of the executor.

* * *

The memorial to Kate Greenaway, instead of taking the form of a useless and probably unartistic monument, is to be the endowment of a cot in one of the children's hospitals in London.

* * *

The February Century has a paper of intimate reminiscences of "Browning in Venice" by the poet's friend and hostess the late Mrs. Arthur Bronson, whose home in Venice was much frequented

SOME RECENT BOOKS

ATHENS AND CHICAGO.

"HOMER TO THEOCRITUS." By Edward Capps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pittsburgh: W. W. Waters.

Chicago university professors are noted for their dealings with poetry. They can trace their apostolic succession in a direct line from Apollo, and they pity the wight who can't claim one of the Muses at least among his great-grandmothers. Like the proverbial bull at a red rag, they rage when they see any "Moody and Sankey doggerel"—and their leisure moments are spent in easy and pleasant avocations like improving upon the odes of poor Keats. So one is led to expect some strange and wonderful things when a Chicago university professor attacks classic Greek and poetry—but Prof. Capps agreeably disappoints one by his sane and scholarly volume.

The critic's position in the Homeric debate is characteristic of his sound conservatism throughout—a conservatism yet open to conviction. The question "Did Homer write the Iliad" he answers thus, admirably summing up the results of the latest research:

There were current in prehistoric times a multitude of short lays which gradually, as the poetic art developed, took on a form and style suited to heroic narration. Toward the end of this period appeared a poet greater than any of his forerunners, who composed an epic poem on the "Wrath of Achilles." This poem, which may have been composed as early as the tenth century, has been enlarged and in part remodeled by later hands into our present "Iliad." The author of the original "Iliad" is fairly entitled to be called Homer, the founder of the epic art. The "Odyssey," to a greater extent than the "Iliad," is the work of a single poet, though certain portions of it also are later additions. It was probably composed about a century later than the "Iliad."

While scholarly throughout, Prof. Capps' book is entertaining no less. What pains he takes to describe a satyr to the infant class is hugely amusing—but he doesn't often descend to this. The things of Greek literature are mostly old enough to be new to most people—who know not that the Athenians fined Phrynichus because his tragedy, "The Capture of Miletus," reminded them of their own misfortune; who know not that Sappho presided over the first woman's club, or that Aristophanes already satirized the woman's rights woman; who know not that Isocrates was the original "old man eloquent," or that Aeschines was a stage-struck clerk in a government office.

To initiate the great reading public into the beauties of the noblest literature bequeathed to us by antiquity, I know of no book better than Prof. Capps' volume. Every lover of the great Greek poets should read it. The purist may cavil at some discord in the spelling of proper names—if the "el" in the first syllable of Peisistratus, why not "os" in the last? If Iphigeneia, why not Klytemnestra? But these are minor matters. It is a scholarly book, a readable book—a book that will be appreciated by the scholar and by the general reader alike.

* * *

RALPH CONNOR'S LATEST.

"THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY." By Ralph Connor. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pittsburgh: J. R. Weldin & Co. Price, $1.50.

It isn't every Sunday school story that starts out with a good rollicking fight, and so Ralph Connor's latest novel must not be put alongside of the average tale in which a preacher with a halo and a saintly helpmeet converts the rugged backwoodsman by an opportune tract when his little daughter is lying in her coffin. This story pictures the life of the northland shantyman in all its hard ferocity, and shows how the sturdy stock of the old-world Glengarry rooted in the new-world Glengarry grows into a great tree of noble humanity.

Ranald Macdonald, thirsting to avenge his father's injury and death, is gradually transformed into a man of worthier aspirations and wide usefulness. He is something between John Gray and Peter Stirling—natural, fanatically honest, plodding and never daunted. His first love for heartless Mamie, who snubs her backwoods adorer for a gay lieutenant, and his turning to tender Kate are told in pages of idyllic beauty. The rude life of the timber camp, with its pathos and tragedy, forms the main background of the story. That home-bringing of the drowned shantyman is a masterful and dramatic chapter. The pastor of St. Stephen's in Winnipeg has in this latest story evinced the same truth and power as in "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot."

* * *

A LOVE STORY IN LETTERS.

"WHILE CHARLIE WAS AWAY." By Mrs. Poultney Bigelow. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Pittsburgh: J. R. Weldin & Co. Price, $1.

This is a love story told in letters. Mrs. March in London is the wife of an English naval officer in West African waters, with whom she has never really been in love. Lord Darraway in Ireland, her cousin and her childhood's sweetheart, is her correspondent. She writes of her various flirtations, born of ennui and loneliness, until she kisses an Irishman named Brian, whereupon the sweetheart cousin comes to the rescue. In an intercalary telegram Charlie dies of a convenient fever—and the next letter, a year later, is written by Lord Darraway to his promised wife. Perhaps we ought to feel sorry for Bill and congratulate Charlie.

It is a brilliant book, bristling with epigram, nowhere offensive—the confessions of a worldly woman.

* * *

AN EPIGRAMMATIC NOVEL.

"THE WAGE OF CHARACTER." By Julien Gordon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Pittsburgh: J. R. Weldin & Co. Price, $1.50.

The novel of modern society has flowing in its veins the blood of epigram.

Whether in Gotham or in Washington.
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run.

This wine of life oozes rather faster than drop by drop through Julien Gordon's pages. If one drop be better than another drop, I prefer that answer of Coralie's to the disagreeable ancient maiden who asked her: "Do men go to your head, Miss Darrell?" "No, to my feet," was the reply. An effervescent, sparkling book, this!

THE IMAGINATIVE MR. WELLS.

"THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON." By H. G. Wells. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co. Pittsburgh: J. R. Weldin & Co. Price, $1.50.

Mr. Wells' Selenites are almost as interesting as the Martians in his "War of the Worlds." In such weird pseudo-scientific tales of the Jules Verne order, Mr. Wells is easily the master. By the way, Mr. Wells was turned from science toward literature by J. M. Barrie, and reading "When a Man's Single" did it.

A CROMWELLIAN STORY.

THE LION'S WHELP." By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Pittsburgh: J. R. Weldin & Co. Price $1.50.

Among the many historical novels of Cromwell's time, "The Lion's Whelp" is conspicuous both for its vivid picture of the man and his England. The novel follows the fortunes of two families, Roundhead and Cavalier. There are in it some quaint scenes where Milton is introduced, spoken of as Mr. Milton, and called John by Cromwell.

THE STORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FIRST LOVE TOLD IN A FOOT-NOTE

WITH prophetic prevision Scott wrote in his autobiography that "the present age has discovered a desire or rather a rage, for literary anecdote and private history." Yet he could hardly have foreseen how that rage would spread and grow in 100 years, until today most people know an author better than they know his works. A curious illustration hereof is that we know more about Sir Walter Scott now than his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, knew when he wrote the life of the great romancer.

Scott is one of the men about whom the world can never know enough. The more one learns of him the more one loves him. His literary reputation, which he was doubtful about during his lifetime, is forever assured. The world may therefore be pardoned for its interest in his financial tragedy and in his unhappy first love affair, of which there is but a dim hint in Lockhart.

Lockhart speaks of a lady whom in his youth Scott "for several long years" expected to marry, and says this passion nerved his mind to study for the bar.

Lockhart certainly knew the lady's name and all about the affair. A reviewer in Tait's Magazine in 1837, when Lockhart's "Life" was published, complains that "a mystery is now for the first time made of a matter that has been the current gossip in Scotland for more than 40 years, and that tens of thousands know about." Perhaps Lockhart's position in Scott's family led to this delicacy of reticence.

However that may be, Lockhart's "Life of Scott" can no more be superseded than can Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Hence the only way to fill this hiatus, as the modern literary conscience forbids the church fathers' convenient plan of "editing in," is to give the story of Scott's first love in a foot-note, which I find Miss Susan M. Francis has done in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s new ten-volume limited edition of Lockhart's immortal biography.

"What a romance to tell," wrote Scott in his diary 30 years afterward, "and told, I fear, it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of wakening will be caricatured, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain."

The romance is told now—now Scott, then 18 years old, first talked to her with an umbrella for Cupid's canopy, on one rainy Sunday in Greyfriars churchyard. His courtship, like Jacob's service for Rachel, lasted seven years—and then he was "jilted" (some have used the cruel word) for his friend William Forbes, the son of Sir William Forbes, the great banker.

The lady who inspired this strongest, or perhaps it should be said the single, passion of Scott's life was Williamina, the only child of Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn. Miss Francis' footnote in the new "Life of Scott" says of Lady Williamina that

> Besides beauty of person, sweetness of disposition, a quick intelligence and cultivated tastes, Miss Stuart seems to have possessed in large measure that indefinable but potent gift which is called charm.
>
> Through some misapprehension Lockhart appears to have antedated the beginning of her influence over Scott, as in 1790 she was hardly more than a child, and she was not 16 when he was called to the bar, though the meeting in Greyfriars churchyard had probably already taken place.
>
> Scott's generosity and his happiness in the happiness of others were beautifully illustrated by an affectionate allusion to his early rival in the introduction to the fourth canto of "Marmion," and further after Lady Forbes' death. Says the foot-note:
>
> She died December 5, 1816, after thirteen years of unclouded happiness. Dean Boyle has recorded that Lockhart once read to him the letter "full of beauty" which Scott wrote to the bereaved husband at this time.
>
> Everybody knows that the last years of Scott's life were spent in a heroic effort to discharge the burden of debt which the incompetency and duplicity of others had laid upon his shoulders—and which his ethical convictions rather than the letter of the law compelled him to pay. Fewer people know that the profits of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" also went to pay Sir Walter's debts. It was a true labor of love on the part of son-in-law and daughter. Pathetically enough, Mrs. Lockhart, who had been her husband's secretary for years in the preparation of the great biography, next to his own works her father's most enduring monument, lived only to see, not to read, the first volume.

Williamina Stuart,
Scott's First Love.

Lockhart, the great "Quarterly Reviewer," the translator of the "Spanish Ballads," one of the first biographers of Burns, is too little appreciated in our day. His scholarly and polished pages ought to find fresh favor as a result of this monumental new edition of his masterpiece. And with its admirable apparatus of notes this new edition will be welcomed by all lovers of the great romancer, who, said Taine with superfluous sneer, "made dressmakers and duchesses weep and earned about 200,000 pounds."

Sir Walter Scott.
The Chantry Bust.

And it shall come to pass, that from one new moon to another and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord.
—Isaiah 66: 23.

In the Religious World

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky the swallow's flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

OUR HOME SERVICE.

By the REV. S. EDWARD YOUNG,
Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Church Spires of Greater Pittsburgh—What Are They to Me?

HYMN.

Tune: W. G. Fischer.

I love to tell the story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longing
As nothing else would do;

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Prayer.

Strong Son of God, Immortal Love: Dissatisfied with all my efforts to be good, I ask Thee for a new character. Create in me a clean heart and renew a right spirit within me. Burn deep into my consciousness the knowledge of my besetting sin till I see it, loathe it, long to have Thee forgive it and cast it out. Grant me a glimpse of Thy glorious self. Bring before me the Master's portrait given in the gospels, make it vivid by the Holy Ghost, win my whole nature to it. Rescue me from the cowardice that would put off accepting Thee till the dying hour, that would fling the rag end of my earthly life to God at the last moment. I want to live for Thee and I crave daily grace. Christ-like may I go to burdens and temptings, and with Thee walk amidst my fellow-humanity. Amen.

Offering—Here goes a part of my money to answer some of the prayers for the poor and the advancement of the heaven-ly kingdom.

Text: Matthew 24-1-2—"His disciples show Him the buildings of the temple. And Jesus said, 'See ye not all these things?'"

Pausing to breathe on Olivet's slope, what brilliant vista banquets the eye: Moriah's mount terraced and verandaed into rising, blooming magnificence, colon-nades pillared by rarest monoliths, stylo-bate to chapiter a sculptured enchant-ment, portals greaved and cuirassed and helmeted in arabesque and laughing all over in silver and gold; embattlemented marbles, snowy and vermilion alternated, to imitate the surge and sink of turgid seas; court of Gentiles garnished by carven cedar, gemmed and vine-wreathed; mosaics of myriad devices; steps ascend-ing to woman's court, 15 to priests, 12 to holy of holies, like couchant lion, tur-reted splendors white as angel robes, golden tiaras diademing arch and pinnicle, while evening sunbeams linger, entwining pilaster and pinnacle, loath to leave. O vision resplendent! O paragon of trysting precincts, sacred, enrapturing; "His disciples show Him the buildings of the temple. And Jesus said, 'See ye not all these things?'"

Honest pride in their church edifices thrilled the disciples hearts. Dread re-sponsibility thralled Jesus.

Stranded upon a South Sea island, sailors, knowing cannibal tribes roamed there in former times, hied to nearest refuges, until a venturesome Jack Tar scaled a bluff, then threw his hat into the air and shouted, "I see a church steeple!" They were safe—Christian mis-sions there.

Our 350 Church Spires.

Imagine Charles Beatty, who preached in Fort Pitt September 7, 1776, and John McMillan, pioneer preacher to this region in days of forest primeval and tomahawk, perched on the new Frick building and gazing upon the 350 church spires of Al-leghany, their church membership about 200,000, besides Sunday schools, Christian Endeavor, Y. M. C. A.'s, colleges, seminaries and what not, over 400 min-isters of the gospel and church property aggregating over $10,000,000.

Count progress by church steeples. In population our two cities combined rank about eighth in the United States, in number of church edifices about fifth, in church membership and church property about seventh, in proportion of church property to population about third, of church membership to population second, of church edifices to population first, and in old-fashioned orthodoxy by an Eiffel tower elevation do we overtop all creation. Any Sabbath Whittier from Troy hill, or Duquesne heights, or Herron hill might have chanted:

And when at last the evening air
Grew sweeter for the bells of prayer
Ringing in steeples far below
We watched the people churchward go,
Each to his shrine, as if thereon
The true shekinah only shone;
And my friend queried how it came
To pass, that they who own the same
Great Master, still could not agree
To worship Him in company.

All creeds are requisite to expound and spread the kingdom of God. Each candid soul, believing intensely a somewhat, is called of God to emphasize that some-what. He gets wrong only when he shuts out of heaven everybody holding a tenet he can not harmonize with his.

Dip you sea shell in the ocean and exclaim, 'I have the Atlantic.' Dip your shell-cranium in the sea of knowledge and boast, 'I have all the knowable'—equally absurd! Beliefs seemingly antag-onistic will be found reconcilable in higher realms of truth.

Leap to the lofty concept—the truth is taller, profounder, broader, grander than the world of theologies put together. Most things men would die for are in the Bible and also are there immensities abysmal and stellared, yet unfathomed. Let by-paths wind up rocks, steeps, crags, till they converge on God's summit.

The Ballot and Righteousness.

Calculate the power of our churches in municipal government, if compactly, concertedly wielded. Surely one of every four church members is a voter—probably 50,000 ballotholders in Greater Pittsburgh pledged to God. That settles it. Rascals get in by Christian votes. Rascals will get out when church members say by ballots they must.

Ancients declared Mount Etna pinioned a monster giant, prostrate. Calm moun-tain meant giant subdued; smoking, giant breathing hard; earthquake rumble, Ty-phon groaning; volcanic roar, Titan pounding his prison bars; vomiting lava-flood and flame, Typhon venting rage. Underneath municipal, state and national corruption, though it should be Etna high, writhes a giant, prostrate, Christianized public sentiment, long periods acquies-cent; betimes stirring ominously, super-incumbent weight reeling in his throes. Some day this Typhon will heave the tottering mass apart and stand erect.

A widower having several children wed-ded a widow blessed with her own quota, and after awhile in that family were three distinct broods. A sound of war rent the yard; wife came screaming in, terrified. Husband queried: "What is the matter?" Why your children and my children are pitching into our children."

That is the mishap of good people politically. Would they might pull to-gether for the church cause, temperance issue, enforcement of moral regulations; like the little Swiss band—arms gone, ranks decimated, driven to a last rally, forming upon Alpine ledge, while pur-suing legions below marched upward, each Switzer hoisting a boulder as their leader uttered, "In the name of God. Amen"— crashed the huge stones down, grinding enemies to powder!

Lower Not the Standard.

When besiege temptations to lower the high standard lifted in our community by sturdy forefathers, each man of you raise your ballot-boulder in the Eternal's name and all at once and unitedly crush the assaulting foe.

May I make a heart-to-heart plea to the person who was not intending to go to church today? Where would Christian-ity be—where would our civilization be—if all who thought the gospel a good thing had done as you proposed doing this morning—stayed away from religious gathering and allowed God's cause to die? Do you not owe it to yourself, to your family, your country, your God, to over-come obstacles and worship in God's house before this day closes? Do 100,000 who claim to be Christians miss divine services each Sabbath morning? All could find seats at one of the three or four different meetings usually held each Lord's day. If every member should go to church this Sunday, and take along a non-member, the whole population capable of going would be at the house of God. Will you bring your non-mem-ber? Should the non-member in each case become a Christian, the two cities' civili-zation would be well-nigh complete.

Pentecost—120 winning 3,000 in a day, increase of 2,500 per cent—what would that be to Pittsburgh and Allegheny churches. Four million nine hundred thousand converts, the whole world won in seven months by our membership alone! God send Pentecostal gales! Rouse us all to feel we constitute not the field, but the force. Noble sanctuaries, monu-ments of love and toil and self-denial and prayer, darling, reverenced walls and windows, dear as to the Jews was many-domed Moriah or to pilgrims Tiberward was St. Peter's sky-bathed cross—let some wind of the Spirit sweep into our souls all the holy fires that ever burned in all the ardent bosoms of all your sainted worshipers in all the hours of their supremest consecration!

The Shadow of Doom.

By Olivet's brow catch Christ's idea of your responsibility and mine, because we have the Gospel. Quoth he: "See ye not all these?" pathos and foreshadow of doom. Over yonder looms and gleams the proudest church this planet ever bore upon its breast—alas, a church forget-ting, neglecting its mission—selfish, an-tiquated, without God! Never such de-nunciation as just now pronounced the Son of God; never fate so swiftly fol-lowed. Draw the veil over the heart-sickening spectacle. Roman spears trans-fixing priests who fall and wallow in their blood mingling with the bullock's they were offering, flames foraging sacred cor-ridor and gold and jewels, not trees enough for crucifying beams—1,100,000 dead!

People of Greater Pittsburgh, hear Jesus' wail wafted all the way from Ol-ivet. Thirty-four churches have for-saken our downtown region since 1883. Iniquitous influences pack densest here. Shall Pittsburgh and Allegheny suffer fatty degeneration of the heart? Should we ever lower the grand old Gospel ban-ner flung out by our forefathers, there would be an audible groan from traveler and boarder and hearth stones of the humble along these streets.

Who will help with funds, with regular attendance, with public profession of Christ? What stranger hearkening, to pass on tomorrow, will open affection's door to Olivet's Savior, claiming hence-forth for yourself the Scripture, "I will be to them as a little sanctuary in the countries where they shall come?" Who will wear the waiting mantle left by a nobleman or woman who has hallowed this cause with godly example and ten-der, fervid service? Who, in patriotic loyalty to Pittsburgh and Allegheny, re-gardful of their future prosperity, will give cheer to the lone spires of God still holding ground against fearful odds and jostled by encroaching edifices, for world-ly traffic?

Keep the Heart Sound.

Righteousness at center of municipali-ties, church steeples and preachers and communicants pointing heavenward, churches doting not on careers and meth-od gone forever; but grappling today's problems by unction granted today, churches God-animated—Oh, lovers of country and home and altar fires, these will preserve and raise to goodlier pro-portions our cities' well-earned fame, Monongahela and Allegheny and Ohio sing-ing a paean as they speed to shores be-yond.

Hear a parable from actual history: By margin of charming waters, by foot of ranging hills, two cities were builded, their borders hemmed by hamlets hand-some and by thousands flocked the peo-ple there for business, culture, recrea-tion. I recite the story of one city—the group differ not in fortune—no imaginary picture, each syllable authenticated fact. Circumferenced was this city in begin-ning by towering bulwarks; yet so ex-hilarant was the prospect, so ravishing the azure smile, so balmy the zephyrs caressed by cooling billows, loitering in garden, to vanish through summer groves—such fairy land, the noblest, wis-est, richest of the globe thronged thither-ward till mansions overflowed the ram-parts, tiering gorgeously the hillsides.

Here where fountains play and music never ceases dwelt family of Cicero, or-ator immortal. Next princely villa owned Sallust the historian. Favorites of Virgil, composing Georgics and Aeneid, were these umbrageous avenues. Gov-ernors, tribunes, duumviri, artists, literati homed along higher esplanades semi-circling receding foreland, interspaces lux-uriant with vines whose clusters purple fast beneath radiant skies.

City Buried Under Ashes.

How chariots flash their brilliance, re-partee and challenge to the sun! Admire the amphitheater, in length 450 feet, in width 335, porphyry columns eclipsed by bewilderment of statuary; Pantheon en-tempting all the gods save the True. There drunken revelry fascinates Dru-silla, who sat with Felix at Caesarea, while Paul reasoned of righteousness and temperance and judgment to come. Read on Doric, Ionic and Corinthian fulciments announcements of municipal elections and eulogies of candidates.

It is August 24, 1 o'clock in the after-noon. The drama is being enacted in the theater. Enlarging the forum portico a mason spreads the mortar with his trowel and draws back to give the finishing stroke—that stroke never given. Belched from the crater of Vesuvius, fell, light-ning-like, a fiery cement that sealed the cities as a tomb. In form like pine tree erupted the molten miracle and swooped upon the hapless thousands. Three days the sun shone not, then burst o'er a land-scape ashen white, as if a sepulcher.

Sixteen centuries and three score years and ten none trod those silent streets. Excavators have removed the earthen covering and found the food that was cooking, statues that were posing, peo-ple who were toiling or laughing or weep-ing or sinning that August afternoon, 79 A. D., and the mason's stroke unfin-ished. Thence plucked I a withered leaf I will ever keep to tell me life is un-certain and I should ever be ready to meet my God.

Should thundering volcano or prodigy of God or judgment day suddenly over-take our two cities, you and me, would we look right? Would we be right? Are you now trusting in God? Is Jesus now your Savior? He asks you to be His. He asks to be yours. Remember Pompeii and Herculaneum.

HYMN.

Tune: Benevento.

Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands.
Why, ye thankless creatures, why,
Will ye slight His love and die.

Captains of the Christian Endeavor Host.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman,
The World-Famed Evangelist.

John H. Converse,
President of Baldwin Locomotive Works.

John Willis Baer,
Secy United Society of Christian Endeavor.

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D. D.,
Pastor West End Presbyterian Church, N. J.

Movement Is Electrifying the Churches Everywhere.

THE evangelistic movement inaugu-rated by the Presbyterians at their last general assembly, held in Philadelphia, has caused an in-creasing interest not only in the churches of that great denomination, but in the churches of all denominations throughout this and other countries. Ministers and evangelists report the interest shown among church members such as has not been seen for many years.

It was the seeming indifference and coldness of church people toward the un-saved and the lack of interest taken in the church and mission work that caused such men as the late Rev. Dr. George T. Purves of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, New York, the Rev. Dr. John Balcom Shaw, New York; the Rev. Dr. George B. Stewart of the Auburn semi-nary; John H. Converse, president of the Baldwin locomotive works, Philadelphia; John Willis Baer, secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston; the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, the prominent evangelist of this country, and others to sound the call for better work in the churches.

This call met with a hearty response by many ministers and evangelists and the work, through the committees ap-pointed, is being carried forward and is increasing in interest in all parts of the Presbyterian denomination, as well as in others that have taken it up.

The death of Dr. Purves was a blow to many, as he had the matter in charge, and it was feared that the interest might wane. This was not the case, however, as the Rev. Dr. Chap-man was selected in his place, through whose earnest and untiring efforts, aided by those appointed to assist him, the results have been marvelous.

In New York state the meetings have been largely attended and members of churches and young people's societies are working as never before. From every state in the union come the same reports. At the meetings excitement rarely rises above the level of earnest conviction. The day of religious frenzy seems to be past. The pastors and elders gather in a quiet way for prayer, and calmly talk over the matter of reaching those who are outside the church.

Personal work is the power of the present movement and is being most earnestly carried on by the Christian people of our churches. The Rev. Dr. Chapman, who is now in Jamaica for his health, writes "that never in the his-tory of his work have such encouraging reports come to him from evangelists and ministers in this country. Never have the laymen taken the interest they do at present. John H. Converse of Phila-delphia has given $20,000 to help with the expense of sending representatives to the different parts of the United States to talk up the movement in the Presby-terian churches. Ministers," says Dr. Chapman, "send reports from Toronto, Can., of the great movement at present going on there among the Christian peo-ple, and the Rev. John McNeill of Scot-land writes of the interest shown in that country."

Beginning the month an organized ef-fort is to be made in England to reach the Protestant young people in the Sun-day schools and church societies, and the last Sunday in January is to be observed as "Decision Day." The Christian En-deavor societies are asked to make "Christian Endeavor Day" February 2, a day for bringing in at least one friend, by each member, into the church.

Dr. Chapman asks that all churches co-operate along these lines.

The Rev. Joseph P. Calhoun, pastor of the Homewood Avenue Presbyterian church, this city, and chairman of the evangelistic committee of the presbytery of Pittsburgh, speaks of the result of the evangelistic movement among the Pres-byterian churches in this district.

He says: "After the conference held in the Second Presbyterian church, Pitts-burgh, in December, at which time Dr. Chapman, Dr. Shaw, John Converse and Dr. Carson were present, we decided to go to work. The result has been mar-velous. Elders and church people come to me and say, 'Our minister is preaching as never before.' It has become the concern of our lives to save souls. Never in the history of my preaching have I seen such interest among my peo-ple, young and old, as during the last few weeks. I asked the members of my congregation each to try to bring in one person during the meetings. The result has been that teachers have brought in an entire class, fathers have brought in sons and mothers daughters. One little girl 13 years old brought into my church two friends. Earnest personal work is the secret, and to help us with the work, I am preaching the plain, straight Gos-pel of Christ. Ministers must preach the Gospel to get results. Such preaching never fails. During the last two weeks 120 were received into the church on pro-fession, most of them men. At the Knox-ville Presbyterian church last Sunday 36 were admitted, and at the Second Pres-byterian church, Penn avenue, 121 were received, 100 of them on profession.

"Our evangelistic committee is arrang-ing to have preaching service for the unchurched, and a hall has been secured at Winebiddle and Penn avenues, where the meetings are now being held. The purpose is to inaugurate a Gospel cam-paign for the summer, when the meet-ings will be held in tents. If the meet-ings are carried out as the committee has planned, results will be the greatest ever known. This movement is what the church needs and all pastors should in-terest themselves in this great soul-sav-ing campaign."

The members of the Presbyterian com-mittee assisting the Rev. Mr. Calhoun here are William S. Miller, Crafton; the Rev. J. Shane Nicholls, Pittsburgh; J. C. Dunn, Pittsburgh; T. E. Orr, East End.

Meetings are now being held in almost all the churches in the two cities. The interest and attendance are reported as good. Pastors are being assisted more than usual this winter by their elders and young people. Dr. Calhoun reports excellent work done by his Christian En-deavor society.

News from the Churches.

Bishop Satterlee,
Of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Bishop Hurst,
Of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Clericals and laymen representative of a Protestant membership of 16,000,000 are to call upon President Roosevelt at the White House on the morning of February 5. They will be members of the National Federation of Churches, an organization in which the president was sufficiently interested to serve as vice chairman of the New York state body, and to go to Syracuse and make a speech when the New York federation was effected. The second annual conference of the National Federation of Churches is to be held in Washington on the 4th and 5th of Feb-ruary.

Among those who are to take part in it are Bishops Satterlee and Hurst of Washington, one Episcopal and the other Methodist, the Rev. Drs. Donald Sage Mackay and George C. Lorimer of New York, Secretary Webb of the Evangelical Alliance of Philadelphia, Secretary Thompson of the Presbyterian home board and President Bashford of Ohio Wesleyan university.

During the conference the deputation named is to go to the president to tell him that Protestantism in the United States can act together, that sectarianism is dead, and that the government, right or wrong politically, has united Protest-ant support. Practically every evangeli-cal body in America will join in the utter-ance of this voice.

This federation aims to be an expres-sion of the unity which underlies the re-ligion of the churches. In Massachusetts such state organizations as are possessed by Congregationalists, Methodists and Baptists have officially named members of the state federation. In Rhode Island the federation includes Providence, and a canvass is preparing to be made of the city.

The revelations of Prof. Dealey of Brown university, touching local condi-tions, have been startling. The Ohio state federation, organized in December, brought together 12 different Protestant bodies. State federations are talked of in California and South Dakota. Local federations are in process of forming in about 20 cities, many of them in the west. An ambition of the national federa-tion is to have presidents of such bodies as the Congregational national council, the Baptist congress, the house of depu-ties of the Episcopal general convention, the senior bishop of the Methodist gen-eral conference, the moderator of the Presbyterian general assembly, the presi-dent of the Lutheran general council and the like unite in issuing a pastoral letter addressed to Christians of America, to indicate the unity of Protestantism, and materially to advance its cause.

Catholic Bible Commission.

As later reports reach here from Rome it is seen that the new pontifical commis-sion on modern questions concerning holy writ is to have a wider scope than was at first supposed. There are reports, ap-parently well founded, that the commis-sion may go so far as to undertake the revision of the Vulgate.

Such revision would be an important historic event, for the authorized version of the scriptures of the Roman Catholic church dates back to the year 405. There was an old version, that now [illegible] literal in its translation. Near the close of the fourth century St. Jerome under-took a revision, which was finally com-pleted in the year just named. At first it made slow progress, and the old and new versions were often confounded. It was not until the ninth century that the complete supremacy of the Vulgate ob-tained, although the council of Trent duly authorized it and forbade interpretations not in conformity with it.

The new commission is to be a permanent body. Correspondence with its members has already begun from Rome. What it may accomplish is as yet undetermined, but some of the conveners expect radical work to have been planned by the vatican for it.

Missions Need Money.

The burden of the foreign missions conference debates, to take place in To-ronto at the end of February, will relate to money. With an exception or two mission funds, and especially foreign mission funds, are in any but a pros-pering condition. Officers of the various boards say people are never before are giving to everything except missions.

The foreign boards hold, each winter, conferences of secretaries and executives. Usually these conferences are held in New York and the topics bear on the con-duct of the work, how to get men and the interest of the churches. This winter the conference goes to Toronto, and the en-tire program bears on finances. Mis-sion literature will be discussed, as some-thing to interest members of churches, and because most societies are dissatis-fied with their own literature. Methods of finance is the chief topic, but comity, young people's forward movements and a proposed bureau of missions which shall furnish information about all missions will be discussed, always, however, in their bearing upon contributions.

Student Volunteer Program.

Following the conference on missions is to come, in the same city, the fourth international convention of the student volunteers. John R. Mott, fresh from a trip round the world, will preside. Among the speakers are to be Bishops Baldwin and Sweatman of Huron and Toronto, re-spectively, Church of England in Canada; Robert E. Speer of New York, President Capen of the American board, Bishop Galloway of the Methodist church south, Bishop Thoburn of India, the Rev. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, who has just accepted the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Pres-byterian church, New York, to succeed to the late Dr. John Hall; Dr. and Mrs. F. Howard Taylor of the China In-land mission, and Prof. Gamewell and Dr. Ament, both famous in connection with the siege of Peking.

The convention is to meet in Massey music hall, the largest meeting place in Toronto. The purpose is to promote in-terest in missions among students in the seminaries and to urge the responsibility of clergy and laity for world evangeliza-tion. Prominent in this convention's pro-gram will also be the financial support of missions, for the cry is everywhere lack of such support. There is to be a con-ference of editors of religious and mis-sionary publications.

The habit of Old Testament Hebrews equaled an English foot and one-fifth, if the latest evidence proves reliable.

Catarrh of the Stomach

A Pleasant, Simple, but Safe and Effectual Cure for It.

Catarrh of the stomach has long been consid-ered the next thing to incurable. The usual symptoms are a full or bloating sensation after eating, accompanied sometimes with sour or

watery risings, a formation of gases, causing pressure on the heart and lungs and difficult breathing, headaches, feeble appetite, nervous-ness and a general played-out, languid feeling.

There is often a dull taste in the mouth, coated tongue and if the stomach could be seen it would show a slimy, in-flamed condition.

The cure for this common and obstinate trouble is found in a treatment which causes the food to be readily, thoroughly digested be-fore it has time to ferment and irritate the delicate mucous surface of the stomach. To secure a prompt and healthy digestion is the one necessary thing to do and when accom-plished it removes the abnormal condition with little assistance.

According to Dr. McMurray the safest and best specimen of its use after each meal is a tablet, composed of Diastase, Asceptic Pepsin, a little Nux, Golden Seal and Fruit acids. These tablets can now be found at all drug stores under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and our having a patent medicine can be used with perfect safety and confidence that healthy appetite and thorough digestion will follow their regular use after meals.

Mr. N. J. Rhodes, Chicago, Ill., writes: "Dur-ing 1901 I had a bad attack resulting from a neglected cold in the head, whereby the lining membrane of the nose became inflamed and the profuse discharge therefrom passing backward into the throat reached the stomach. This producing catarrh of the stomach. Medi-cal authorities prescribed for me for three years for catarrh of stomach without cure, but today I am the happiest of men after using only one box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I cannot find appropriate words to express my good feeling. I have tried both appetite and sound rest from their use.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the safest and most reliable as well as the simplest and most con-venient remedy for any form of indigestion, catarrh of the stomach, flatulence, sour stomach and those who are troubled after meals.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

January 26. First Quarter. Acts 3: 1—10. Lesson 4.

THAT beautiful and awe-inspiring phenomenon, familiarly called "the falling stars," is produced by the earth, in its orbit, passing through meteoric belts. So at times the Hebrew nation, in its historic circuit, seemed to pass through a belt of mi-racles. The founding, the exit from Egypt, occupation of Canaan, exile and restoration, and finally the evolution of Christianity, are the epochs brilliant with miracles. There are miracles outside of these epochs, as there are meteors out-side of the belts. Both are exceptional.

A perfect shower of wonders, numerous, brilliant, and beneficent, occurred at the unfolding of Christianity. They were the credentials of the apostles. They attested the supernatural origin and character of the new faith. A meteoric miracle, large and lustrous, flashes upon us in this instance.

A physician of Hebrew extraction said to me, facetiously, yesterday: "Don't say Sabbath!" (I had inadvertently used the term.) "That is Jewish." I an-swered: "Everything Jewish belongs to us Christians. All things are ours."

Peter and John were acting on that principle when they went into the tem-ple. The temple, its furniture, its ritual, was theirs, as Christians, in a sense in which it had never been theirs as He-brews. They saw more in it than any Jew possibly could. It was all an elo-quent type of Jesus and the atonement.

The very Beautiful Gate, itself tower-ing above them, and broad enough to ad-mit a multitude at once, and shining re-splendent as precious ore molten in a furnace, seemed to speak of Him who said, "I am the Door."

The abject cripple—with his congenital and remediless infirmity—forever barred, because of its symbolical meaning, from entrance to the temple, was type to them of humanity impotent through sin.

The apostles quickly, consciously or un-consciously, perform their part in the significant acted parable. They yield themselves as instruments to the Holy Spirit in the miracle of regeneration. Yet they were not altogether passive. Their hearts were touched to pity. Their sym-pathies were active, their faith strong.

The restored cripple is the sinner con-verted. The entireness of the cure is beyond question. He stands, walks, and leaps. He enters the temple. He would have been inhibited, on ceremonial grounds, from doing so had he not been entirely emancipated from his malady. So, in a sense in which he never could have done so before, the convert enters the church and has communion with God and his fellow-believers. The spiritual nature, impotent before, now receives strength. And this miracle of grace is the one sufficient, irrefutable evidence of the Divinity of Christianity.

No picture which the artist-evangelist has drawn for us abounds in more or finer lines and tints of meaning. The congenial and helpful comradeship of the apostles Peter and John—each the com-plement of the other. . . . The tardy secession of the Christians from the Tem-ple, the general practice of all the believ-ers continuing in the Temple, referred to previously, here illustrated by a specific instance; thought not improbable by some, that the disciples even continued in the sacrifices. So natural and slow was the shaking off of the husk of Judaism.

The lame man asked alms. The root of ideal charity is in the very word. Alms: literally, pitifulness. An immaterial something must first go out to the unfor-tunate. Pity must precede. A genuine humanness there must be which recog-nizes the suffering as the suffering of a brother.

That was a meaningful look which Peter gave the cripple. He spoke with his eye before he spoke with his tongue. There was a helpful accent in Peter's first words, an uplifting inflection designed to stimulate the best that was in the man. A pause followed in which he had time to collect his thoughts. He gave heed. True, he could not control his feet, but he could fix his eyes. He did what he could. This was the first step in a co-operative cure. The small coin which the apostles could easily have dropped into the unfortunate's hand was nothing. They were on the point of really enrich-ing him.

"Peter took him by the right hand." The seeking soul must be sustained, not only by word, but by act."

He entered into the temple. "Many are restored, all are not thankful." In describing the effect of the miracle upon the people, the Rhemish New Testament says quaintly that they were exceedingly astonished and aghast.

The thorough co-operation of the two parties is vividly portrayed, and is evi-dently indicated as an essential condi-tion of the happy outcome. Peter looked intently on the lame man and asked him to return the gaze. He did so. When, in answer to the injunction to rise, he made effort, the apostle took him by the hand to afford him support until his ankles should fully receive strength. The healing apostles and the healed man went into the Temple, co-operating in praise as they had previously in cure. Co-operation is a key-word to cure—moral, mental, physical—today as in apostles' days.

The Teacher's Lantern.

The Beautiful Gate is a striking type of Jesus. It was exceedingly broad as well as lofty. It measured sixty feet across. So there's a wideness in God's mercy. The gate was near the cripple. Jesus is near. Not in heaven, not in the deep; but nigh thee. Near the tem-ple gate was the threatening inscription: "Let no stranger pass beyond this on pain of death." But arching the Living Way is the gracious invitation, "Whoso-ever will."

Practical Philanthropy is here inci-dentally illustrated. Peter and John did more for that impecunious cripple than if they had loaded him with gold and sil-ver. They set him on his feet. They put him in the way of making his own living.

Many of Our Millionaires are doing noble; but it is still the comparatively poor, rich only in faith, who, with ag-gregate zeal and resources, will do most for the betterment of society.

PALATIAL CHURCHES OF GREATER PITTSBURGH.

Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, Ellsworth Avenue.

MID-WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

PHOEBE DAVIS IN "WAY DOWN EAST" AT THE ALVIN.

LVDWIG—HENNING—1902.

KATIE ROONEY IN "McFADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS" AT THE BIJOU.

ELLA DE VINE NORMA LA TOUR "MAMSELLE AWKINS" AT THE EMPIRE.

"THE ONLY WAY" AT THE GRAND.

LYDA CARLISLE TOPSY TURVY CO. AT THE ACADEMY.

CARREL JOHNSEN AT THE DUQUESNE.

OBSERVATIONS

THE Rev. Freeman Wills, an English clergyman, is credited with having made the most successful dramatization of a Dickens story, not even excepting "Oliver Twist," that has so far found its way to the stage. His play, "The Only Way," founded upon the powerful novel of the French revolution, "A Tale of Two Cities," has been accepted by critics generally as one of the best dramatizations of a Dickens narrative extant. It served to make Martin Harvey, the English actor, famous, and is still in his repertoire and will be seen by Americans when Mr. Harvey comes to this country in October next. Henry Miller first used the play in America and scored a partial success in it, though Mr. Miller was unfortunately handicapped by having a company below the requirements of the drama. His own art, while commanding in some degree, was not equal to the task of making the play convincing. I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Miller's earliest production of the Dickens play, and was then and have since been convinced that under other circumstances and with the various roles given more effective interpretation the Dickens story offered one of the very finest dramatic motives that could well be conceived. That this motive lacked convincing and compelling force in Mr. Miller's hands was due to the actor's limitations. Acted up to the limit of the opportunities afforded in the Wills melodrama, for it is clearly a play of this class, it might reach the dignity of tragedy, and very good tragedy at that. Think of a man whose life had been a failure from a worldly point of view, who was conscious, moreover, of his lost opportunities and moral worthlessness, moved by great love for a woman to sacrifice his life in order to secure her happiness! To do this noble deed the man, who closely resembles the girl's lover, to whom she is fondly attached, must successfully impersonate his rival and go to the guillotine in his stead. This is what Sydney Carton does in "The Only Way," and in its tragic details offers the theme of the Wills drama.

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IN presenting the play at the Grand opera house this week Manager Davis has given his stock company one of the severest tests it has ever had. As I have already intimated, the drama is not a star play. It has too many strong characters to make it possible for one actor to focus all the attention on himself. Each character—however unimportant its place in the play—has to receive careful and artistic portrayal or the force of the drama as a whole is impaired if not wholly lost. This is so because of Mr. Wills' peculiar dramatic arrangement, making the several parts of his play interdependent, and the further fact that the characters are old and familiar friends to nine-tenths of the people who see them on the stage. Dickens' novel has been widely read, being one of the most vivid and absorbing narratives that ever came from his pen. Sydney Carton is nominally the hero of the story, but there are times when he is almost lost sight of in the development of the plot. There are Carton, Darnay, the relentless Defarge, Mr. Lorry, Lucie Manette and her father, and to these the dramatist has interpolated Mime, a young girl in love with Carton, all so many familiar faces into which the average auditor looks with mind already sympathetically made up and opinions formed from a reading, possibly many times, of the story. To convincingly portray these characters is no small dramatic task. Mr. Miller did not make the play a great success, though as a stage offering it was strikingly interesting. The mob scene in the trial of Darnay, who has been revealed as the exile, Evremonde, is a strong situation and offers possibilities for fine stage effects. The stock company has a chance to do itself proud, and I am curious to see what it will do with its opportunity.

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"WAY Down East," which comes to the Alvin this week, is one of the new school of rural dramas across which the press agent writes in big letters the words "phenomenal success." Viewed from the box office receipts which are given for the four seasons of the play's existence, the record is truly wonderful. Nearly five millions of people are said to have followed the fortunes of pretty but unfortunate Anna Moore, while five millions of hearts have responded to the cleverly wrought pathos that attends the final denouement of the Parker-Grismer story of wrong and the triumph of virtue. Lottie Blair Parker is quoted as being the authoress of the play, but a long addendum to its recent history leaves Mrs. Parker but precious little credit for its present form. The facile hand of Joseph R. Grismer is held to be responsible for the present play, into which he is credited with having worked a majority of its taking bits, including both the snowstorm and the constable who sings "All bound around with a woolen string." "Way Down East" has the honor of having collected more ministerial indorsements than any other play in modern times. Its advertising fairly bristles with approval from the clergy, all declaring in one voice that the drama is better than a dozen sermons. It is gratifying, however, to find a play that to the average theatergoer is conventional and theatric to the point of banality so thoroughly approved by the public upon the ground of its purity and wholesomeness. This is "Way Down East's" reputation, at any rate, and we believe the majority of people go to see it and enjoy it as much for this adroitly managed reputation as for any reasons of genuine merit in the play itself. For truth compels us to declare that "Way Down East" is only a sugar-coated, ruralized version of the same old sex problem on the stage. It is a New England discussion of the same problem that loud-voiced Zaza found too much for her and which finally drove the Second Mrs. Tanqueray to suicide, with this saving consideration, a tacit and admirable concession to New England morals, the woman in the case believed herself an innocent creature, and in the windup proved a mock marriage to give pathos to her previous long-suffering and gentle acceptance of the villainies inflicted upon her. Anna Moore is a thoroughly commonplace and conventional stage heroine. She meekly submits to the indignities that are heaped upon her and finally goes out in the snow and cold in order to give the hero a chance to find her and the play a chance to have a happy ending. But, as I said, it is a good thing to find the public taking so unanimously to this form of drama. There are a number of quaint and original character sketches and the "atmosphere" of the play, so far as it concerns itself with the life it depicts, is wholesome and clean. Our sympathies are stirred by the incidents of a life that suggests rural simplicity, however artificially and theatrically they may be presented, and in this respect "Way Down East" is so much stronger in its general appeal than the average rural play that I always enjoy a sight of it. The company that will present the play at the Alvin this week is practically the same that was seen here last season.

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WHEN the Irving-Terry repertoire during the past week in Pittsburgh is regarded retrospectively it affords an astonishing evidence not only of the marvelous versatility of these players but a convincing proof as well of their continued physical vitality. The labor involved in presenting a repertoire so varied and exacting as that used by Mr. Irving during his brief Pittsburgh engagement is something prodigious. From Shylock and Portia in a five-act version of Shakespeare's strenuous comedy "to Nance Oldfield and Matthias, and thence to the impersonation of Gregory Brewster, Madame Sans Gene and Napoleon, and then a reversal to the Shakespearean play, marked the first half of the week. On Friday and Saturday evenings "The Lyons Mail," a play new to Irving in his American tours and a second performance of "Nance Oldfield," followed by an elaborate revival of "Louis XI.," besides a matinee at which a third production of the "Merchant of Venice" was given. This is a truly wonderful week's work regarded simply from the standpoint of physical exertion. The labor of these repeated changes of bill was not apparent in Mr. Irving's case. He acted the king of France last night with the same vigor and buoyancy that he gave to his Shakespearean role on Monday evening. With Miss Terry, however, the case was different. Her work during the last three performances in which she appeared showed unmistakable signs of the physical strain to which she was subjected. In the moments of relaxation from actual participation in the dialogue and movement of the scene when she was one of the group occupying the stage there were many little signs of the actress' weariness apparent in her attitude and pose. Indeed, I am constrained to believe that Miss Terry must soon curtail the excessive demands she makes upon her vital forces or else suffer a serious decadence in the force and charm of her work. It would be an unfair and groundless criticism to charge the distinguished comedienne with declining power simply because it is known that she is no longer young. But it is certainly the office of a friendly critic to point out the fact that she cannot much longer bear the physical strain of extensive repertoire work together with the hardships and inconveniences of a long tour.

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ARTISTICALLY, the Pittsburgh engagement was an unqualified success. In the roles familiar to local theatergoers the same delightful acting that has made the English players famous on this side of the ocean was manifest in unfailing degree. The additions to the repertoire were striking in two cases, "The Lyons Mail," a peculiar dual character study, and the sumptuous revival of "Louis XI." The Napoleonic play, in which Miss Terry was seen in the role of the washerwoman, Catherine, who afterward became a duchess, does not afford either Miss Terry or Mr. Irving adequate scope for the display of their talents. Miss Terry's work was not notably better than that of Kathryn Kidder, who has made the play familiar to Americans, while Mr. Irving's Napoleon was even inferior to the work of Augustus Cook, who originated the part in the Kidder production. In every other respect, however, the engagement was a rich dramatic feast, and one that leaves a strong inspiring hope that these delightful artists may be spared many years in which to reveal to us some of the most finished and delightful characterizations known to the modern English-speaking stage.

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I HAVE received an interesting communication relative to the organization of a Philadelphia branch of the Actors' Church Alliance this week with extracts from the speeches made upon the occasion. Bishop Potter, the well-known New York prelate, was the principal speaker, and said, among other things:

"There is a wide misunderstanding of the drama today. People are too prone to regard the stage and stage people as necessarily below the standard as to morality. There are good elements in the drama as there are in every other calling in life. I myself got some knowledge of the theater as a boy. This knowledge was gained surreptitiously. I am constrained to confess, for I had to run away from home to acquire it. Many a time I slipped away and bought seats. I have only the pleasantest recollections of seeing such great exponents of the drama as James E. Murdock, the elder Drew, Edwin Forrest and others of equal talent. I doubt not when the good people hear that I have invited Mrs. Patrick Campbell to dine with me they will all be grievously shocked, and yet I know that this woman is not only a talented actress, but a Christian character."

Which goes to prove what a wonderful transformation has taken place in the past few years in the sentiment held by leading religious teachers toward the theater and stage art of a really worthy kind.

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MANAGER M'CULLOUGH of the Empire is going to make an experiment and play a return engagement. Fortunately the experiment is a foregone success, for it is happy Mamselle Awkins, the sprightly lady who made a fortune in soap, who is to break into the Empire for the second week this season. All the merry company and the merry songs, including "Mary Green," "Dolly," and "Everybody Wondered How He Knew," with several new ones added, are coming back tomorrow night for another week's sojourn.

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AT the Bijou this week one of the perennial favorites of that house will be seen. "McFadden's Row of Flats" may not appeal to a high sense of stage art, but it is an amazingly funny farce of the rough and tumble variety, and if nonsense be the true philosophy of life, then are the "yellow kids" and all the funny people of "the Flats" philosophers indeed.

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FLO IRWIN, a sister of the jolly singer of coon songs, May Irwin, with Walter Hawley and a strong vaudeville company, will be the Duquesne attraction this week. Flo began her public career as a singer in a choir in her native town, and thence gravitated to the stage. She is neither so talented nor so thrifty as Sister May, but she manages to furnish through her present vaudeville sketch a laughable half-hour's entertainment. The Duquesne bill is otherwise very strong, however, containing names that stand well in the amusement world. J. Aldrich Libbey, for instance, is a singer with a career of hard work and much achievement back of it. Libbey is a New Englander, and early dabbled in theatricals and gave his voice a chance to expand by singing in amateur circles. Later he was "discovered" by a philanthropic friend and sent to Europe, where two years of hard study brought him to a position of real prominence as a vocalist. Returning to this country he made an instantaneous hit as Alvin Barry in "The Little Tycoon." He assumed leading roles with the Conreid opera company, Digby Bell company, Daly opera company and the McCaull opera company, meeting with great success everywhere. He also joined Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown" company, where he made popular the ballad "After the Ball," which made him world-famous as a ballad singer.

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THE Topsy Turvy company, a popular variety and burlesque aggregation, will be seen at the Academy this week. THE PLAYGOER.

JOHN DREW

A sketch and portrait of a leading player of this or some former period will be presented every week.

JOHN DREW made his first appearance upon the stage in Philadelphia on March 23, 1873, as Plummer in Charles Matthews' farce, "Cool as a Cucumber." Mr. Drew was then only a few months past his twentieth birthday, having been born in Philadelphia in November, 1853. He comes of a family distinguished in the annals of the American stage, his mother, Mrs. John Drew, having in her day and generation been one of the most gifted actress-managers this country has ever known. It was while playing in his mother's company in Philadelphia that young John Drew was discovered by the late Augustin Daly and taken to New York, where he first appeared in February, 1875, in "The Big Bonanza." The following year he played his first Shakespearean role as Rosencranz in "Hamlet." After this he spent two seasons touring the country with Fanny Davenport; and in 1879 Mr. Drew became the leading man at Daly's, playing opposite Miss Ada Rehan. From this time, up to 1892, Mr. Drew played leads for the Daly company, appearing in all the successes of that famous organization. He became a star in 1892, and has since been seen in "The Masked Ball," "The Butterflies," "Christopher, Jr.," "The Bauble Shop," "A Marriage of Convenience," "One Summer's Day," "The Lions," "The Tyranny of Tears," "Richard Carvel," and is now appearing in "The Second in Command." In private life Mr. Drew is a man of blameless reputation and a gentleman of great culture.

Gossip About Stage People

STORIES TOLD BY AND ABOUT PLAYERS—NEWS OF THE THEATERS CONDENSED INTO BRIEF READING—INCIDENTS AND PERSONALS.

Although she is best known, perhaps, as Anna Moore in "Way Down East," Miss Phoebe Davies had quite a creditable stage career previous to her creation of that role. Miss Davies—or Davis, in its usually written English form, is a Welsh girl, having been born in Wales. Her father was a "lifer" and first came to America on the crest of the gold wave that helped so much to populate California. Up to her fifth year little Phoebe had been inside of a theater once only and that was one afternoon at the Princess theater in London. Her first stage appearance was before David Belasco in San Francisco, at the old Baldwin theater, of which Belasco was manager. She recited a scene from an old tragedy "The Wreck," so effectively that she was promised a place in the stock company. Her illness afterward prevented, but she did secure a part in the old California stock company later. After appearing in many minor roles and doing much hard and capable work, Miss Davies stirred genuine enthusiasm by her superb creation of the principal part in Clay M. Greene's "Chispa." A San Francisco manager offered to bring her east and to present her to New York as a star. Miss Davies declined. Instead, she remained in California and married Joseph Grismer, who was then leading man at the Baldwin and who is now known because of his share in preparing "Way Down East" for the stage.

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A friend of Richard Mansfield is responsible for this latest Broadway tale: Mr. Mansfield and the friend in question were going down the thoroughfare in a crowded surface car. The friend offered his seat to a woman. Mansfield followed suit. The latter woman, a very well dressed and refined looking person, accepted Mansfield's seat without a word of thanks. The actor leaned forward in a strained attitude of one listening attentively for some fancied word.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mansfield, with a rising inflection.

"I said nothing," replied the woman.

Mansfield said:

"Again you must pardon me. I thought you said: 'Thank you.'"

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Mr. Fred Eustis, musical director of the Frank Daniels' Company, tells of a rehearsal of the orchestra in a small town. He tried hard to bring the rural musicians into line and succeeded fairly well except with the man who played the flute. Finally Mr. Eustis became desperate and exclaimed:

"Look here, my friend, you stay out of this. You're no good, and you can't play."

The flute man calmly looked up and made reply:

"If I don't play, you don't. I'm the mayor of the town, and I won't give you a license."

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Ella Hugh Wood, the young woman who so convincingly plays the part of Martha Perkins in "Way Down East," at one time was employed on a newspaper. She exchanged journalism for the stage about four years ago.

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One of Marie Wainwright's two daughters is dead. She had been on the stage for a time under the name of Elizabeth Mayhew. Her father was Harry Slaughter, still remembered in theatrical circles as Miss Wainwright's first husband. He disappeared after separating from the actress and is said to have dissipated himself to death in Australia.

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J. E. Dodson, who left Mrs. Fiske's company at the end of her New York city engagement has been engaged to go to London to play Simeonides in "Ben-Hur." The role was "created" in this country by Henry Lee, and was played in Pittsburgh by Henry Jewett. The New York city papers speak of Dodson as the "only American actor who will be in the London cast." Robert Tabor, who is an American, long ago was engaged for the role of the title; while Dodson is not an American, but an Englishman, and came here originally as a member of the Kendal's company in 1879.

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Friends of Laura Burt, who is now at Roosevelt hospital, New York, recovering from an operation she recently underwent there, are arranging a benefit for her. Sire Brothers, under whose management Miss Burt has been appearing for the past year, have given the use of the Bijou theater, where the benefit will be held February 10. Former Assemblyman Frederick A. Ware is arranging the program and other details. Miss Burt sustained the accident that made the operation necessary by being thrown from her horse during the "Under Two Flags" burlesque in "The King's Carnival," at New Haven, Conn., several weeks ago.

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Miss Grayce Scott has been selected to create the role of Hope Langham in Augustus Thomas' stage version of "Soldiers of Fortune" by Richard Harding Davis, in which Robert Edeson will make his stellar debut. Miss Scott first came into prominence in New York through her portrayal of Kombo in "Quo Vadis." She is at present appearing in the leading role of "New England Folks." It will be interesting to Pittsburgh theater-goers to know in this connection that "Tommy" Ross, the former comedian at the Grand, is also in the cast of "Soldiers of Fortune," as is also Guy Bates Post, the husband of Miss Sarah Truax.

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Manager McCulloch of the Empire theater, has a bit of yellow pasteboard that he prizes very highly. It is the last balcony ticket sold at Ford's old theater in Washington on the night that Abraham Lincoln, president of the United States, was assassinated. The ticket bears a picture of the theater on its face and the figures "20" printed in red ink across its top, indicating the price of admission to the gallery. Mr. McCulloch who gives this interesting souvenir by an attache of the theater at the time of the tragedy.

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Some one has said that Miss Wallace Hopper will star next season in a musical comedy called "The Laughing Lady," written by George V. Hobart, and music by Reginald DeKoven. Mr. DeKoven is at present at Washington, and when interviewed upon the subject admitted that he is at work upon the music for this piece, but said he was not sure whether it was for Miss Hopper or for another actress who contemplates starring. If Miss (or Mrs.) Wallace Hopper is wise she will hold on to the fortune she has inherited and forego the glory of "starring" at the head of her own company.

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It is said that one reason for the comparative failure of "When We Were Twenty-one," in England, was the scene at the Corinthian Skipper club. The adverse comment this aroused, both here and abroad, has led to its elimination in the rewritten version, which the Goodwins are using in their present American tour, the business of that incident taking place in the boudoir of the fast young woman known as the Firefly.

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Despite her combination of Irish-Scotch names, Mrs. Pat Campbell is said to claim neither. Her mother was Italian and her father English. Her husband was killed in the Boer war. She has a son in the navy and a daughter at school in Germany.

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Miss Beth Franklyn, the latest acquisition to the Grand Opera House Stock Company, comes to Pittsburgh with a reputation as an exceptionally clever actress. Miss Franklyn was for a couple of seasons a member of Charles Frohman's forces. For the past four years she has held a leading position with the Lyceum Theater Stock Company in Baltimore, where she was a pronounced favorite. This season she has been on tour with Mr. John W. Albaugh in a play called "Trenton." She is described as very pretty and quite famous for her handsome gowns. Pittsburghers will get their first glimpse of Miss Franklyn in "The Only Way" this week.

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James K. Hackett, in a recent address before a class of girls, said he thought all actors should marry. They generally do, and often.

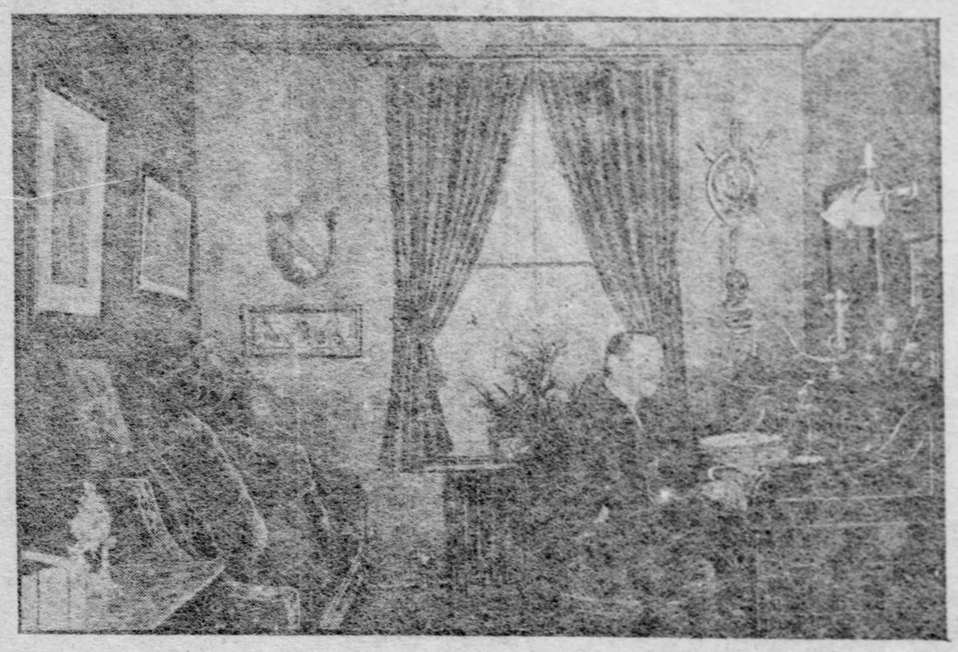
Messrs. M. Knoedler & Co.
Paris New York Pittsburgh
Invite an Inspection of the Recent
Landscapes
by
R. W. Van Boskerck
at their
Pittsburgh Galleries
432 Wood Street
Until February 4th

SPLENDID OFFICES OF A SUCCESSFUL MANAGER

MANAGER R. M. GULICK of the Bijou theater is to be congratulated upon having the handsomest suite of offices of any theatrical manager in the country. This is a broad assertion, but anyone who has had the pleasure of visiting this popular and successful purveyor of public amusement at his headquarters on the third floor front of the Bijou office building, which adjoins the theater, will undoubtedly admit that it is a fact. For many years Mr. Gulick contented himself with a small and modest office in the lobby across from the ticket office and with a cosy but rather cramped room on the first floor beneath the balcony stairs. When the Bijou office building was completed last summer he resolved to make the place where he works from 1 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every day and night somewhat more luxurious, and he has succeeded.

Mr. Gulick has a suite of three rooms—an ante-room, a room for the press agent, the agents of the visiting attractions and for "counting up" the proceeds of the house by the manager and treasurer, and a private office for himself. The two first rooms are furnished in handsome style, with every convenience, and are without equal in any theater in the country in this respect. But it is Mr. Gulick's private office that specially excites the admiration of those with artistic tastes.

The ceiling is of stucco work of beautiful and original design, light and delicate, colored a soft shade of yellow, and from the center is suspended a gold and crystal chandelier for electric light and gas. The walls are covered with burlap tinted pea green. The wood work is mahogany, also the desk, chairs and table. A rich Wilton carpet of the same shade as the walls and Turkish rugs cover the floor. A crimson plush Davenport is a part of the furniture, and with a number of inviting pillows of the same rich material is an attractive furnishing. Crimson velvet curtains, with a magnificent lace sash curtain, bearing the embroidered monogram "R. M. G. & Co.," shade the window fronting upon Penn avenue.



MANAGER GULICK'S OFFICE—BIJOU THEATER.

Great taste has been exercised in the selection of ornaments for the walls. Steel and bronze sconces of armorial design, quaint Indian and Turkish heads, a bronze serpent with a red electric light constantly burning in its mouth and a rare collection of bric-a-brac and valuable water colors perform this duty. Among the pictures are "The Slave Market," "Inspiration," by A. Asti; "The Dancing Lesson," by V. Palmakali; "Time," one of the now famous fencing lesson series; "Revoked," the card picture by Cecil Aldin, and other art treasures. One corner of the office is occupied by a stand of glorious potted plants, and the whole satisfies one that Mr. Gulick not only has a love for the beautiful in art and nature, but also believes in personal comfort.

R. M. Gulick was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., August 15, 1854. He is the son of James C. Gulick, a prominent and successful tea importer, formerly of New York city, but who some years ago retired from active business and who now resides at Lake Mahopac, N. Y. Mr. Gulick received his early education at the schools in New York and graduated at the college of the city of New York. At the age of 20 he represented his father's firm of Gulick & Co. in this district, and in 1880, realizing that there was a fine opening for a theater conducted upon popular lines and at popular prices in this large, prosperous and rapidly increasing community, he formed a partnership with the late William Chalet and leased the present Bijou theater, then known as Library hall.

The building was remodeled and improved and was opened on September 6, 1886. The success of the enterprise from the very opening was remarkable, and it has continued without interruption for 16 years. On March 15, 1887, Chalet's interest was purchased by R. M. Bennett and the firm was thereafter known as R. M. Gulick & Co.

Mr. Gulick had no experience in theatrical affairs previous to his association with Chalet in 1886, but he entered into the business with earnestness and enthusiasm, making a study of it, and devoting all his time and attention to the selection of attractions suited to the patronage of his house, and in this particular is the secret of the success of the Bijou, which is known as the most successful popular price theater in the country. Mr. Gulick, however, insists that no manager can feel assured of the success of any booking and declares that it is simply guess work for all managers. Mr. Gulick has nearly always followed the idea of selecting plays, not because he personally preferred them from an artistic standpoint, but because he thought that the people who purchased tickets to his theater would like them. His judgment has netted the firm large returns. He is of the opinion, however, that the taste of the patrons of the Bijou has greatly changed from a few years ago, and that they now demand a better class of plays, consequently the Bijou is presenting them. The difficulty of selecting the plays may be best explained by stating that the Bijou season runs for 44 weeks and that already 104 companies have applied for time next season.

In 1888 the firm of R. M. Gulick & Co. controlled a circuit of six popular price theaters, viz.: Star, New York city; Columbia, Boston, Mass.; Bijou, Brooklyn, N. Y.; National, Philadelphia; Holliday Street, Baltimore, and Bijou, Pittsburgh. In 1890 the interest in all these houses was disposed of with the exception of the Bijou, Pittsburgh, to which the firm is now devoting its entire attention.

THE ALVIN Tomorrow and All Week. Matinees Wed. & Sat.
WM. A. BRADY'S
Sumptuous Production of the New England Idyl
WAY DOWN EAST
By LOTTIE BLAIR PARKER. Elaborated by JOS. R. GRISMER.
Same big cast and production seen over 500 times in New York City, 216 times in Boston, 182 times in Chicago and 170 times in Philadelphia.
PRICES $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c and 25c. NO HIGHER.
NEXT WEEK—SALE OF SEATS THURSDAY,
Direct from 100 consecutive performances at Casino and New York Theatre,
THE ORIGINAL BIG COMPANY,
FLORODORA
Cast includes Edna Wallace Hopper, Cyril Scott, R. E. Graham, Helen Redmond, W. P. Carleton, Jeanette Lowrie, Philip H. Eyley, the Original Beauty Sextet and Chorus of 100.

In the Local Theaters.

What Managers Have to Say About the Various Attractions this Week and Those to Come Later.

Alvin—"Way Down East."

"Way Down East," with its real people, its real story and its almost real snow storm, is announced for tomorrow night and the coming week at the Alvin theater, where it has already been seen twice. The play is an excellent repeater, however, as has been shown by frequent returns to such cities as New York and Chicago, so that many persons may prefer seeing the old favorite to venturing on a performance of which they know nothing beyond the fact that its press agent is hard a-working. Then, too, perhaps the familiar characters and incidents of the piece may prompt as pleasant a flow of recollections as may be prompted by hearing a well remembered melody. A. W. Ward has said that a volume of Dickens is an appointed rendezvous between himself and his friends.

The company which William A. Brady is sending to Pittsburgh with "Way Down East" is said to be of unsurpassed worth. Every member of the cast has played his or her part for no fewer than three years. This cast includes Phoebe Davies, Giric B. Collins, Will T. Ellwanger, Robert Fischer, Frank Bell, Felix Haney, Frank Currier, Ella Hush Wood, Sara Stevens, Marion Louise Shirley and the double quartet. Settings and accessories of an elaborate nature add greatly to the performance, while the snow storm mentioned lacks no point of realism.

Grand—"The Only Way."

Lovers of Charles Dickens' works will find an especially attractive bill at the Grand opera house this week in "The Only Way," which is a dramatization of Charles Dickens' story, "A Tale of Two Cities." The Rev. Freeman Wills, a distinguished clergyman of London, made the dramatization. It is the same version used by Martin Harvey, the well-known English actor, who created the leading part of Sydney Carton in the London production. Mr. Henry Miller used the same version on the occasion of his visit to Pittsburgh two years ago. Stage Director Huffman has exerted himself to produce some striking effects. One of the most striking features of the play is the mob scene, introducing 150 extra men and women.

"The Only Way," viewed merely as a literary contribution to the stage, is both helpful and instructive. Some may suggest the introduction of at least sufficient humor to furnish contrasts, but it would require a deft hand to blend even a ray of humor with the serious passages in the lives of the characters presented in this play. And it is doubtful whether the skill exercised would improve the general pattern, or add an iota to the general results. No play presents a better example of stagecraft in its entirety than "The Only Way," certainly no play treating as lofty themes witnessed by the present generation of theater-goers excels in this respect. The play is not overloaded with mere stage trickeries and devices. Ample opportunity is given the actors and the result is an intellectual and dramatic treat.

Bijou—"McFadden's Row of Flats."

There comes to the Bijou this week, commencing with a special matinee tomorrow (Monday), an old friend, "McFadden's Row of Flats," but we will hardly recognize it, so many changes have occurred.

Prominent in this season's cast of merrymakers may be mentioned the following well-known farceurs: Charles Osborne, who is said to portray the part of "Tim McFadden," a candidate for aldermanic honors, in a most rollicking manner; Harry Crandall, as his rival; Bobby Balston and Jerry Sullivan, the two "yellow kids," are exceptionally well fitted for the parts; Harry Watson is seen to advantage as "Weary Willie," and is promised "true to life;" Klein and Ott Brothers, a quartet of expert musical artists; John Gilroy, an acrobatic comedian of rare ability, and Miss Katie Rooney, daughter of the late "Pat" Rooney, are seen in acrobatic songs and dances, and incidentally Miss Rooney gives her inimitable imitation of her late father, which is promised exceptionally clever. The bevy of handsome chorus ladies are seen to advantage in numerous marches, dances, musical numbers and ensembles. Among the novelties is the trained goat, who does everything but talk; the performing pig and the new burlesque on Sousa.

Empire—"Mam'selle 'Awkins."

The Empire theater announces for its next attraction George R. White's "Mam'selle 'Awkins." The musical comedy appeared at the Empire theater about two months ago to record breaking crowds and from present indications the Pittsburgh friends of the gay and captivating mam'selle will turn out in force to welcome her return.

The principal roles are interpreted by the same clever artists.

Miss Delia Stacey, as Honorah Hawkins, has several new songs. Miss Ella De Vine sings the new popular "Mary Green" in the last act. Everybody's favorite, Miss Carolyn M. Heustis, is still "Dolly, Dolly, Simple and Sweet." Harry W. Wilson, J. P. Sullivan, J. J. Cluxton, Eddie Smith, C. C. Patterson and Max Rossi all contribute their shares of the fun making. The chorus is still as vivacious and charming as ever and displays some new and handsome costumes.

Duquesne—Vaudeville.

The Duquesne Theater true to its well-earned reputation not to present other than the best vaudeville that can be procured offers a bill, which this week, is fairly overflowing with good things and is doubtless the most expensive bill of the kind ever seen in this house. Flo Irwin, the popular comedienne, is the feature, appearing with Walter Hawley in their new farce, "Caught With the Goods." Surrounding her are John Kernell, the inimitable Irish comedian; Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Ellis, in "Mrs. Hogan's Music Teacher;" J. Aldrich Libby and Katherin Trayer, in a playlet, "The Debutante;" Carroll Johnson, the Florenz troupe of Italian acrobats, Hines and Remington, presenting a farce, "Miss Patter of Patterson;" Lew Bloom and Carroll Johnson.

Academy—"The Topsy Turvy."

"Topsy Turvy," the burlesque which comes to the Academy next week is a departure from productions of its kind in having a plot which, in most burlesques, is lacking. The management has been fortunate in securing an exceedingly strong company, including Miss Fannie Lewis, the greatest of all burlesque prima donnas; Beeson, Ferguson and Beeson, Miss Lulu Beeson, formerly known as "Lulu," the world's greatest soft-shoe dancer; Misses Jeanette and Shaw and Bert Fuller, the quaint comedian in novel imitations.

"Florodora" Coming Back.

"Florodora," which was seen here in the early portion of the season, will be the attraction at the Alvin theater next week. This time it will be presented by the original company. Five hundred and three consecutive performances is the record of "Florodora" at the New York and Casino theaters, New York, and the same company will be seen here next week. The cast includes Edna Wallace Hopper, Cyril Scott, Helen Redmond, R. E. Graham, Jeanette Lowrie, William P. Carleton and Philip H. Eyley. The original "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" sextette, introducing a lot of beautiful girls, which created such a sensation in the metropolis, will be one of the attractions of the engagement.

NOTES OF THE THEATERS.

Gossip and News of What Is Doing in the Theaters Here and Elsewhere.

Oscar Hammerstein will erect a theater in Philadelphia.

There will be a special matinee at the Bijou tomorrow—Monday.

Nat Goodwin says he has three new plays on hand for next season.

The Four Cohans, in "The Governor's Son," is an early Bijou booking.

Horace Golden, the magician, is coming back to the Duquesne soon.

Elfie Fay is literally spreading herself in London. Her name is being spelled Elphie Finale.

A son of the late Ariel Barney has been engaged for a juvenile role with Amelia Bingham's company.

Charles Frohman rounded out his 10 years' management of the Empire theater, New York, last Saturday night.

Clay M. Greene and Irving Bachelier are collaborating on a dramatization of "D'ri and I," the latter's novel.

"A Colonial Girl," by Grace Furness and Abby Sage Richardson, is to succeed "The Only Way" at the Grand.

W. H. Crane made his first appearance in a speaking part as the Notary in "The Daughter of the Regiment," about 55 years ago.

Julia Marlowe, who comes to the Alvin February 10, is thinking of taking "When Knighthood Was in Flower" to London.

"Fiddle Dee Dee," one of the largest musical organizations on the road this season, will be presented at the Empire theater next month.

"Across the Pacific," the successful comedy-drama, with Harry Clay Blaney as its star and comedian, will be the offering at the Bijou next week.

"Jess of the Bar-Z Ranch," the new American drama that will be presented at the Empire theater the week of February 3, is by Forbes Heermans.

A close friend of Stuart Robson has kept tab on all his work, and says that he has appeared in over 650 characters during his career on the stage.

Stephen Phillips is said to have added Annie Russell to the list of stars for whom he is to write plays. Julia Marlowe and E. S. Willard have been on the list for some time.

Manager Davis has perfected arrangements for the rights to produce "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," the play that added fame and fortune to E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned.

Pittsburghers will be pleased to note the early return of the Musical Colby Family to the Duquesne theater. The Colbys hail from this city, and have numerous relatives living here.

Among the acts popular with Pittsburghers which play early dates at the Duquesne are Joe Welch, the inimitable Hebrew impersonator; McIntyre and Heath, and W. C. Fields, the great eccentric juggler.

Eugene Powers, a nephew of Gov. Powers of Maine, is playing the title role in "The Village Postmaster." Mr. Powers made his debut in this play six years ago, receiving a salary of $20 a week, and has worked his way up to the head of the company.

In all the years Joseph Jefferson played "Rip Van Winkle" he never gave it a stage setting of the ordinary stock scenery to be found in the theaters where he played. Manager Davis has arranged for a stupendous scenic production of this fine old play for a week in February.

For the week beginning February 2, the Grand Opera House Stock Company will present "A Colonial Girl," which enjoyed a run of 200 nights in New York city. This piece is familiar to Pittsburgh theatergoers through the Frohman company, which presented it here two years ago. It is the best play treating of the colonial period, and Manager Davis' stock company will undoubtedly give a very pleasing performance of it.

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When There Is a New Home Treatment That Quickly Reduces Wtight to Normal Without Diet or Medicine and Is Absolutely Safe?

A TRIAL PACKAGE FREE BY MAIL.

Don't be too fat; don't puff and blow; don't endanger your life with a lot of excess fat, and furthermore, don't ruin your stomach with a lot of useless drugs and patent medicines. Send your name and address to Prof. F. J. Kellogg, 258 W. Main st., Battle Creek, Mich., and he will send you free a trial package of his remarkable treatment that will reduce your weight to normal. Do not be afraid of evil consequences, the treatment is perfectly safe, is natural and scientific and gives such a degree of comfort as to astonish those who have panted and perspired under the weight of excess fat. It takes off the big stomach, gives the heart freedom, enables the lungs to expand naturally and you will feel a hundred times better the first day you try this wonderful home treatment.

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A WEEK WITH CHARLES DICKENS!
Beginning Monday, January 27th,
UNAPPROACHABLE PRODUCTION!
THE NEW STOCK COMPANY
IN
HENRY MILLER'S VERSION
OF
THE ONLY WAY
Dramatized by Freeman Wills from Charles Dickens' Masterpiece.
"A Tale of Two Cities."
One of the Most Fascinating Stories of the World's History.
Ensemble of 150 People.
WEEK OF FEB. 3d—SPLENDID PRODUCTION
A Colonial Girl
By Mrs. Abbey Sage Richardson and Miss Grace L. Furniss.
Seats on Sale at the Box Office from 9 A. M. Until 9 P. M.

Bijou 25 and 50c 25c
SPECIAL BARGAIN MATINEE MONDAY.
THE BIG SPECTACULAR FARCICAL REVIEW,
M'FADDEN'S ROW OF FLATS ALL NEW.
THE ORIGINAL PAJAMA GIRLS.
A STAR CAST OF FAMOUS SINGERS, DANCERS AND COMEDIANS.
NEXT WEEK—"ACROSS THE PACIFIC."

DUQUESNE
MATINEES TUESDAY, THURSDAY, SATURDAY.
Beginning Tomorrow Night, Jan. 27, All Week,
REFINED VAUDEVILLE.
FLO IRWIN and WALTER HAWLEY,
Presenting Their New Farce, "CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS."
MR. JOHN KERNELL. The Sensational Sits of Europe. THE FLORENZ TROUPE.
MR. AND MRS. CHAS. T. ELLIS. CARROLL JOHNSON, Who "Rests Brummel" of Minstrelsy.
MR. J. ALDRICH LIBBEY AND MISS KATHERINE TRAYER.
In Their Comic Playlet, "The Debutante."
HINES AND REMINGTON. BURTON AND BROOKS, More Work for the Undertaker.
CARROLL. YAMAMOTE BROTHERS. HERMANN.

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Transfer for All Street Car Lines.
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BY GENERAL REQUEST,
Return for One Week
Commencing Tomorrow Night
MAM'SELLE AWKINS
Direction GEO. R. WHITE.
Miss Delia Stacy, Carolyn M. Heustis, Miss Ella Devine and all the Favorites.
HEAR THE BIG 4 Mary Green, Dolly Simply and Sweet Chihuahua and Everybody Wondered How He Knew.
Humorous, Don't You Think?
FATHER FITT—Miss Awkins, That Priest is welcome.
NEXT ATTRACTION—"Jess of the Bar Z Ranch."

HARRY WILLIAMS' ACADEMY
Sign of the Big Electric Light. Matinees Daily Except Monday.
WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 27.
TOPSEY TURVEY
BURLESQUERS
2—BIG BURLETTAS—2
EVERYTHING ORIGINAL. INCOMPARABLE OLIO.
DAINTY DANCERS.

DUQUESNE GARDEN WEEK JAN. 27. Adm. 25c and 35c.
SPEED CONTESTS ON THE ICE.
E. LESLIE JONES, Amateur Champion Skater, VERSUS WILLIAM T. LETTS, of Pittsburgh, Champion Skater and Fancy Skater.
Two Miles Monday Evening. Two Miles Thursday Evening.
One Mile Wednesday Evening. One Mile Saturday Afternoon.
Two Miles Saturday Evening.
HOCKEY P. A. C. vs. KEYSTONE, THURSDAY EVENING.
KEYSTONE vs. BANKERS, FRIDAY EVENING.

Sir Henry Irving and Cissie Loftus.

Sir Henry Irving as Mathias in "The Bells."

SIR HENRY IRVING is a man who has no use for the conventions of life. That's the prerogative of a knighted actor, presumably. They say another actor is to be knighted about the time of the coronation exercises. It won't be long at this rate until all the English importations to the stage here will bring with them formidable titles prohibiting criticism, and, ultimately, we may have King George CIXI doing a farce comedy or Elizabeth 427 consumptively coughing away another Camille.

But to return to Sir Henry and his conventions. He has just set a precedent. He has engaged Cissie—Sir Henry's and the lady's pardon—Cecilia Loftus for his Marguerite in "Faust." It will be a bit outre, won't it, to see the young woman who imitated Dan Daly listening to the flowery inspirations of Sir Henry Mephistopheles. Imagine the awe-inspiring Mathias of "The Bells" last week metamorphosed into Mephistophelian aspect nasally accompanying the silvery tones of the winsome ex-imitatrix.

But for the actor of noble prefixes to take his leading feminine support from the ranks of the vaudeville is where the conventions have been ripped and tangled. Of course there has been Miss Loftus' experience in the Daly Company and there has been her effort with Sothern, but these were more or less experimental. Sir Henry, bless his title, goes into it with wide open eyes, and for a gorgeous revival says the little vaudevillian shall be his Marguerite. Not, of course, that we cherish Cecilia's days as Cissie against her—indeed, she entertained us vastly and she may live down the name of Cissie. Incidentally she may live down the name of Terry as Irving's leading woman, though paragraphs have not been lacking emphatically stating that the Loftus shall not succeed the Terry, but is merely engaged for Marguerite.

It will be when other actors follow this precedent of Sir Henry's that the situation will be enjoyable. Suppose Sir Henry contemplates another revival of "Sans Gene." He will look to the vaudeville and discover that there are several types of washerwomen that he may select. Maggie Cline might not be averse to again donning the spangles. Elsie Raymond is procurable, and Emma Ray might consent to pulling the ear of Napoleon Irving instead of hauling her diminutive comedian husband about. There is no end to the vaudeville ladies addicted to embonpoint and slang who might fit the washerwoman so far as appearances go.

It looks bright for the women of vaudeville, but the same can hardly be said for the actresses who are now the leading support of tragic or classic stars.

Maidenhood and Womanhood

At the threshold of wedded life with its cares and responsibilities, what more appropriate could a bride consider than a box of the medicine that will keep the new family in perfect health.

"I took Cascarets myself and they are fine. I also have been giving them to my children with best results."
—Mrs. Davis, 628 E. Capitol St., Washington.

"Cascarets are the best medicine I ever tried. I cannot be too grateful for them."
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"I was for a long time troubled with constipation and catarrh of the throat. Am now using Cascarets with good results and am satisfied I will be entirely cured."—Mrs. H. F. Yeoman, 331 Champlain Ave., Chicago.

"I have used Cascarets and must say they are wonderful. I recommend them to all my lady friends."—Mrs. J. H. Mayes, Charlton, Ia.

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"Cascarets had strange effects in my case. I took them for worms and got rid of them, but I also got rid of a tumor. I feel as though my right eye positively watering. After I took the second dose of Cascarets the pain was gone and it has been well ever since."—Mrs. Fawcett, 611 Jessie St., San Francisco.

"About a year ago I went through a very difficult operation and since then suffered from severe headaches. Tried Cascarets and the result was very gratifying."
—Mrs. Mamie Lower, Colorado, Colo.

There are many physical disturbances of the bodily functions connected with the change from maidenhood to womanhood, and the health and wholesome life not only of the bride, the new wife and prospective mother, but that of the new generation that is to be, depend upon keeping all operations of the digestive canal regular and natural with Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the only medicine that will do it gently yet surely without grip or gripe.

Cascarets

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guarantee to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y. 429

A LETTER from OUR NEW YORK COUSIN

BY AUGUSTA PRESCOTT

THE CLOAK FOR THE COMING EASTER

THE NEWEST PICTURE OF MRS. CORNWALLIS-WEST SHOWING THE NECK OF HER CAPE-TO-CAIRO CLOAK.

SIDE VIEW OF A HAT IN FOUR BROWNS

LVDWIC HENNING 1902.

REAR VIEW OF A HAT OF GREY CHIFFON AND VELVET

VELVET SUIT AFTER THE STYLE OF THE MODIFIED LOUIS XV

A STUDY IN STOCKINGS

ADJUSTABLE SLEEVES THE LATEST WRINKLE

Stockings Will Have Panels of White Silk Extending Just How Far Up No Man Knows—The Wrist Bags—The Easter Coat Is Being Made and Its Name Is the Alexandra, an Echo of the Coming Coronation Fad—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s Gown—How the Tortoise Shell Tabby Taught a Color Lesson With Her Strip of White Around the Neck and Tail—Skirts Are Very Long, Though Hips Will Not Be Worn This Season.

By AUGUSTA PRESCOTT.

(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—Dearest: How odd it seems to be so far launched into 1902, and nearly into Lent at that. They are making bridge gowns now, for during Lent bridge whist is about one's only recreation.

I have a bridge gown, such a becoming thing. It is all in peach gray, you know, the soft warm hue that makes one think of peach blossoms, June days and brides. Mine is in panne cloth, thin as nun's veiling and looking so much like it, but softer and glossier. It is lined with black to deepen it a little, for it is a day gown, and the yoke, the stock, the sleeves and the belt are in filet lace over black velvet. It is really very attractive. I shall wear it with silver ornaments.

My neck is all peaches and cream, they tell me, and to prove it to the world I have made my silver gown with a removable yoke. The skirt, which is a princess, comes up very high on the waist, fairly lapping the deep yoke. This can be taken out and a high bertha of shirred pink chiffon set in, making it an evening gown. The sleeves are long, very plain and tight to the elbow, then they are slit on the under side, and from the slit comes a fall of chiffon which is guthered again and brought in at the waist.

Such a Sleeve Season.

What a sleeve season it is to be. A queer little French modiste who lives on one of the side streets away from the expensive neighborhoods, yet whose patrons are many, has whispered to me some strange advice about sleeves. This modiste makes a specialty of doing a great deal upon nothing. Really, $10 in her hands takes the place of $50 in the clutches of anybody else. She knows so well how to contrive.

Well, this gifted woman took me out into her workroom one day, when customers were few, and showed me some strange devices for the fitting of sleeves. Said she:

"With each gown I make from this time on there shall be three sets of sleeves."

"But," said I, "how can they be exchanged without too much trouble?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, lifting up a waist and turning it inside out, "Look here." And quickly, before I could protest, she had pulled a thread and the whole sleeve came out. Then, with nimble fingers, she unhooked several very tightly caught hooks and eyes and, behold, the sleeve was in her hand.

"Now look," she cried; and picking up another sleeve, she quickly hooked it into place, and, running a basting thread around, behold the sleeve was changed and the gown was new again.

The tricks in doing this are several, as you may imagine. First you must finish each sleeve around the top, or upper part, with a narrow strip of silk braid or taffeta to keep the ragged edge from raveling. Then you must finish the armhole in the same way. Third, you must take care that the hooks and eyes are well matched, or the sleeve will not set well; and fourth, you must be willing to spend 15 minutes on the work of taking out your sleeves and changing them for new ones. If you will do all these things you may have a new gown each day in the week.

The gown so liberally supplied with sleeves is a smoke color satin-faced dress rather dark. One pair of sleeves is in smoke colored cloth, with half the sleeve cut away from the elbow to the wrist. The opening is filled in with smoke colored taffeta of just the same shade. It is quite puffed. The edge of the cloth where the upper part is cut away, is finished with narrow and very small gunmetal buttons.

One set of sleeves is in smoke colored satin. The uppers are in the shape of capes, that fall nearly to the elbow and are finished with black embroidery. Then comes an embroidered band around the arm, then a puff of the satin, taking in the elbow, then a tight sleeve to the wrist, finished with embroidery.

The third set of sleeves is in the smoke colored satin cloth, tight at the top and gradually growing bigger. At the elbow all the fullness is caught back, under a big gunmetal button; and then comes a big bell, lined with blue, and with a full lace under sleeve, which is caught into a lace ruffle at the wrist.

It is going to be a spring of suits, and you and I who dress as well as we can on as little as may be, will have difficulty in keeping up appearances. Yet that is saying too much, for there will be little coats to match every skirt, and, with a little coat, one can do anything in the suit line.

The new coats are the Etons cut upon different lines. They are belted and are either very tight in front or very loose. You can have a double-breasted Eton as tight as a bodice or you can have one that bags over the belt. The back must, however, be abbreviated and nine times out of ten finished with a velvet belt.

The Wrist Bags.

The wrist bag is surely to be worn this spring. Nothing else seems to be actually obligatory. It is to be a beaded bag and you can run the gamut of your choice, from the most brilliant black jet to the softest of milk white beads. A delightful shade is turquoise, and a wrist bag of turquoise beads, the beads very fine, is really a cadence in the harmony of dress. Cousin Dolly, always foremost in fads, is manufacturing herself a baby blue wrist bag in baby blue beads, oh so soft. When all is done she will work her initials in heavy golden silk upon one side. The top of the bag is dull gold, the clasp being set with medallions. There is a gold chain of medium length.

You know that I am economical to the last degree, and that anything in the nature of extravagance does "jar" me, as little brother says. Therefore, looking upon this bag of Dolly's which cost her good money, I determined to get one with no money at all, yet a thoroughly up-to-date one.

For a pattern I studied the window of a famous jeweler and selected a bag marked $40, though its clasp was only in German silver.

Taking a six-inch strip of Persian ribbon, pink upon blue, I doubled it and used it for the upper third of my bag. The middle consists of a strip of cafe au lait satin, the dearest most old-fashioned shade, the lower third is in the Persian ribbon again. To hold the colors apart, I used a cross stitch in silk. Then I set a large fancy imitation turquoise upon one side, a great oval thing, that cost me a quarter. An old silver top, and a slender chain, completes my wrist bag. It is a temptation to all beauty-loving girls to go and do likewise.

Spring Coats.

As the winter lightens and spring begins to creep into the air, there come thoughts of spring coats, and at present these are crowding the mind feminine. It is certainly true that the Louis XIV coat is to be worn, and the one that we call the Louis XV. The latter is in three-quarter length, and should be of a dressy material. That dressy old king always wore one of velvet, but a brilliant finish face cloth will do as well, specially if it be in a shining black, so brilliant in the best goods.

The favorite Louis XV. is a garment copied from one of the pictures of that monarch. It is a little less than the three-quarter length, and it is open in the front with tails that are quite square. There is a belt of the same material, and at the front the belt terminates under a cukle. For winter there is a great sailor collar of fur and for spring a sailor collar of lace. The change from fur to lace can be made at Easter.

Passing the window of a Fifth avenue residence the other day I saw sitting in the basement, sunning herself, a prize tabby. She is the best one of her kind, and walked away with the blue ribbon at the show, paws down. What interested me in this cat was her color study. Of a lovely tortoise shell shade she has just a strip of white around the neck and tail.

A new velvet gown reminded me not a little of this tabby. A deep yellowish brown it was with a strip of white around the neck—and tail. The white was in white lace, over a strip of white ladies' cloth, and it was applied as a band, around the entire bottom of the gown, as deep as two hand widths. The neck had the lace put on in Elizabethan fashion, a great square collar coming nearly to the belt in front and half way to the belt in the back.

Foot Trimmings.

The manner in which skirts are to be trimmed around the foot is a study for those who would learn. Late winter will see the bottoms of gowns fairly dragging with their weight of fur, for it is to be laid on with lavish hand, a great wide band all the way around the bottom. There is no curve or shape, just a wide band of fur, with nothing above, and certainly nothing below.

A foot trimming which I have chosen for my bright new blue spring suit is a deep flounce cut in points. Under the points there will be a plain band of cloth. The points will be stitched down, instead of flapping loose, and—secret to tell—there will be no points at all, but merely a stimulated trimming! But tell it not in Gath for the skirt will appear precisely as though it were one of those much elaborated French skirts, all points around the bottom, great things that need only a dozen points to go the entire bottom of the skirt, with a drop skirt beneath of plain cloth.

A foot trimming, very chic, is the double ruche. I must tell you about it, for it was inaugurated in New York by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The gown which laid the foundation for the ruche was a soft cream colored thing, for it was an evening robe. The whole was cut princess, and how the lady got into it is still a secret between herself and her gentle maid. By the way her beauty has quite captured the town. Perfectly plain from the neck down, with long sleeves that wrinkled from shoulder to thumb and stopped with a lace bell, it was a gown to be noticed. With a waist that was faultless and hips that almost hugged the figure, the gown was so plain that its satiny sides fairly mirrored the colors of the room.

Mrs. Rockefeller's Gown.

Then came the climax. Around the foot which was extremely full, of course, managed by the foot flare, there was set a double or triple ruche of black chiffon. So full was it that it would not lie down, and it was not intended to do so, but up it rose and down it fell, making billows in the goods. Actually it lay not upon the floor at all, but stood erect like waves.

At one side of the waist the ruching was applied and was allowed to run nearly to the floor, growing a little narrower at the bottom to match the narrowness at the top. In the middle it was very thick. Oh, such a pretty ruching. Then, upon the bodice, just at the bust, there was a great, fat chou of black chiffon. Try this way of trimming a gown. The colors can be varied and the result is so very good.

Hips will positively not be worn this season, so say the Paris advices. I have none to bother me, but those who are afflicted with them are hastening toward the new slim style. It is a matter of banting and of dress. I prefer the latter. But do you know how it is done?

I had the pleasure and privilege the other day of watching the most famous beauty in town dress herself for an evening reception. It was our friend Miss V., the debutante, but you will not breath it I am sure. She aims to be the slenderest girl in society and everybody supposes her figure to be naturally so lithe, when really it is part underclothes.

And this is actually what she wears:

Next her, from her yoke down to her ankles she put on tights. They were in pink to exactly match her skin. Her stockings, which were of openwork, revealed the tone of her tights and, so, of course, there must be no beginning and no end, just flesh color. The whole structure buttoned down the front, from the neck downward, all the way with flat buttons. And the whole set like her own neat gloves with which she later finished her toilette.

A Persian Corset.

Then came a ribbon corset, the dearest thing, all in Persian silk ribbon. The strips were three inches wide and there were seven of them, one at the belt line and three above and three below, one overlapping the other and all meeting at a neat pair of steels in front. We are all wearing these ribbon corsets and nicely they do for us. But for those who are too plump or who have a tendency to telescope, look out.

Over the ribbon corset came a bolero corset cover. It was in narrow strips of lace and nainsook and it was little more than a pair of arm-holes. It terminated far above the waist line, with all the fullness over the bust, so that it assisted with the latest fashion mandate that thou shalt be fat where thou wantest to be fat, and thin where it is best to be so.

Then came the thinnest of white taffeta petticoats, coming up under a silver corset hook set very low on the corset, and, finally a princess gown. You can imagine how the whole served to make the figure slender, even slenderer than it would ordinarily have been, yet how comfortable it all was. Good by to the flannel petticoat of sacred memory, good by to the quilted satin petticoat of erudition. Farewell forever to the bifurcated lace trimmed undergarment neath the petticoat, that once seemed like an article of one's creed.

There is a fad—don't take it up, dear, for it isn't always pretty—for wearing half hose. Men call them socks. They are very delicate, those built for ladies, and they come just to the calves. They are fastened with hose supporters of the masculine persuasion. The object is to obviate that pull upon the waist, which is so bad for us all. Do you know, dearest, it is only an idea, but I have never thought a below-the-waist pull such an injurious thing for a woman. Don't you know that the heaviest burden a woman ever carries is below the waist, and it seems to me as though she was fastioned for this kind of a load. Merely a suggestion dear.

Easter Cloaks.

Easter comes but once a year and I am getting ready for it, are you? I am fashioning my cloak—my Easter, long cloak. The matter of a hat I have resolved to forget until the very last moment, for the fashions veer like a weather vane.

My Easter cloak will be a graceful thing in black. Gray is too suggestive of a storm cloak, though you see so many gray cloaks these days, and brown is more for suitings. Navy blue is delightful in these cloaks, and I may change my mind in favor of one, but at present I am set upon the Alexandra.

Now, what is that? you ask. And no wonder, for surprises are being sprung on us, via England, every day and will be until after the coronation. The Alexandra is a very long, very full cloak, with a belt. It blouses in Russian fashion at the front, and the skirts are very full. The front falls from the belt, but the back is tight fitting. It needs to be carefully made to look well.

Then there is a little cape, cut very scant across the back and so narrow across the front that it will not button. Instead of buttoning it falls wide open and there are silver buttons along each edge. These buttons are very large, as large as a dime, and are beautifully chased. There is a high rolling collar.

The sleeves are tight and there is a bell at the wrist lined with white satin. This lovely cape is as comfortable as can be, and, as for saving the gown, there is really no describing the extent to which the gown is preserved underneath.

The Cloak Gowns.

And have you heard about the "cloak gowns" that have come in? These are little dresses that are designed purposely for wearing under the long cloak. They have a style of their own, and they are made of peau de sote, taffeta, or of satin, so that they will not bind and catch the limbs while walking.

A peau de sole, just the prettiest gown, was in Roman blue, not too bright, but very catchy in tone, with its dull surface. The skirt, instead of being in sweep length, was scarcely more than a pedestrina, for it utterly spoils a long cloak if one must reach underneath and lift one's dress. Its only trimming consisted of stitched bands of black cloth, applied to the Roman blue peau de sole. Quite a pretty idea.

The waist was a double-breasted blouse, with only one set of buttons trimming it, and, to commit a fault, the buttons were not buttons at all. The waist hooked invisibly at one side under a flap; and, then, where the buttons ought to have been were little pearl pins, each pin surrounded by rhinestones. These were actually pinned in at intervals of three inches, taking the place of buttons.

Have you learned how to dress your winter bouquet? The same rule applies, whether it be to a posy that is real or one that carries the artificial scent upon it—though you can scent it so carefully you cannot tell the difference. And, speaking of scents, are you sleeping in one of the new sleeping caps, lined with a sweet bouquet of sachet; and is your gown padded with sachet?

Dressing the Violet.

But of the bouquets, you can record that they are to be worn large and prominently in the front of the bodice. To make the bouquet look larger, for flowers, mind you, are sold by the dozen, and each one counts, you tie a strip of gauze around the stems and let the ends hang down.

I have a yard of millinery ribbon in purple gauze, two inches wide, and this I twist twice around the stems of my violets, and, tying the whole into a big bow, I let the ends and loops hang down. For roses I have rose colored gauze. Soon, for lilies of the valley, I shall have green. The setting is very becoming to the posies.

Street stockings are not to be confounded this year with house stockings. The latter are to be worn with slippers, and are decorated in a way that would be ruined with high shoes. A handsome pair of stockings hung upon our Christmas tree marked with my name, and I have worn them once or twice with evening slippers, little black satin affairs, absolutely plain.

The stockings, which were the plain black silk ones, had applied to the front a long panel of white wash silk. The panel began at the instep and extended just how far up, no man knows. It was carefully basted along the edges, and was so neatly done that it added nothing to the bulk. Upon the white silk there was a lace applique covering the white panel. This was very decorative, and the pretty thing about it—the catchy thing for the girl who likes to add to her own wardrobe—is that it can be duplicated by one's own fair fingers. There is a great deal that is new in the stocking world, and that stockings will be worn, if not heard, you may take upon the word of

Your own dear
NEW YORK COUSIN.

In Defense of the Collar.

Notwithstanding that the plain linen collar is responsible for the double chin, that thorn in the flesh of every woman, it still retains its popularity. We have had stocks and ribbons and what not, but the woman who is really neat feels "fit" when she has on a white linen collar and a small string tie. Stocks are more or less soiled after one or two wearings, ribbons have to be replaced so often that we feel the drain on our purses, but the linen collar can be thrown into the washing, and after its bath it looks up as fresh and pretty as ever.

Secret of Beauty Lies in a Bloom of Youth

Every Lady desires to be considered handsome. The great important subject in perfect beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Sunburn or Discolored Skin and other Blemishes should lose no time in applying this old established and delightful toilet preparation.

It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to health or skin.

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FIFTH SECTION.
SIX PAGES.

The Pittsburgh Gazette.

FICTION AND FEATURES.
KING'S CORONATION.
ROMANCE OF SPARKLERS.

PITTSBURGH, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 26, 1902.

ORCHID CULTURE
A Fascination
CATTLEYA MARDYANA FROM COLOMBIA VALUE $ 500
A RAFT LADEN WITH ORCHIDS FLOATING DOWN A RIVER IN COLOMBIA
LOELIO CATTLEYA DIGBYANO-MASSIVE. VALUE $2000. IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. F. L. AMES NORTH EASTON MASS.
CYPRIPEDIUM MRS. CHARLES CANHAM IN THE COLLECTION OF F. L. AMES NORTH EASTON MASS.
CHANDORYNCHA SP COLOMBIA.

PERILS OF ORCHID HUNTING IN TROPICAL CLIMES

By DAVID D. HOWELLS.
(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

THE cultivation of orchids is no longer exclusively the privilege of the few. Their nature and requirements are better understood than in former years, and information from collectors regarding temperature, rainfall, altitude and soil of the locality where each species is found, whether on trees, rocks or on the ground, enables us strictly to imitate the natural surroundings and adopt treatment most congenial to each bloom.

Through ignorance of climatic conditions hundreds of species have died in Europe, when orchidology was in its infancy. Some species are now under cultivation that can no longer be found in their native soil, though some of the best collectors have frequently endeavored to secure them by searching the regions where first found. As each species of orchid is generally found in one part of a country, an orchid indigenous to Brazil cannot be found in Mexico or Australia or India.

Many a life has been lost in collecting orchids. Many enthusiasts have fallen victims to the fatigue of the search and to the pestilential climates, thus suffering martyrdom for the cause of horticulture. Some of the finest orchids have been found in swampy jungles and forests where it is almost impossible for man to penetrate.

Perils of Orchid Hunting.

Collectors often pass weeks floating down a river in South America, on rafts, where they gather a large quantity of orchids hanging from trees arching over the water. Often it is necessary to cut the tree down and tow it some distance to get rid of the insects that infest the orchids and tree, some of them very dangerous. Often, also, collectors in their search for these gems of flora's kingdom have been attacked by reptiles or wild animals of the forests, and have never been heard of again. Hundreds of natives hired by collectors as guides and porters have also perished.

Some collectors have been murdered by the natives for their money, as a collector going out on a two or three years' trip generally has from $30,000 to $50,000 to defray expenses. Only a few years ago a London firm sent a man out to South America. He contemplated being away two years, and the firm gave him $40,000 for expenses. He was never heard of again, probably murdered. South America is not a very safe country just now, nor are the Philippine Islands, where the best orchids are found, and the most expensive. It is to be hoped, now that the United States have acquired possession of those islands, that some enterprising American will send an exploring party to collect some of the gems that are indigenous to those islands.

Exploring Untracked Lands.

A party is now being organized in the east to go to South America and bring back a large and fine assortment of the best orchids, especially those of Colombia and Venezuela, and I hope they will be successful in their undertaking to enhance horticulture. There is no doubt that many a fine orchid can be found there, where man has never yet penetrated.

Of late years some of the finest and most costly orchids have been produced by hybridization. James Veitch & Son of London are the pioneers in this branch of scientific horticulture.

Some hybrid orchids are valued today at enormous prices and thousands of dollars have been paid for one plant, not on account of its wonderful beauty, but of its rarity. The largest price paid for an orchid in this country was over $2,000, by Miss Morgan of New York, for one plant of Vanda Sanderiana, found in the eastern archipelago. Erastus Corning once paid $1,000 for a plant—Loelio Cattleya Bella (hybrid), while $500 to $1,000 has frequently been paid for one plant.

There are today some very rare and high priced plants in American collections. C. G. Roebling of Trenton, N. J., has the finest collection of white orchids or Albinos in the world.

Orchids Worth Fortunes.

Cypripedium insigne Sanderiae is in flower, having ten flowers on the plant. The price of this plant is $100 a growth. Ten flowers mean ten growths, and about an equal number of young growths. Two thousand dollars would not buy this plant. One Cypripedium Callosum Sanderiae is worth $250 a growth.

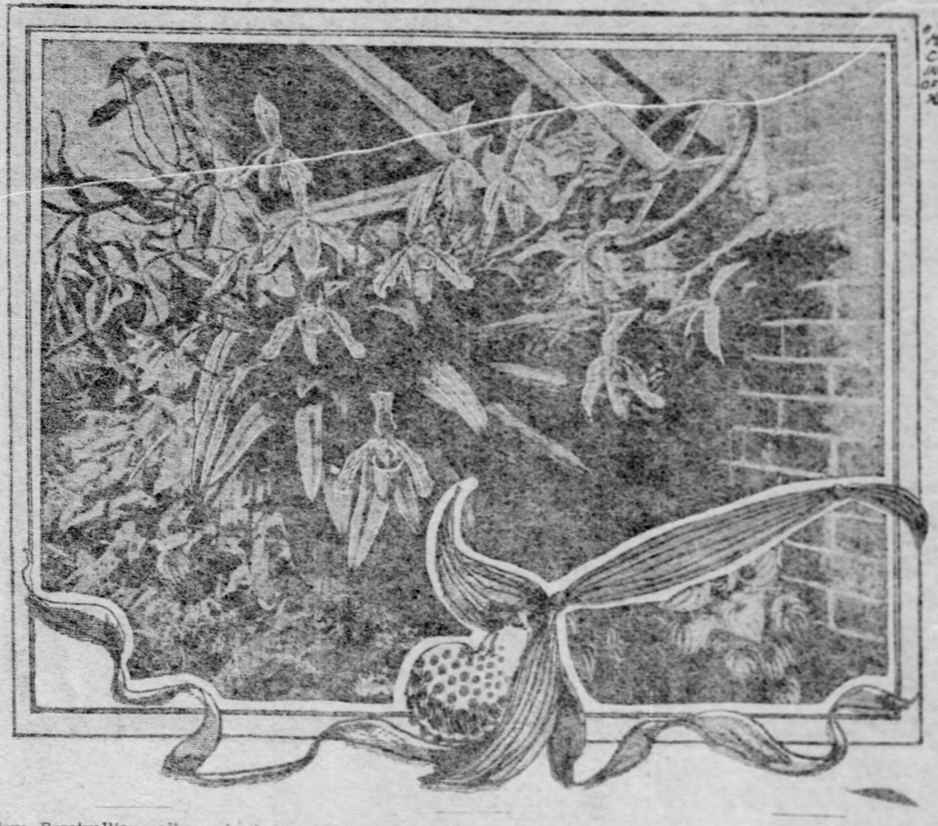
Lager & Hurrell of Summit, N. J., have now in bloom two plants of Cattleya Percivalliana alba, valued at $500 each, and a plant of Cattleya Hardyana alba, valued at $1,000.

The finest Cattleya in the world today is C. Trianea (Empress of India) worth $5,000. It is the only one in existence.

F. L. Ames of North Easton has in his collection one plant (hybrid) of Loelio-Cattleya Digbyana-Mossa valued at $2,000 (see photo), and a Cypripedium Mrs. Charles Canham, with 41 flowers, valued at $500.

Mrs. Wilson of Philadelphia recently exhibited a plant of Phaelanopsis Harrietta valued at $1,000.

The highest priced orchid in the world today is in the collection of Sir Trevor Lawrence of England. It is Cypripedium Stonii Platytaenium, and is valued at 1,000 guineas—over $5,000.



Collections Worth Millions.

There are some valuable collections in England, several of them worth over $500,000.

There is Sir Trevor Lawrence, Baron Schroeder, the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who can tell you just as much about an orchid as he can about the Transvaal; Baron Rothschild, who paid over $1,000 for a small plant that could easily have been planted in a lady's thimble, and the collections of these four could not be bought for $2,500,000. There are other collections in England valued at from $25,000 to $100,000.

One firm in England has over half a million dollars' worth of adontoglossums alone, and has nearly 50 acres covered with glass, the most extensive greenhouses in the world.

There are a few orchids in Pittsburgh. Probably the largest collection is owned by Dr. Shafer. The best collection of Cypripediums is owned by Mr. Henry Negley. He has also some other rare orchids in his collection. Schenley park had a fair batch of orchids once, but most of them have, unfortunately, died. One of the best plants of Phalanopsis Schilleriana that was ever flowered in America, having 132 flowers on one spike, was grown and flowered by the writer at Phipps conservatory, but that plant has since died.

Good Manners.

From the Saturday Review.

The type of well-bred youth or maiden is, if not obsolete, rapidly obsolescent. Formerly there were well-recognized railings between the different ages, but encouraged by their parents the modern youth have incontinently stormed these barriers, and are everywhere at all times. We have seen young ladies refuse to leave the dinner table with their mother, and remain to romp with boys upon the hearth rug, to the dismay of the men who, with steely smiles of counterfeited glee, tried to sip their port and talk their politics. We have seen young gentlemen with turned-up trousers and the potential cigarette between their lips lounge away the afternoon in their mother's drawing room, staring silently at her guests through rings of smoke. It is impossible that young people so brought up can be other than selfish and inconsiderate men and women. So long as they are young they may get their way, for we are criminally indulgent to mere youngsters. So long as they can buy what they want it may be well with them. But should they have to enter the race as competitors they will bitterly regret the fondness of their parents in not teaching them to do unto others as they would be done by. If they have brains they will correct their bad education, for when all has been said bad manners are due to a defect of intelligence.

A PLEA FOR WILD ANIMALS.

Ernest Seton-Thompson Makes an Appeal to Sympathy for the Hunted.

I do not champion any theory of diet; I do not intend primarily to denounce certain field sports, or even cruelty to animals, says Ernest Seton-Thompson in his new book, "Lives of the Hunted." My chief motive, my most earnest underlying wish, has been to stop the extermination of harmless wild animals, not for their sakes, but for ours, firmly believing that each of our native wild creatures is in itself a precious heritage that we have no right to destroy or put beyond the reach of our children.

Men spend millions of dollars each year on pictures. Why not? It is money well spent; good pictures give lasting and elevating pleasure to all who see them. At the same time men spend much labor and ingenuity in destroying harmless wild animals. No good, but great mischief, comes of this extermination. The main reason for preserving good pictures applies to the preservation of most animals.

There will always be wild land not required for settlement; and how can we better use it than by making it a sanctuary for living wild things that afford pure pleasure to all who see them?

The Lepal Plague in Canary Islands.

News comes from Santa Cruz de Tenerife that the Canary Islands were visited in November by a locust plague. A southwestern storm brought them over from the African coast. On one single acre the insects destroyed, within five minutes, 30,000 young tomato plants. Great fires were lighted. The natives armed themselves with rifles and guns, and tried to disperse the beasts by smoke and noise, but all their efforts did not meet with any success.

THE GLASS BLOWER.

Within the heart of Nature's furnace fire
By mystic fusion is the work begun,
Enshrined forth by Chaos from the former
Ashes,
And the red glory of the evening sun!

Translucent to sunshine, set on heaven's floor,
It owns no semblance of a glassy sphere,
Rote slowly of the common rule in store,
And see the tall, white moon shines crystal
clear!

E. Dorsey Smith, in Era.

THE ZEAL OF CROOKED KNIFE

A Story of the San Carlos Country.

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT.

(Copyright, 1902, by W. L. Comfort.)

(Written for The Sunday Gazette.)

THERE was Crooked Knife, Apache, of silent movements and sleepy eyes; there was Frek Muldoon, a frontier wizard in various ways; there was a troop of black cavalry, having great good nature, orders from Washington and several other handicaps, and there were hot mountains smothering valleys and the fine chalky dust which bites its way into a human membrane and causes a thirst which drowning alone will assuage. All this in a very few square miles low down in Arizona.

Almost 30 years ago when the great Crook gave a death blow to the worst band of Apaches in America in a canon of the Salt river a 4-year-old Indian male child was one of the survivors. His father had died shrieking defiance at the whites; his mother was crushed to death by a stone hurled down into the canon. A rifle ball had grazed the throat of the child, leaving a deep, bleeding welt. When the fight was over a panting cavalryman bound a piece of his salty undershirt about the baby's wound, tucked a bare foot in each of his saddle bags and rode forward laughing. The laugh was unseemly.

All this time there was no whimper from the captive. He stared sleepily from troop horse to trooper, from the trail to the skies, meanwhile clutching tightly with his tiny fingers the blue shirt of the soldier. Even from his eyes were sleepy eyes, for he was Crooked Knife.

The remains of the great race which had adhered to lawlessness since the days of Cortez had little fight left after Crook's killing. They began to "slough off the old skin" and put on the armor of righteousness. Soon they were planting corn and raising melon vines. Crook kept his promises to find a market for all fruits of Apache toil. In the place of famine and thirst, bloody trails, heathen orgies and indomitable trailing with a violent death at the end of the trail—there came a season of pioneer farming. The demon of unrest slowly died. Like the other red breeds of Arizona, the Apache, mightiest hunter and trailer of them all, learned to breathe within boundaries.

All this would have lasted for a thousand years had it not happened that politics reached the territory. A gang of unscrupulous bribe venders succeeded in influencing Washington officials to send the Apaches south to the sand waste of San Carlos, where there are flies and fever and foul water. And here in the midst of his decadent people a sullen savage with sleepy eyes grew to manhood, plotting and hating.

Frek Muldoon was a bit of bone and sinew of a jockey's weight and a jockey's build. He could ride longer than any man in Arizona, white or red or black. Moreover, he could do this riding on less water and less grub. There was something inhuman in the man's makeup—something that fatigue and thirst and heat could not conquer. In the field he was a master, in a town—a fool.

He was at home anywhere in the reservations, in the desert, in the Death Valley. He drank tizwin with the Indians, pulque with the Mexicans, mescal with the troops and red-eye with all the world. It was a common saying that Muldoon was half wild. He shot from the hip instead of from the shoulder. On the hottest, dryest trail he never carried a canteen nor begged a drop of water from anybody who did. Like a camel he would drink a great quantity at one time and make it last. When the heaviness of thirst was terrific he would slip a tiny pebble in his mouth to stimulate the flow of saliva.

On one occasion he was leading a troop of cavalry from one post to another. The outfit was delayed by a freshet. The rations ran out. When the troop reached the post the men were in a famished condition, having tasted no morsel for 40 hours. The soldiers fell upon the grub like wild men. Muldoon picked up a couple of hard tack and a slice of bacon, munched slowly at it and seemed to want no more. He rode a little spotted cayuse as tough and wild and ugly as himself. This pony shared his master's tobacco and brain poison, kicking and biting at the rest of the world. They were a great pair—Muldoon and his Wolf—savage, unsentimental, physically flawless, morally zero.

The rancher Frisbie, his wife, his three children and one herder were quickly and quietly murdered not 10 miles from Fort San Carlos. Nothing was stolen. The marks about the ranch showed that one Indian had done the work, but the trail was lost in the river.

Here was work for Capt. Brad and his troop of buffalo soldiers in San Carlos, and much work it proved to be. The outfit rode out of the post with two days' rations and a joyous impression that it would return within that time with the mutilated body of the murderer. The men were gone four days, and they rode back hot and savage and hungry without having found even a trail. Meanwhile a sentry left behind had been murdered and also two sheep herders four miles from the post. Some Apache buck had started a lone war and was on the road to glory—that was evident. The black troopers of San Carlos began to stare at each other knowingly and make the sign of the throat-cut. The order and routine of the post was shattered. An open war with an open foe would not have disturbed darkey humor, neither would a cyclone, a stampede nor a prairie fire.

But the darkey humor at San Carlos was disturbed, and the cause of it was mystery, murder without trail or motive, and consequently attended by a cloud of superstition. * * * Another march into the mountains. Another failure, more hopeless than before, and, alas, another murder. * * * By this time a press correspondent in Tucson heard the news and forwarded it to Washington and New York in the form of an Indian uprising. A few hours later Capt. Brad began to hear the "East a-calling."

Brad was a quiet, hard-working troop commander who knew the frontier. Moreover, he was already highly overworked through long marches after a murderer who left no trail. Washington began to pour in orders upon him—orders which were in the main absurd. He wished that all the telegraph wires in creation were burning with an altogether different fire. There was one consolation. The great Crook had wrought wonders in this same territory, and done his duty meanwhile, with the same drawback of orders from men who could not see the mountains nor the streams nor—the trails.

Something was smothering the Apache reservation, nobody could tell just what. There was an undercurrent of excitement. The scrawny docks and the scrawnier crops fared but ill. A close student of the aborigines would have declared that this particular tribe was expecting a Messiah in the near future. Capt. Brad, whose business it was to be close to the thought and deed of these government wards, concluded correctly that a mighty secret was the cause of the disturbance. Some buck or old man in his charge had recently murdered eight white people. Every responsible buck and old man knew the murderer, and in all probability worshiped him for the crimes. The secret lay heavily upon the reservation, but there would be no telling * * * Just at this juncture Frek Muldoon rode into San Carlos and proceeded straightaway to concentrate everything wet in sight.

Frek would sometimes borrow a filled bottle from the canteen, and strange to say, he would invariably pay for it later. Beyond this, he asked favors of no man. In times of war he acted in the capacity of scout, but it wasn't in him to stick to the service when action was remote. Just at present he was spending a bunch of money, and his time wasn't for sale. Before 48 hours had elapsed, however, Frek Muldoon was looking wise, in spite of the fact that he was very much to the bad and still had money. It is a matter of history that Capt. Brad never lost sight of the fallen scout while the latter was burned by his thirst and his money.

Gray dawn was in the doorway of a little dobie but the fourth morning when the hard-pressed officer leaned over the body of his man and shook roughly.

"What to ——?" Muldoon growled.

"I want you—want you to get in the saddle and lead the troop after that murderin' devil. The whole —— country is askin' why I haven't got him hung up before this—and full of holes. Will you get busy this morning, Frek?" The last was asked wistfully.

"No," growled the other.

"A little farther on was the body of Crooked Knife, Messiah and avenger of his people."

"I'll give you $10 a day and a bonus for the devil's carrion." There were streaks of pallor showing in Capt. Brad's temples.

"No," growled the master of the trail.

"Ill give you $15 a day. * * * You know, Frek, you're the only man in this part of the country who can find a flaw in a dewdrop."

"Lemme alone," muttered the scout. "I've got money. I'm goin' over to the canteen."

"I'll give you $20 a day—if half of it comes out of my own pocket," Brad offered desperately.

"Nol" snarled the other.

"Then go to h—!" The captain turned on his heel and walked away. He would not on his knees to nobody. He might have had Muldoon's money taken away for the present. He commanded the post, and might have ordered the doors of the canteen closed in so far as concerned Frek Muldoon, but he was a captain of the regular cavalry and not a Miss Nancy. He ordered a trumpeter to sound "reveille" and 15 minutes later the black troop was in the saddle without Muldoon in the lead. * * * Late that night Capt. Brad, raging with shame, rode back to the post at the head of his men. And there was no dead Indian packed on one of the led ponies. Late that night Frek Muldoon dropped on his bunk in the dobie hut—broke.

Much brooding and much hate had turned the head of Crooked Knife, and years of hoodoo had cast a spell of lethargy over his people. He tried in vain to rouse them with words. Now deeds must tell—hence the murders. Coral was the zeal of Crooked Knife, but misguided. He assumed the double role of avenger and Messiah, which is a difficult combination. The coming of Frek Muldoon to San Carlos was a thorn in the flesh of the outlaw. Crooked Knife believed with all the ardor of a reformer that he could outwit Capt. Brad and his "nigger" troop for a thousand years, but the drunken Muldoon was a different proposition. The Avenger waited until the feared scout showed signs of coming to—then he vamoosed to the mountains.

"Do you mean to say," Capt. Brad asked wrathfully, "that you knew Crooked Knife to be the murderer—and deliberately let him get out of the reservation?"

"I'd have about 75 cents comin' if I sold you to ride over to the settlement and arrest the 'Pache who was ploughin' the hardest," Muldoon replied mildly. "An' you'd get your man like they ran in a pickpocket back east an' nobody would be satisfied."

In spite of the fact that Muldoon's heart was very bad that morning there was much truth in his words, and Capt. Brad was not slow noting the fact. For the fifth time he rode out of the post to find the trail of the murderer—this time with Muldoon in the lead.

All through that hideously hot morning Muldoon led the troop southward along the banks of the Catalina river—the trailer himself splashing through the bed of the stream most of the way. What he saw among the pebbles of the bottom and along the banks no one knows, but he never wavered. By noon the darkeys were spurring constantly and the midday sun was burning fast the tissues of man and beast. Capt. Brad seemed to be thrilled in a mighty fascination as he bent forward in the saddle watching the strange pony and the stranger rider ahead. Sadie, the first sergeant of the troop, one of the best Buffalo soldiers in the Army—a darkey who could sing like an angel and curse like a coal passer—was applying his talents in the latter direction now. Many of the throats behind him were too dry to curse.

And often, often Frek Muldoon would turn a sneering face back at the troop and quicken the pace of his deathless coyuse, watching meanwhile the havoc he was creating. Now and then Capt. Brad would give a husky word of cheer to keep his men in the saddle, but his thoughts were far removed from fatigue and the growlings of enlisted men, which seldom hung in the balance, and he was powerless to make or mar his fame. The hard-hearted wretch who sneered back at his men was alone powerful. And Capt. Brad wondered what manner of woman and mothered that lifeless creature in the saddle ahead—that he could be so unlike other men—that nature showed him secrets too deep for the understanding of other men. Capt. Brad did not doubt, but he hoped passionately.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon Frek whirled his pony to the right, scrambled up the west bank of the stream and made for a range of foothills. Once he retraced the head private for a hundred yards; then started off anew slightly deviating from his original course. The troop horses were dragging their blind feet now and lolling their tongues. Their nostrils were burning—their eyes filmy. The darkies were looking forward, staring stupidly ahead. They named Muldoon the devil, and believed deep down in their hearts that they were not far wrong.

A steep mountain rising ahead, and the sun sinking on the far side. There was nothing in the brains of the black troopers, for they had been 23 hours in the saddle without a pause for grub, and they were 50 miles from San Carlos. Frek Muldoon wheeled his pony to face Capt. Brad.

"What do I get," he asked coldly, "for the carcass of Crooked Knife?"

"I'll recommend the payment of $500 for the carcass of Crooked Knife," Brad repeated softly, "and what's more I'll see that you get it."

"Stay here till I come back," Muldoon answered, "and feed your horse before. I may be gone two hours or four hours or all night—an' keep quiet while I'm gone."

He turned the pony's head to the left, and two minutes later was lost to the blacks at the base of the mountain. The troopers breathed again. The horses were picketed and fed. Fires were lighted for coffee and bacon. A half hour later the misery had given way to a spirit of charity for all the world, because the Buffalo soldiers were well fed and resting. The sentries say that Capt. Brad slept not a wink that night, but paced steadily along the picket line—his ears straining for the hoof beats of Muldoon's Wolf.

The captain was not rewarded. Dawn broke on the little command without a sound or sight of the scout. Two hours of daylight passed and Brad's face had a weary, anxious, haggard look. At length he ordered his men to saddle, and when all was ready he followed the trail Muldoon had taken. That was a better omen. Two Bend. Sadie can describe it vividly. The time came when troop horses could go no further. The rest pushed forward. It was midday before they heard far up in the heights the whimsey of the Wolf—a sound not unlike the bleat of a mountain ram.

Not long afterward the cheering cavalrymen found the body of Frek Muldoon, master of the trail. There was a bullet hole in his breast, and the spotted coyuse, Wolf, was standing guard with lowered ears and untamable eyes. A little farther on was the body of Crooked Knife, Messiah and avenger of his people. There was a bullet hole in his bare breast and his body had been badly bruised by the heels of a pony. Ten paces beyond was a gorge where all trails ended. An eagle could span it but not a man.

When Capt. Brad and his Buffalo soldiers rode through the Apache reservation on the way back to the post, they found the Indians applying themselves with unwonted activity to their flocks and their farms.

AN APE THAT LOOKS LIKE MAN.

His Face Wears the Expression of a Banker Who Is Insolvent.

One of the most human-like apes yet described is a young gibbon that Prof. Ernst Haeckel has kept in view several months at Buitenzorg, Java. The species is known as the Hylobates Lar, called by the natives "Ok" on account of its characteristic sound, and is scarcely taller than a child of 6 years. The head is quite small, the waist slender, the legs short and the arms much longer.

The face is more manlike than that of the orang, and its expression suggests an insolvent banker, with brow wrinkled with worry over disaster.

Though distrusting white Europeans, the animal became intimate with the brown Malays, especially with the children. He always walked or ran on two legs. The few sounds of his speech were generally varied. He drank milk and cocoa and sweet wine from a cup, and he peeled and ate oranges and bananas just as the observer himself would.

Most Malays look upon the gibbons as bewitched men, and abuse the orang-outangs as criminals undergoing punishment.

CAT KEEPING HOUSE IN SCHENLEY PARK

Pussy Leads a Life of Repose in Historic Log Cabin.

PITTSBURGH is the home of the most thoroughly domesticated cat in the United States. Pussy lives in the historic log cabin in Snyder's orchard, Schenley park, and during these dark winter days is the sole tenant of the old building. She keeps house in her own way and rarely leaves her home to forage among her neighbors.

The cat was reared in a fine home on Squirrel hill, but a taste of the romantic life in the colonial hut in the park appealed to her more than the bread and milk suppers which she had enjoyed in the kitchen of the buff brick house in Homewood avenue.

Pussy was in a colloquial mood one night not long ago while she sat before the big wood fire that roared up the great stone chimney and recounted some of her experiences in the soft purring voice of the refined cat that she is.

"Cats, you know, want quiet, contented homes," she said. "We are admired most by maiden ladies and when a matron moved into our neighborhood with a retinue of pet dogs, life became miserable for me. It seems that it is only old maids who will tolerate us. Well, I lived happily with Mr. Batch and his elder sister, Miss Prim, but one day Mr. Batch went off to a strange city and got married. After a year or so they came back to live with Miss Prim, and I saw in a minute that there would be trouble for me around that hearthstone. Mrs. Batch declared that she simply abhorred cats—I believe she called us 'felines'—and feared that I would scratch the children. Then she had a pug dog—a black-nosed, offensive looking beast that did nothing but eat the choice morsels of meat in the pantry and sleep by the hour on Miss Prim's spare bed. I thought that I had more right in the house than Mr. Pug, and told him so one day. He snarled at me and I answered the insult by hitting him a spat in the face.

"I was a little afraid of him at first, but soon found out that he was not a dogly dog, for he ran straight to Mrs. Batch crying like a spoilt child and told her that I had scratched his face. His mistress put a piece of pink court plaster on his ugly nose and drove me from the place. I told Miss Prim and was invited back into the house. The trouble was only beginning. In the afternoon Mrs. Batch's young brother came up to the house and ducked me in the rain barrel. Mrs. Batch laughed. Miss Prim cried and the two women had some bitter words about it.

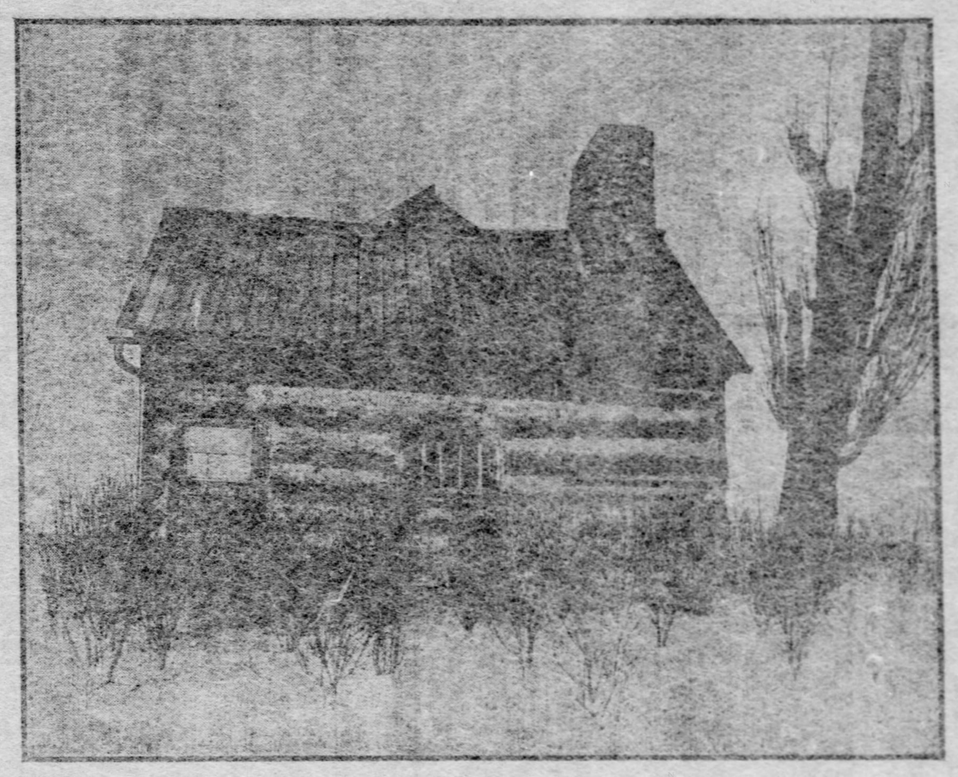
"That same night my brother Tom came over from the house next door, and Mr. Batch, who always had been good to me, threw his bootjack at my brother. About this time Miss Prim went to spend her summer vacation at Lake Chautauqua and left me with the inexplicable Mrs. Batch. A good bit of trouble with Mr. Pug followed. Mrs. Batch took the children—her own and several youngsters from her old home—and went to Atlantic City. Mr. Batch was left alone in the house. He said that he could not afford to take a vacation because he had to furnish the funds for the seaside sojourn for all his wife's relatives. He didn't seem so sorry, though, for it was the first time he had been alone since his marriage, and the very first evening after the family left he brought home a big crowd of men from his office and they proceeded to have what they termed a 'song party.' I never had seen such doings before. Mr. Batch took down all Miss Prim's good dishes and pans and skillets and did his own cooking.

"They smoked a good deal, and at dinner I noticed that they drank something else beside coffee and cream. It was a dark red stuff, with a peculiar flavor that made me sneeze. I had never heard such loud talking before. They seemed to get more boisterous after each drink. When Miss Prim drank her tea she seemed to talk in a softer tone and to be more confidential after each cup. After dinner Batch took his guests up stairs into the library. I noticed, too, that they took several large bottles of that red stuff with the peculiar flavor with them. They gathered around a table and shuffled cards marked with poster pictures, red hearts, black three-leafed clover and things.

"All of Mr. Batch's friends must have been millionaires, for they piled their money up on the table and Mr. Batch himself seemed more than usually liberal. After awhile they gathered some bits of red, white and blue wood into a hat. I heard them talking a good bit about a 'pot,' but I didn't see them bring anything like that from the kitchen. They talked about things with which I was entirely unfamiliar. They said 'full hand,' 'three of a kind,' 'straight flush,' and 'three straight.' At last I heard one of the visitors tell another man that there was a 'four flush' at the table. The other man told him that the first speaker had 'cold feet.' By this time they had swallowed all the red stuff. Mr. Batch called up the ferryman at 7 o'clock in the morning and told him to send down a hack.

"One man put all the money into his pocket and jumped upon the table and made a speech. I don't think he was a very interesting orator, for several of the guests climbed upon the leather couch and went to sleep. The others were jumping around over the floor at such a lively rate that I jumped up on the Dutch mantle and climbed into an empty beer stein. I was afraid that they would tramp on me if I remained on the rug. I had scarcely settled myself into the stein when one of the visitors picked the big mug up and pretended to drink from it. He turned it bottom side up, and, of course, I tumbled right down into his face. I never saw a man so frightened. He ran down stairs yelling 'Hide me. They're coming, they're after me.' The stein flew through the window and the man on the couch rolled to the floor in a heap. Mr. Batch seemed to be the only sane man in the house. He said he would drown that cat. I didn't wait to see anything more, but jumped right through the hole in the broken window and came over here to the cabin and have made it my home.

"Miss Prim doesn't live there any more. I heard that she would marry a college professor next November a year. The pug was killed by a runaway automobile at Atlantic City and Mrs. Batch has a new dog."



Log Cabin in Snyder's Orchard, Schenley Park.

The Hermit Cat That Lives in the Schenley Park Log Cabin.

HOW CRAPS DECEIVED THE CREW

A RAILROAD STORY.

Written for The Sunday Gazette by LARRY LUCIFER.

"CRAPS" was a product of the soil of Tennessee. He was about 25 years of age, and utterly depraved. He belonged to the class that occasionally has a desire to roam. It roams whenever it has that desire. With "Craps" the desire was confined to the borders of his native state. For a while he stood fairly well with some of the crews of the Memphis division of the Louisville & Nashville. He knew Fisher, the chief dispatcher at Paris, and sometimes would be sent out to assist in winding up the company's business when a man was short in a crew. He finally wore this out and orders were issued against him. Still he managed to get over the road whenever he wanted to.

On the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis "Craps" was not allowed. One day the notion struck him that he wanted to go to Nashville. He got to McKenzie, the crossing of the Louisville & Nashville and the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis all right, but when it came to going out on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis he had to take a brake beam. At Huntington the man in the swing, hunting for a hot box, found "Craps," and he was promptly fired. "Craps" went up ahead and curled himself up in the corner of a car of coal. At Jonesonville the car was kicked on a siding, and "Craps" had to find another place to conceal himself. When Dickson was reached "Craps" was found while the train was held for orders, and the conductor dragged him out on the platform and expended all of his choice vocabulary of cuss words upon him. He told "Craps" in as many words that he would throw him into the ditch if he found him on the train again that night. "Craps" slunk away and disappeared in the darkness. Going up ahead while the engineer was getting orders and the fireman was busy about the engine, "Craps" crawled up on the bar under the pilot and was safe from the conductor's eyes.

The train went on into the night, slowly it pounded on the hill, and by the time it had got on the summit the engineer and fireman were worn out. Going down hill into Nashville but very little steam was needed. The train had the right of way. Both the engineer and the fireman nodded. It was about 4 o'clock in the morning. The sun was just beginning to show itself back of the distant hills, and a gray mist hung over the valleys. Suddenly there was a crash. The engineer pulled for brakes and "plugged her." As she lost on the rail all that could be done was to wait until the momentum had ceased.

With lamps in hand the engineer and fireman went forward. The condition of the front of the engine showed that they had struck a horse. The horse had been very badly struck, too, as portions of it were all over the boiler head. While looking under the machine the engineer discovered something under the pilot. Holding his lamp low down he saw it was a man. Astonished, he asked:

"What are you doing under there? Don't you know that we just struck a horse?"

"Do as I know it?" roared Craps. "Don't I know it? Well, I reckon I know it. Wasn't I on the horse?"

This was a stunner to the crew. Craps crawled out from his cramped position and seriously made the crew believe that he was on the horse. His story was that the horse was a very valuable animal that he was riding to Nashville, and that it was not his fault that he was struck, as the engineer did not blow his whistle. His condition completely deceived the crew. The conductor invited him back into the caboose and almost insisted that he wash up, but Craps positively declined the latter invitation, claiming that he wanted to preserve his appearance for evidence. Craps got to Nashville all the same and he rode on a caboose the last of the trip.

Wading in the Boyne River, Michigan. The Waters Are Said to Be Good for Rheumatism.

ROMANCE ENDED IN THE COLISEUM

Pittsburgh Girl's Little Joke Played Sad Havoc With Cousin's Heart.

POPPED THE QUESTION, AND DIDN'T KNOW HER

A Chance Meeting in an Italian Railway Carriage Led to a Series of Amusing Complications — Young Man is Cured Now.

By J. MARTIN MILLER.

(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

ROME, ITALY, Jan. 18.—Here is a true story of a Pittsburgh young lady who has been spending four years in Italy studying music. It would hardly do to give her exact residence, or to say whether it is right in Pittsburgh or in one of the towns within a radius of a hundred miles, but we will call her a Pittsburgh girl.

As usual there is a young man in the case—a Pennsylvania young man who spent four years in one of the American universities. This young woman and young man are second cousins, but it so happened that they had never met.

The young man completed his course several months ago and started for Italy to visit the scenes he had read about in Cicero, Horace and Virgil.

The steamship landed him at Genoa, a day's railway journey from Rome. He found the compartments of the Italian railway cars crowded, save one which contained two signorine. One of the ladies understood English and heard the excited efforts of the newly arrived American to get a seat. It was the Pittsburgh young lady, who speaks and understands Italian perfectly. She took mercy on the young man of her own country and invited him into the compartment, wher she and the Italian lady were traveling companions.

The young man was delighted to find some one who could speak English.

"Where in America are you from?" was the natural question he asked. "From a little town in Western Pennsylvania," quietly answered the girl.

It Was Glorious.

Too excited now to ask the name of her town the young man jumped to his feet, extended his hand in the most cordial fashion and exclaimed: "Isn't this glorious? I'm from Western Pennsylvania too, just finished my course at ——— and going to Rome for a while. I've been homesick and had the blues, but you have cured me. How I thank you for letting me into this compartment."

The Pittsburgh girl was now explaining to the Italian lady what the young man had said.

"Why," said he, "you speak and understand Italian."

"A little," modestly answered the girl.

"Have you been in Rome long?" he asked.

"About four years," said she.

"I have a letter to a cousin of mine who has been in Rome just about as long as you have. I wonder if you know her?"

He produced the letter, and the young lady at once saw that it was to herself, but she did not enlighten the enthusiastic young man. She simply said: "I have heard of her and know where she lives."

"How strange, but lovely," said he.

"Yes, it is a strange coincidence," smilingly assented the girl.

In a few hours the train was at Florence; the young lady was to stop there and at Pisa for a few days before proceeding to Rome.

"Why," he said he, "I cannot go on to Rome without you. Why can't I stop off here, too?" said he.

"Why, there is nothing to hinder you, to my knowledge, but don't you want to meet your cousin in Rome?" teasingly said the girl.

Needed a Guide Very Much.

"Yes, but if you'll allow me, I'll stop off here."

"I don't see what I have to do with it," said she, explaining to the amused Italian lady what was going on.

"But I want you, if it is not asking too much, to consent to be my guide in looking at this wonderful country, the cradle of the civilized world. It goes without saying that I will pay the carriage hire for the three of us. You have seen the letter to my cousin, and you say you know of my people. I think it would be fully within the bounds of propriety," said he.

"But I don't want to be the means of keeping you from your cousin a single day," said she, repeating to her Italian friend, who laughed.

The train pulled into Florence and all three set out to visit the galleries of the greatest art centers. Then they visited the great leaning tower of Pisa, one of the wonders of the world. Thus were six days spent together.

The girl had been an industrious student while in Italy, and by her ready and practical knowledge of the wonderful sights here, first speaking English to her new friend, Italian to her companion, French or German to others they would meet, she fairly amazed and fascinated him. He kept saying continually: 'And she is a Pennsylvania girl!"

Cupid and the Coliseum.

Upon arrival at Rome, a five hours' railway journey from Florence, the incon was full and the night was perfection. One of the most enjoyable sights in Rome is the great Coliseum by moonlight.

In ten minutes the carriage was at the arch of Constantine, right at the Coliseum, the great structure completed by Titus in A. D. 80.

If this two-thirds destroyed building of antiquity, which was inaugurated with gladiatorial combats lasting 100 days, in which 5,000 wild animals and hundreds of men were killed, makes the most profound impression upon the ordinary visitor, what must it have meant for this Pennsylvania young couple, acquaintances of seven days? The young man with a letter in his pocket to his cousin, which he had apparently forgotten; the young woman wondering how she would get out of the predicament when he finally presented the letter. She had enjoyed the joke, but it was becoming a serious matter.

The young man had made up his mind to propose. She saw it coming. She resorted to much finesse, and she was capable of a high quality this rare article, to hold her cousin from the humiliation that now seemed inevitable.

"In A. D. 405," said she, "Honorius abolished the gladiatorial combats held regularly in this great amphitheater of antiquity, where we now stand, as inconsistent with the precepts of Christianity."

"Did he?" said the Pennsylvania boy, faintly. For the first time he ventured to use her given name. Looking intently into her eyes he began: "Mabel——I."

Antiquity Bored Him.

The girl caught her breath and pointing her hand with a sweep, said: "Think of it, this building, now roofless, had seats for 50,000 people. You can see thousands of these seats now as they were ages ago. "Here," said she, "are Nero's dens for his lions. Notice the solid masonry underground and above it, and the strong bars behind which the ferocious beasts were kept until the day they were to fight and be killed for the entertainment of 50,000 spectators. Can you imagine anything so cruel, and wasn't Honorius a good man to abolish it?"

"Yes, I think just as you do, Mabel, but I want, I want——"

The girl was getting more nervous now, but American girl-like, she maintained her self-possession and began: "There is a prophetic saying of the pilgrims in the eighth century:

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world.

Her voice made these words sound to his ears as the most heavenly tones.

They stood right at the barred doors of the lions' dens, the shadows of the Pennsylvania cousins were thrown by the perfect moon into the recesses below.

"Mabel, my—I want to express my feelings, my heart, my being, my all to you."

He had taken her hand; she was between him and the lions' den, and the helpless Pittsburgh girl now realized that her cousin would have his say. There was no escaping him.

"Mabel, what do I care about Coloseum, or the king of beasts that once inhabited this spot where we now stand, or the 50,000 spectators that eighteen centuries ago occupied this elliptical structure built by thousands of captive Jews; or about the Caesars, or Nero? It is you, Mabel, only you; will you be my —my—wife?"

The Cold Water Cure.

The reaction from the girl's anxious moments had arrived and she was now entirely cool and composed. She simply said: "You are silly. Don't you know that I have been in Italy four years, and that since American girls are coming here extensively, the Italian young men think they all have money, and, like every other American girl visitor, I have had the usual number of proposals. I am accustomed to sentimental words like yours every week in the polite and charming Italian tongue. I appreciate your words as coming from an American. I believe them to be more sincere and genuine than similar words expressed by Italian young men afflicted as you are. But let us not dwell on that.

"You have a letter to your cousin. You need her at once. My advice is that you present it to her early in the morning. Now we must go," said the girl. "Cabmen charge two and a half lire an hour at night; our cabman will see that you are forestiere and will try to charge more," said the girl, looking up with a cruel smile.

He promised he would not neglect his cousin any longer; that he would call upon her at 10 o'clock the next morning. His cousin's residence was 60 via del Tritone. She wrote it on a card, so that he could show it to the cabman and make no mistake in finding it. At 10 o'clock she was dressed to receive him. He climbed the three pairs of easy-winding marble stairways, such as they have in Rome, to the fourth floor, rang the bell, and was shown into the sala da ricevere. When the girl he had left the night before appeared as his cousin, took the letter she had already read on the train the week before and handed him one from her aunt, he was speechless.

When he became himself again he merely said in a trembling voice: "My cousin, what a cruel joke you have played on me. One request I make of you; don't write home to uncle or aunt or cousins about this. If you do I shall have to leave Pennsylvania."

And she promised she would not be so cruel.

He Didn't Count.

Lady of the House—Bridget, didn't you tell me when you came here that you would have no male friends coming around the house, and now I find a man in the kitchen almost every evening?

Bridget—Shure, mum, thot ain't no male friend of moine at all, at all; he's me husband.—Town and Country.

"I may be entertaining a Croesus unawares" is what prompts some people's courtesy to strangers.

The Countess of Chesterfield.

American Millionaire Did Not Lease Picturesque & Historic Mansion

DITTON PARK,
The Famous Old English Mansion That Lord Montagu Supposed He Had Rented to an American Millionaire for the Coronation Season.

LONDON, Jan. 18.—"Ditton Park," the historic country house near Windsor, which its noble owner, Lord Montagu, supposed he had leased to an "American millionaire" for the coronation season, is the subject of keen interest at present. When the sober London press first announced the lease was described only as "an American gentleman," who, it was added, would entertain there the United States representative at the coronation of King Edward. On the following day, however, it was announced that the millionaire in question was "Curtis Wakefield of New York." This announcement was followed promptly by a cabled report from Boston that "Curtis Wakefield, the reported lessee of Ditton Park," had been indulging in reckless speculation and had been arrested in Boston on account of transactions in connection with the "International Copper Syndicate."

Interesting developments concerning Mr. Wakefield's performances while in London were not long in coming to light. On the strength of letters of introduction supposedly written by such well-known Americans as Admiral Dewey and Senator Platt he had won the confidence of British business men right and left. He rented a house in fashionable Park Lane and took the owner's son back to America with him, saying he would make the young man's fortune. About his last proceeding before leaving was to "empower" a firm of London solicitors to negotiate for a long lease of Lord Montagu's famous country place.

"Ditton Park," for generations the seat of the Montagu family, is one of the oldest estates in England, a fact to which its moat—dug in the 14th century—bears testimony. Edward III. granted the manor in 1351 to Sir John de Molins, who built thereon a castle. In James the First's time this was replaced by a great rambling manor house, which stood until early in the last century, when it was destroyed by fire and its existing house was built on the site. The mansion was for years the home of the duchess of Buccleuch, who died not long ago, and who was envied its possession not only by nobles and commoners, but by royalty as well, both the late Empress Frederick of Germany and the Grand Duke Michael of Russia having tried to buy it.

SPAIN'S BOY KING GOES A-VISITING

He Will Soon Take Up His Royal Cross and Crown—The Situation at Present and the Future Outlook.

By MARTIN A. S. HUME.

(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

MADRID, Jan. 18.—A series of visits to the chief European courts and countries will shortly be paid by the young king of Spain. It will be at once his debut in the world and the finishing touch of his royal education.

The boy king has now entered his 16th year, for it was the 17th of May, 1886, when Senor Sagasta announced to an anxious nation that the widow of their dead king had given birth to a son. Maria Christina, now no longer called the Austrian, has accomplished the greater part of her task. In May next she will lay down the regency and her only son will assume the dignities and responsibilities of kingship.

Alfonso XIII. is at first sight a delicate lad—thin, pale and of nervous appearance. Some say he has inherited the constitutional infirmity of his father; others that his appearance is something he shares in common with all the men of the house of Hapsburg. During the maneuvers held at Carabanchel the young king remained seven hours in the saddle without exhibiting any symptom of fatigue, and his personal staff noticed that even a prolonged canter did nothing to weaken his voice. When the day's work was over he was as animated as at the beginning.

This is excellent news for Spain as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. The king is already handicapped by his responsibilities. An English lad at 15 years, whatever his position, would not be carrying half the load of knowledge borne by Alfonso XIII. To speaks English, French and German as well as Spanish, has had a careful mathematical training and is a student of history, and for a boy his knowledge of the elements of military science is remarkable.

A strong, healthy king can give the land the period of repose that will enable it to develop its internal resources, find occupation for its growing population outside the corrupt world of officialdom, amend its educational defects, outgrow Carlism and become once more a power to be reckoned with. With statesmen who desire no more than the progress of Spain and a mother whose life has been marked by most rigid devotion to duty, the young king will start upon his work well equipped.

If the young king becomes a reactionary he will arouse the Radicals and strengthen the Republicans; if he shows too much zeal for reform he will weaken the allegiance of the Conservatives and strengthen the Carlists. They say in Madrid that his best policy lies in a continuance of the existing order of things and a devotion to such works as the improvement of the financial situation, the substitution of some less direct method of taxation for the octroi duties, the maintenance of army efficiency, the creation of a small navy on the most modern lines and the granting of such concessions to democracy as the Spanish official mind can accept without offense. It is not a very heroic program, nor is it one that can appeal very strongly to a young, enthusiastic, ambitious ruler; but Spain is a very tired country just now; she has passed through several years of internal convulsion.

Down to the present Spain has not seen much of her king, and Madrid has not been favorably disposed to him, because of his absence from the bull ring. Tauromachy being an institution to which Queen Christina will make no concessions. He has been to the Plaza de Toros now and his subjects are better pleased, but it is unlikely that he will develop into a patron of the national amusement.

Some people in Madrid declare that Alfonso XIII. is an Ultramontanist and that the grip of the Latin church will tighten on Spain so soon as he is firmly established. They point to the Caserta marriage and to the absence of anti-clerical legislation, to the very friendly relations between the vatican and the Spanish court, and to the known sympathy of the queen-mother for the church of Rome.

LONDON WANTS NATIONAL OPERA

A Subsidized English Bayreuth May Be the Outcome of the Movement—Sarah Bernhardt's Costly "Theodora" Revival—Kaiser William Suggested Leoncavallo's New Opera—A Funny Man Wants Pierpont Morgan to Buy Him—Dutch Sherlock Holmes.

(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

LONDON, Jan. 18.—Lord Dysart's letter to the public this week, in which he suggests that the coronation year would be marked fitly by the establishment of a national opera house, and offers $50,000 toward the $2,500,000 which he thinks should be spent thereon, has stirred into renewed activity all the theorists who want to elevate the masses with subsidized opera. The London county council has been considering the question of a municipal playhouse of some sort for a long time, and but soon as John Burns, one of the council's most active members, heard of the noble earl's offer he said that he believed the money of the amount would be forthcoming and that he thought there would be no difficulty about finding an ideal site for the institution in the new street from Holborn to the Strand, where, by the way, an American syndicate is reported to be planning to build a theater.

The work of Wagner always has been a favorite musical enthusiast, and some time ago a society carried through a scheme of building the building a theater at Richmond on the model of the famous one at Bayreuth to present Wagner's operas there, and they are presented in Germany, this year for the proposed English national opera house is that it should be on the cheap, but have proved so successful on the continent. Capable, but not high-salaried, artists should be engaged, and so come should secure a good seat. The Queen's hall, his lordship points out, is packed at high-class concerts, and grand opera at reasonable rates should be even more attractive.

* * *

It now appears that one reason why Sarah Bernhardt practically banished the question of cost from her mind in staging Sardou's "Theodora," which she revived with so much success in Paris last Monday night, is that she intends to bring the play to London for the coronation season.

All reports agreed that "Sarah" has surpassed herself in the part of the beautiful slave girl who becomes empress and then falls in love with a revolutionist. And certainly the actress has spared neither labor nor louis in mounting the drama with historical accuracy and great splendor. All Paris is talking of the wonderful costumes which Bernhardt wears as the bride of Justinian, and the jeweled scepted, diadem, stiletto and reticule by which their effect is enhanced.

Many of the diamonds, rubies and other stones with which these trinkets are ornamented are real, as are the metals of which they are wrought, and the designs were copied directly from mosaics at Ravenna. Theodora's diadem is of polished silver encrusted with precious stones, and bears three enameled plaques hinged together, above which hovers a glittering butterfly whose body is composed of a single pearl. Her scepter is mother-of-pearl, topped with a lion's head in dull crystal, supported by two pillars of amethyst, one of which is adorned with gold and jewels, while the other bears the Byzantine cross in brilliants. The scepter measured 46 inches in length.

* * *

Signor Leoncavallo, the author of "La Boheme," has confirmed the rumor that the plot of the opera, "Roland of Berlin," which he is now completing, was suggested to him by the Emperor William. Incidentally the composer has made an interesting statement as to the amount of labor which the work already has caused him. It was soon after the production of Leoncavallo's "Medici" at the Berlin Royal Opera house that the emperor, who saw the opera and was delighted with it, sent one of the court officials to ask whether the composer would undertake a German historical opera, of which William the Second-to-None would choose the subject. Of course, the answer was in the affirmative, and soon afterward the musician was apprised that the emperor's choice had fallen on the novel, "A "Land of Berlin," by Willibald Alexis.

As the composer knew little or nothing of German, he was obliged to have the book translated, which took nearly two years. When Leoncavallo received the manuscript he decided that it would be necessary to study the period of which the novel treated. This took several months, but finally the composer began work on his opera, writing the music and libretto at the same time.

When he had made some progress he took a trip to Berlin to lay his work before the emperor, but was given to understand that William II. was not especially pleased over his delay or the fact that during the time that he was making his German researches, Leoncavallo had produced "La Boheme." However, a tactful letter from the composer to the emperor, in which he begged his majesty's acceptance of a copy of the new opera, put matters right, and Leoncavallo has just been favored with a call from the German consul at Milan, who inquired in the Emperor's name when the new work would be finished. The reply was that the composer hoped to forward the opera to the emperor early next summer.

* * *

George Gressmith, one of the most successful of British funny men of today, is going to America soon, principally, as he said last night, from patriotic motives—to get square for the American invasion of England. Mr. Gressmith waxed merry on the subject of J. Pierpont Morgan and expressed his wonder that the American millionaire with a propensity for buying interesting things had overlooked him.

* * *

Gillette's version of "Sherlock Holmes" has been translated into French, Dutch and German, and will be produced in Berlin, Paris and Vienna in about three weeks. The first performance in Dutch took place at Amsterdam last Monday evening.

* * *

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, doctor?"

"You don't take it. You give it to the cat in a little milk."

HOW TO SEND MONEY TO PEOPLE IN EUROPE

(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

PARIS, Jan. 18.—Every little while I get inquiries from America as to the best way of sending money to people in Europe. The best way is by a check or draft, and infinitely the worst way is by an international money-order. No matter how small the locality, there is a banking concern that will cash American drafts or checks in favor of a properly identified person. This transaction can ordinarily be accomplished without any delay. As for the money order, an even greater difficulty is encountered in satisfying the European postal authorities as to the identity of the payee; and, moreover, the delay is endless. The notice of the order never leaves the home postoffice by the same steamer as carries the order itself, and one is often obliged to wait 10 days or two weeks before the order is paid. Unless the service is vastly improved it might just as well be done away with altogether.

I have another suggestion to make for the benefit of Americans having friends or correspondents in Europe. Be sure and put a 5-cent stamp on your foreign letters, instead of one of 2 cents, otherwise your correspondent is obliged to pay just double the postage lacking. The French postal authorities say that more underpaid letters come to this country from the United States than from any other three countries in the world. My own experience confirms this information, for I get a yearly average of 60 letters carrying only a 2-cent stamp. For these 60 letters I have to pay $3 00. The exact weight of letters going to Europe should also be ascertained at the time of posting, for overweights of this sort are also strikingly common in the United States. The French postoffice takes in thousands of dollars yearly from improperly stamped American mail.

Why the Bump Was There.

"This protuberance on the back of the head," said the phrenologist professor, as he turned his young subject toward the audience, "is the bump of philoprogenitiveness. It proves in the present case this boy has an extraordinary love for his parents. Is it not true, my son?"

"Well, I like my mother, but I don't know about my daddy."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, that lump you're blowing about is where he hit me yesterday with a belt buckle."

WOMAN IN THE SHOP, MAN IN THE KITCHEN

In England, as Here, Men Are Being Employed as Domestic Servants—Training Tommy Atkins as a Cook.

By CURTIS BROWN.

(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

LONDON, Jan. 18.—Word comes from America that the scarcity of servant girls there is turning the householders' thoughts toward the employment of men for all sorts of housework. Well, that only gives further point to a strange phase of the labor problem in London. The sexes are changing occupations.

Men are replacing women in housework just as certainly as women are driving men out of manual and clerical work. The tendency has become more and more pronounced, and when the war is over and men in large numbers are turned loose to look for peaceful pursuits, many will go straight to the kitchen, and the social economists will begin to write books and long essays about it.

The shortage of women for domestic servants has been serious for two years past, and the invasion by women of offices and workshops has been especially marked at the same time. The government has been responsible for a good deal of it, for it employs thousands of young women as clerks in its branch postoffices, where they not only sell postage stamps, but take and send telegrams, deposit or draw money for you from the postal savings bank, buy and sell government bonds for you if you want it, peddles various other things that used to be considered safe only in men's hands.

Many other thousands serve as barmaids, and consider themselves a grade above the parlormaid, although they have harder work, longer hours and get a little less pay, when it is considered that they have to board and lodge themselves.

Doing Men's Work Everywhere.

More thousands are in the employ of the National Telegraph Company, and now that the government is nearly ready with its own telephone company to make an alleged fight on the present monopoly, it will take on another army of girls.

There has also been a disposition on the part of shopkeepers to employ women instead of men, because they say women can do the same work for half the wages.

In the warehouses and the jam, pickle and tobacco factories women now have a monopoly of the work.

But these are not all the considerations that have influenced Mary Jane to abandon the kitchen. The records of the police courts and the severe remarks that it have been made frequently by many of the county court judges where domestic servants have applied for advice and protection show that many of them have been treated not as household helpers, but as slaves. This factor is acknowledged by students of the domestic life as one of the substantial reasons for the exodus from the kitchen.

Such famous women as Lady Warwick and Lady Henry Somerset have been trying for years to teach the gospel of better treatment for domestic servants. It has been pointed out that a domestic in a middle class establishment enjoys the liberties associated with a sort of semi-penitentiary. She is obliged to wear a uniform dictated according to the varied tastes of her mistress, and if she gets the privilege of going out once a month for half a day she considers herself somewhat lucky.

White Slaves of Civilization.

Her hours are from 6 in the morning until 10 and sometimes 11 at night, and for this she gets from $80 to $120 a year, according to her station in the house. She is no longer Miss So-and-So, but plain "Perkins" or "Jenkins."

The man servant, since the girls' exodus to shops and warehouses became the only alternative. "At the present moment," declared the proprietress of one of the largest employment offices, "there are hundreds of West End establishments 'under staffed.' I have applications for months ahead for all classes of domestics, and although wages above the average are offered, they cannot be supplied. I am able to get a fair number of foreign men servants, but they only stay long enough to learn our language. I know one very good house where the servants are treated with every consideration, and in three months as many as 30 have been in and out of the place.

"The whole system of domestic employment must, in my idea, be altered, if this threatened famine is not to become a stern reality."

"How are families who will entertain largely during the coronation season going to manage?"

"Many have already made arrangements to use the large hotels and, as far as I can see, it is the only course. The prospect of commercial depression following the war is our only hope that many girls who have abandoned domestic employment for warehouse or office will return to kitchen and drawing-room."

What Employment Agents Say.

Inquiries at a number of other well-known employment agencies of different grades leave no doubt that there is a growing tendency in London to engage men for work that hitherto has been done only by women.

The proprietor of a fashionable agency in Great Portland street said:

"I know of some families who now employ men for general housework. They have two men servants each—one who does the cooking and another to deal with the rest of the housework—and I believe the experiment has been quite successful so far. They pay the man $100 a year and give them food and lodgings. The people are in modest circumstances and would employ no more than two servants in any event. They got these men in on account of the difficulty they find, and which we all experience, in getting and keeping capable female servants. Their wages are only slightly higher than those of ordinary family servants, whose pay averages from $80 to $100."

"One thing that is even more common here than men servants, however," added the same witness, "is the boy stableman. The boys, however, are not English, but natives of India. They range in age from 14 to 18 and make capital nurses."

In reply to my inquiries on the same subject the proprietor of a long-established "Intelligence Office" in Regent street said: "I should say that the masculine invasion of British households was confined chiefly to the kitchens. Here, however, the invaders are not English, but French. Frenchmen are taking the place of women as cooks all over London. Of course the ordinary middle class family which employs only two servants could not afford the services of such a cook, but in the kitchens of more well-to-do people the Frenchman is ousting the female cook in every direction.

Cooking As a Fine Art.

"Ordinarily," she went on, "I have found that few Englishmen have the slightest aptitude for cooking. I discovered the exception, curiously enough, in a man who had once been the possessor of a considerable fortune. He went into some speculations and lost all his money. Casting his brains to find some profitable employment, he remembered that he always had had a decided talent for cooking, and determined to go to a cookery school.

"When he had finished his course I placed him as cook in the family of a lady of title in the country, and he remained with her for over a year. He took charge of the female servants employed in the kitchen and made them toe the mark. Suddenly he took a fancy to go to America, and before long had the position of cook to a rich American in New York with a salary of something over $500 a year besides his meals and lodgings. His case is only a single instance, but I am convinced that if someone would take up the work of training men as cooks and for housework the result would be a great success. There is certainly an enormous field."

A woman who has had years of experience as the manager of an employment agency in Tottenham court road said: "I have not heard of many men acting as general servants, but more and more of them are taking the places of girls as waitresses in small families. These are nearly all young Germans who have come to England to learn our language. In order to do this they will go into small households and work for from 15 cents to $1 25 a week, and will do much better than women, not only waiting at table, but answering the door, cleaning the boots and doing other things about the house. Once they have learned to speak English fairly well, however, you cannot hold them. They are anxious to get into either a hotel or a restaurant, where they will be more independent and have more liberty."

Men Scarce Though the War.

At another fashionable servants' registry office it was said that the greatest obstacle to the employment of men as house servants was the novelty of the masculine article. "The martial fever has not yet lessened perceptibly," as the manager said, "and practically all the able-bodied men who are not tied down by trade or responsibilities are either at the front or in barracks at home, with the result that even people of means who always have had 'six-footers' as footmen now have to be content with men of modest stature. We always have found, too, that men are too independent to make good 'general servants.' Even footmen are dissatisfied until they can become butlers and have other servants to wait on them.

"The general staff of servants in a family of means in England includes a butler, of course, who generally looks after clothes, and one or two footmen, who are supplied with their liveries. Occasionally one of the latter also acts as a footman-valet. The usual salary for a butler is $400 a year; that of a footman $120. Then there is a boy who gets, say, $60 a year. There is the cook, salary from $200 to $300; a kitchen maid, $100; and a scullery maid, from $60 to $100. There is a lady's maid, salary $200; and nurses, if there are several children, one, the upper nurse, at $120; the other at $100; and two housemaids at, say, $125 each.

Queer Titles of Some Servants.

In smaller families and those of less means some of the servants are dubbed with rather amusing names. There is the 'cook general,' which does not mean that the cook claims a military title, but merely that she does a part of the 'general' housework besides preparing the meals. Then there are the 'house parlor maids,' girls who act as waitresses and answer the door, and also perform here some care over the children or do sewing. There are also 'up-and-down maids,' or, as they are sometimes called, 'betweens,' or 'tweeny' girls, and they have a hard life, as they are employed to help in the kitchen and upstairs as well."

"Where does England import girls from and export them to?"

"Girls come from all over the continent, notably from France, Sweden, Germany, Denmark and Switzerland, mostly nurses from the latter country. All English girls are still eager to go to America, and it is worth mentioning that once they have been 'on the other side' they never will return to English service. Australia is a promised land, also, but at present the great cry is to go to South Africa."

"The scarcity of cooks will be a godsend to a lot of Tommies who will be looking for jobs when the war is over. Most of them have a fair notion of plain cooking already, and would quickly acquire the finishing touches.

"In Newry the government is taking a hand in the matter by opening cooking schools for the instruction of the soldiers. Women are employed to give the lessons, and the Tommies take to the work like ducks to water. The experiment is reported to be a great success.

A MOVING MOUNTAIN

Big Hill in New Jersey That Is Acting in a Very Unusual Manner and Surprising the Inhabitants.

In the northwestern part of Hunterdon county, N. J., there is a whole mountain on the move, and, although the progress is slow, the phenomenon has assumed such a serious aspect that the board of chosen freeholders has been called upon to take action in the matter. Old roadways and turnpikes have been entirely obliterated by a great slide of earth and a new map of the county may have to be made.

The huge hill which is slowly sliding away is commonly known as "Indian Peak." There is a tradition that centuries ago before the white man invaded this country, Indians built a mound there, and although there is no record of this it has been taught to the school children of the neighborhood that "Indian Peak" was formerly occupied by the mound builders.

The recent heavy rains have set the old mound moving down the slope. Every day the crevice is becoming wider, and farmers who live in the valley below fear that the whole hill will tumble to a heap and cause the destruction to everything in its path.

The great knob of ground is situated upon the farm of Seth H. Case, near Quakertown. The landslide already covers more than 20 acres of choice farming land on his place, and William Thompson's trotting farm has lost its bearing altogether. Case has become so alarmed that every night he takes his family to the house of a neighbor, where they will be out of danger in case of an extraordinary deluge of dirt and rock.

At this point where the Wickhecken flows away from the sliding mountain is the most evidence that the mound was at one time used by the Indians as a habitation. Nobody has yet visited the place with enough courage to penetrate the depths of the gulch on account of the continual crumbling away of the overhanging ledges, but enough has been seen to demonstrate that there are subterranean passages running at various angles through the interior of the hill. Would explorers have already succeeded in finding our numerous caves, such as moon dials, spout points and stone seats. Scores of people from all parts of Hunterdon county, who have heard of the strange phenomenon, have visited the place, and the neighboring hotels at Quakertown and Pittstown have had more guests than they could accommodate.

JACK KISSED HER.

Jack—Don't you envy him?—kissed her
While taking a walk in the garden—
He would die, he couldn't resist it,
And ought she to speak to such?
And should she be mad as a hatter?
Or should she pass over the snubbe,
And say: "Oh, 'twas Jack; only Jack!"

Is the line of her chalk indention
Of serious stamp, or not?
Is she to some slight proposition
Of a passing or public a spot?
Were the kind to be born would the policy
Prefer a "Yes" to a "No" from Jack's lips?
And is she now speeding on, slightly,
To such her portending success?

Is Jack to be blessed for his scheme?
Are love tidings to come to disgrace?
Surprise to end a dream?
Or "Yes, if you like," or "No, sir,
I'll tell on the chief," say she?
Or should she remain here to see?
And grumpy "Indeed, sir! I'll tell!"
Then scamper down the old Road?
—Orville L. Snyder in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Women's Clubs

PERHAPS the most important movement in local club life today is that relating to the conference of members of federated clubs of Western Pennsylvania to be held at the Twentieth Century club early in February, the 13th. On that day the program will include discussions of matters of interest to all clubwomen with that much discussed subject, recognition, as a central feature. There are many clubwomen in Pittsburgh who do not feel sure of their ground in this matter, and will welcome any opportunity to set themselves straight on "Mrs. Brock's plan," as it is familiarly called, or any other plan. One of the vice presidents of the Pennsylvania State Federation, Miss Kate C. McKnight, believes that reorganization is bound to come, and in view of its prominence on the program at the general federation meeting in May, it will be wise and prudent for every clubwoman here to put herself in touch with the subject from every point of view. This is one object of the meeting on the 13th. It will, likewise, promote fraternal feeling, also much to be desired. The various committees appointed to make the preliminary arrangements for the conference are as follows:

Arrangements—Miss Eliza D. Armstrong, chairman; Miss Kate C. McKnight, Miss Julia M. Harding, Mrs. Frank G. Wallace, Mrs. J. J. Covert, Mrs. S. A. Ammon, Mrs. Henry B. Birch and Miss Lillie Schleiter.

Program—Mrs. Frank G. Wallace, chairman; Mrs. Charles H. Ashley, Mrs. S. G. Rosenstock, Mrs. Alfred Clark, Mrs. David D. Pierce, Mrs. Charles Barker, Mrs. Edgar Slemer, Miss Minnie Anderson and Miss Henrietta Speer.

Hospitality—Mrs. George A. Gormley, chairman; Mrs. W. A. Magee, Mrs. J. R. Johnson, Mrs. H. J. Bailey, Miss Florence Murdoch, Mrs. William Macrum and Mrs. James Maxwell.

Registration and Information—Mrs. F. P. Jams, Mrs. S. C. Armstrong, Mrs. Charles Gerwig, Miss L. C. Schleiter, Mrs. E. W. Bock, Mrs. S. Tupper and Miss Alice Holdship.

Press—Mrs. Henry B. Birch, chairman; Mrs. William Henry Siefert, Mrs. Henry Jones Ford and Miss John Cowley.

Finance—Mrs. Samuel A. Ammon, chairman; Mrs. James R. Mellon, Mrs. Charles D. Armstrong, Mrs. James Darragh, Mrs. W. N. Burt and Miss L. C. Schleiter.

The conference will be an all-day session and it is feared by people who hunt trouble that the assembly room of the Twentieth Century club will not be nearly large enough to accommodate all who will come. In that event there will be overflow meetings in the adjoining rooms, though such meetings are not being included in the general preliminary arrangements. In view of the great interest that attaches to the conference the suggestion is made that clubs wishing to join the federation should send in an application as speedily as possible so that the membership receipt be received before the 13th. All the leading clubs in the city are represented in the above named committees as well as several out-of-town clubs.

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The Charity Euchre, given on last Saturday under the auspices of the Civic club of Wilkinsburg, was so well attended that over $100 were made. This money will be used to promote the club's very successful kindergarten work in the schools.

* * *

The Colloquium club's fiscal year is just opening and its year book, therefore, has just been published, containing much the same information one expects to find in club books, most attractively set forth. Mrs. W. A. Magee is the club president; Miss Janet L. Brownlee, vice president; Mrs. William L. Stevenson, secretary and Miss Sara Shaw, treasurer. These officers with Miss Jane B. Clark, Miss Elizabeth Hanna and Miss Jane Murdoch comprise the board of directors. Mrs. William L. Miller, Mrs. Arthur V. Davis, Mrs. Charles Henry Kerr and Mrs. S. L. Seymour, comprise the committee on membership. The subjects to be taken up during a year in which 15 meetings will be held, are: Studies in the far east and modern art and literature. The club members are:

Mrs. W. F. Abel.	Mrs. W. A. Magee.
Mrs. W. M. Anderson.	Mrs. Chalmers Martin.
Mrs. R. G. Armstrong.	Mrs. W. C. Mellor.
Mrs. J. C. Bennett.	Mrs. W. S. Miller.
Miss Beringer.	Mrs. H. L. Morton.
Mrs. W. A. Bole.	Miss Ethel G. Muir.
Mrs. J. L. Brownlee.	Miss Jane Murdoch.
Mrs. W. L. Chaffant.	Miss Lydia Murdoch.
Miss Jane B. Clark.	Miss Ella N. McElveen.
Mrs. A. Y. Davis.	Miss Jennie McElveen.
Mrs. H. R. Davis.	Miss Jean Palmer.
Miss Sarah Ellis.	Miss Mary J. Pliss.
Mrs. A. O. Fording.	Mrs. W. Pontefract.
Miss C. M. Gelt.	Mrs. Chas. F. Scott.
Miss Grace Hamilton.	Mrs. S. L. Seymour.
Miss Elizabeth Hanna.	Mrs. Stephen Stone.
Miss Sara Hillman.	Mrs. John F. Shafer.
Mrs. A. G. Holmes.	Miss Sara Shaw.
Miss Lyra Kelly.	Mrs. W. M. Stevenson.
Mrs. C. H. Kerr.	Mrs. S. D. Warmcastle.
Miss Ella A. Knapp.	Mrs. George R. Waters
Miss Florence Lanahan.	Mrs. Caroline Watson.
Mrs. Harry Lawrence.	Mrs. W. E. Wiley.
Mrs. Geo. T. Lewis.	Miss J. P. de Valley.
Mrs. W. A. Lewis.	

* * *

Indiana, Pa., rejoices in an earnest woman's club, the New Century, which gives promise of good work. Their course for the season of 1901-2 is Italian art. At the opening meeting last Monday papers were read which were prefatory to the real subject, an overlook into the art world, from Egypt to Italy. The first paper, by Mrs. Virginia White-Hitchcock, was on the significance of art. Miss Jane G. Leonard gave a remarkably comprehensive resume of the art of the ancients—Egypt, Phoenicia and Assyria. Miss Laura Maude Davis a fine paper upon "Greek Art—Its Influence," concluding with Mrs. Mary McLaughlin Welsh's "Remains of Greek Art." The subject was well presented. The half-hour discussion of current events was in the hands of Mrs. Mary G. Crawford. Mrs. Hitchcock's paper in part follows:

A great lexicographer has defined art as "knowledge applied to the uses of everyday life." Here we discover it is a general term of wide application. Another mind describes the subject thus: "Art in the most extended and popular sense of the word means everything which we distinguish from nature." Still another says, limiting its purpose in degree, "The great end of art is to give pleasure," but the kind of pleasure is peculiar and circumscribed.

Ruskin, writing upon this subject, says whatever may be the means, or whatever the more immediate end of any kind of art, all of it that is good agrees in this: that it is the expression of one soul talking to another and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.

Edgar Allen Poe says the purpose of "art is the creation of beauty." Lavater tells us "The enemy of art is the enemy of nature; art is nothing but the highest sagacity and exertion of human nature." So might we go on indefinitely, piling up utterances of great thinkers as to just what the significance of this vast matter we call art really is. However, only one phase of this comprehensive topic appeals just now to our minds. That art which has since time began sought expression of itself in "storied urn and animated bust," in rounded dome and upon speaking canvas. Standing like some sweet, beautiful woman within the door of her limitless kingdom with outstretched hand she greets us, bidding us welcome, giving us the keys, with the freedom of her treasure house. She will lead us for through shadow and sunshine. We will laugh with her, weep with her, wonder at her power and stand awed by her revelations.

Here, indeed, is wonderland, beside which the treasure of Golconda is a trifle. Here are the records of a mighty and mysterious past, laid open for our reading. We find art's torch lighting the way from the beginning. She who is so old, yet possesses eternal youth. Her hand lifts the curtain which hides from us the ages. Come—and through her eyes we look down into their curious life. All we know—all we have of record of that dim time—art gives us. She shows us men and women chiseling their life stories upon insensate stone with crudest tools. Enduring monuments defying Time's assaults to bring to us of this life and conquer time the message from those women and men now forgotten dust. They say: "We wept and laughed, hoped and despaired, loved and died, even as you are doing. Hail and farewell!"

Farther through the land we wander, guided ever by this gentle hand. We find the hot air of the desert touching our faces. We lift tired eyes and see the mighty pyramids and know we are in Egypt.

This beautiful creature, built of stone with its lion's body and its woman's head—this is art's own mysterious child. We gaze into the vast inscrutable face. The unblinking eyes turned ever toward the source of all life and light—the east. We listen, hoping some whisper of the sphinx's secret may be brought to us. But only the desert's silence is about her. We find deep in her eyes the images of long departed glories. The wonders of Thebes and Memphis, the story of Cheops. We seem to hear once more the weird music breathed from Memnon's stony throat. On the smooth faces of Karnak's columns, traced in fadeless colors, we find the pictured stories of Egypt's conquering hosts, her marvelous life.

This strange picture speech which breaks the silence of the years and brings us echoes from beyond the chasm made by the exhaustless flood of 4,000 years—it is indeed Ruskin's "soul speaking to soul." Following still the torchbearer we cross the Red sea, lingering in Persia and Phoenicia, finally to drift down into Hindostan. Here everywhere in stone and picture the stories are told and retold, that time and old pagan life is lived again. Under skies bluer than artist ever painted, over seas rippling and smiling, with softest winds filling our sails, our pilot still gentle Art, we sail to that "land of lost gods and godlike men, with vales of evergreen and hills of snow, fair Hellas, smiling and weeping amid her ruins. Here where'er we tread is haunted holy ground. We hear the sweet song of Greek dancing girls, the music of harp and lyre. We stand upon Mars hill. Its beauties live, its temple's marbles rear their loveliness toward the deep sky. The Parthenon, perfect, untouched by Vandal conqueror, sings its triumphal ode, and to its echoes we depart.

The solemn, lovely music rings on and on, antiphonal, like cathedral chanting. The line intoned in Grecian temple is thrown back from Roman church. The keynote forever, art, the beautiful, the undying, the everlasting paragon.

Through her rich world has received the highest and best. She has perpetuated only the grandest scenes, the noblest emotions, celebrating always the ideal with the real, or, in other words, idealizing the real. It has never been the desire or purpose of the great masters to rear monuments in stone or upon canvas of the base or sordid, low or unclean. From the beginning the love and noble virtues have been their theme. If they painted a Judas it was to make more glorious the Christ. If the scarlet woman gleamed from out the shadow, in the glorious sun shone the face of the mother of the Son of God.

The divinity of the creature we know as man is in no quality so like his Creator as in his desire to leave some enduring expression of himself to time. We travel from country to country, walk through the aisles of the great galleries wherein are sheltered the art treasures of the world. This thought grows into conviction and we learn that art has as much reason for being as have the sea and sky, the laws of nature or of life. It has evolved with the race, growing as it has grown, decadent for a period, then bursting forth anew to greater beauty, use and glory, holding its standard ever toward the stars, leading its followers always up toward the high heaven of perfection.

Emerson says art is the reappearance of one mind working in many materials to many temporary ends. Raphael paints wisdom; Handel sings it. Phidias carved it; Shakespeare writes it; Wren builds it. The laws of each art are convertible into the laws of every other art as lights out of the same flame—and through her feet. Whatever is beautiful rests on the foundation of the necessary.

The traveler journeying toward Rome at evening sees above the soaring eagle on Hadrian's tomb a great golden dome shining in the clear light of sunset. 'Tis the dome of St. Peter's limned in transcendent beauty against the sky. It broods like a gentle mother over old Rome.

Mind cannot conceive its beginning and who is there would dream it might have an end. Yet it did begin, and this just 30 years after the great faulty, splendid apostle was crucified, head down, because he deemed himself unworthy to share the cross with his Lord on the Janiculum hill. Bishop Anacletus, who had been consecrated by St. Peter's hands, and who died martyr, sought out the desolate grave neglected by the long wall of Nero's Circus, built over the grave a little chapel where three or four could kneel, and this was the beginning of St. Peter's church, the greatest church in the world, the altar upon which the great masters of painting and sculpture have laid their choicest gems. Its history is the history of Christianity. It stands despite the desire in all ages of rulers to leave some hostage to fame which shall not fade away. Its many chapels speak the memory of pope or king.

It has been nearly 2,000 years building, for each one of its divisions has its own architect and pope. Down in the crypt lie side by side martyrs and saints, the great and good and the great and wicked. Here have been erected the world's greatest pageants and most piteous tragedies. Here from Angelo's dome to Raphael's chapel is evidence of the masters' labors. Here is concentrated the wealth of Italy's past. Here speaks her history from Caesar Augustus to Victor Emmanuel II. Rome is the eternal city and this her enduring temple. None may stand amid this grandeur and not be stirred to his soul's depths. No common power is hers. Like a loved and desired woman, she may not be forgotten. To know her is constantly to desire to return to her, to know her better. There is—there can be nothing like her. She is Italy. The past, present and to come. Her gift to the world cannot be reckoned; her art is deathless. As she is beautiful and beloved, she teaches art's lesson, its significance. "Ave Roma immortalis. Morituri to salutat."

* * *

The two honorary members are Mrs. David Kirk and Miss Helen E. Pelletreau. Club membership is limited to 50 and the alumnae and faculty of the Pennsylvania College for Women and any woman in sympathy with the aims and objects of this club shall be eligible to membership.

* * *

The Colloquium's next regular meeting will be held on January 27, with Mrs. William F. Abel as the leader. "The Impressional School of Art" and "Examples of Other Schools" are two of the interesting subjects to be discussed.

* * *

Except for the Monday Current Events classes the whist afternoons and numberless committee meetings, there is not much doing at the Twentieth Century club. The institute for February, made up some time ago, is so rich in events that it promises to be one of the most interesting months of the entire year.

* * *

Recently Miss Kate C. McKnight as chairman of the Western District Federated club, called a meeting of the club women of this locality, when the following resolution was passed: "It is the sense of this meeting that the clubs of the western district entitled to representation shall each appoint two delegates to form a permanent civic committee, such committee to take steps to further some of the important civic and educational work which has already been pointed out to us as being eminently fitted for us to undertake." If two delegates as requested, are appointed from each club the committee will be large and represent a membership of club women equal to any undertaking that ought to occupy the mind and energy of any club woman.

* * *

Miss Barnes, extension secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, is to pay Pittsburgh a visit from the 7th to the 17th of February. Miss Barnes is a college graduate, thoroughly versed in association extension work, formerly in charge of work and familiar with the conditions all over the country. During the 10 days of her visit here she will be given a tea at the Central Young Women's Association in Fifth street, on which occasion Mrs. Barnes will make an address on extension work.

The matter of first importance, however, at the Y. W. C. A. now is the raising of money for a building fund. Miss Pence, president of the board of managers, and an indefatigable worker in its interests, is giving all her time to this work just now, and is presenting her subject so convincingly, and has such a worthy subject to present, that her success has been great. The building at present occupied is much too small, a demands of the educational departments with their hundreds of pupils, are great, the accommodations inadequate and crude and the work must go on. Imagine one little shower bath for gymnasium classes numbering 200 girls, and that typifies the condition of affairs in every department, without exception. Pupils in the domestic art department are turned away every day because there is no place for them, a lamentable state of affairs from any point of view, but particularly so here and now, with "help" so inefficient and hard to get. Miss Pence says she has not got to the point of calling together a meeting of the committee to select a site, but hopes contributions to the building fund within the next month will make such a course necessary.

* * *

Out in Alliance the intellectual women of the town have a Sorosis club, news of which reaches Pittsburgh now and then. This year the club has a series of most interesting and instructive programs arranged for its meetings, each of which in some way deals with the subject "Egypt." The music and art of the country, its literature, philanthropy, civic and social reform. The club is progressive and successful and a power in its way in the social life of Alliance. One of its leading members, Mrs. W. W. Knox, is a former Pittsburgher, a woman well-known for her literary, as well as social attainments.

* * *

A meeting of the Travelers club will be held on next Tuesday, with Mrs. Henry J. Bailey as chairman of the literary program. Universities, public schools and charities will be discussed in turn by Mrs. William Metcalf, Mrs. Arthur Sauer and Mrs. A. M. Watson. Miss Shoaf talks on "Maarten Maarten and His Works." "Sir of Joost Avelingh" and "The Greater Glory," will be made by Mrs. John M. Phillips, Mrs. E. P. Veach and Mrs. William Norwood, respectively. The program will be diversified by musical selections and an intermission for purely social enjoyment.

* * *

The Women's club of New Brighton held its regular meeting on Wednesday, on which occasion it was entertained by Mrs. Agnes Bard Stutchfield. The study of Japan was continued, Mrs. William I. Dilbridge taking up the army and navy, which she developed cheerily with an eclectic. The program further included selections from Japanese classical love songs, presented by Miss Miner, "Wee Ones of Japan by Mrs. Thomas D. Brown and the reading of two Japanese fables: "The Mouse's Wedding" and "Matsuyama Mirror" by Mrs. Wade Wilson.

* * *

The Columbian Council of Jewish Women (a club that joined the state federation as early as 1898), held its meeting on Thursday, with Mrs. Hugo Rosenberg as leader and a program that included an address by Rabbi Dr. Leonard Levy, some excellent music (always a characteristic of these club occasions) and an address by Mrs. Rosenberg on "Has Education Been an Unmixed Blessing to America and Americans."

* * *

"Women Who Have Influenced American History" and "Newspaper Enterprise and the Power of the Press" were the two subjects programed for discussion at Wednesday's meeting of the Women's club of Edgewood. Mrs. H. F. Emery was the leader for the day and wisely opened her program with the quotation "If we wish to know the political and moral condition of a state, we must ask what rank women hold in it," the discussion of the subject first mentioned following immediately after.

* * *

The meeting of the Women's club of Emsworth at the home of J. F. Grimes on Tuesday evening, January 21, was well attended. The subject for the evening was "The Reactionary Period in English Literature." Mrs. W. D. Grimes read a paper on "The Restoration" and interested the children of the authors of that period were given by several members. The club's membership is increasing, and the meetings are very interesting, as well as instructive.

* * *

The National Conference of Church Clubs of the United States was held at New Haven, Conn., on last Wednesday. This is an organization of all the Protestant Episcopal Church clubs throughout the United States. The Pittsburgh club was represented at the conference by Mr. Charles H. E. Childers, one of its vice presidents, and W. L. Caldwell, treasurer, who left on Tuesday for Philadelphia, where he will join Mr. Childers in securing Pittsburgh as the choice of the conference for its meeting there in 1903.

On January 28 in the parish house of Trinity church, the Church Club of Pittsburgh will hold its regular meeting, when it will continue the discussion of the Best Means of Providing for the Religious Needs of the Poor in the Downtown Sections of the City. The hope is that the clergy will take the matter up and make some provision for the poor left behind when a church is moved East Endward.

* * *

The members of the Dolly Madison chapter Daughters of 1812, were hosts to a reception given for the chapter's new members, on Friday by Mrs. Joseph W. Marsh, the regent, who took the pleasant method of entertaining the members of the organization of which she is the head. Mrs. Marsh is deeply interested in this and D. A. R. work, and shared to no little to have her social meeting patriotic in decoration and sentiment. In which she was most successful. Mrs. Marsh and 10 of the 11 new members stood together to receive the guests. The eleventh, Mrs. W. H. Stifler, is in the south, which accounts for her absence as well as for the report it was hoped she would give of the New York conference. The new members present were Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Dungan, Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Harry E. Snowden, Miss Lena Steele, Miss Emma Steele, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Edward H. Ward. During the course of the afternoon Mrs. Sullivan Johnson read an entertaining and most interesting report of the national conference, which was received with much enthusiasm. Mrs. Hall had decorated her home with carnations, the chapter flowers, and hanging in the hall was the beautiful blue silk chapter flag which was the late Mrs. Louis Hall's gift to the chapter. Mrs. Marsh was made chapter regent at the last election, some weeks ago. John W. Beatty, director of fine arts, Carnegie institute, gave a talk on art before the Tuesday club at the regular meeting, held at the Hotel Henry, on Tuesday. Mr. Beatty talks in a most entertaining way, never bothering his hearers with technical statements and always giving them something to remember. The lecture was the result of a visit the club had made, in a body, to the collection comprising the exhibition of sculpture, painting and textiles now being held before the lecture at which time it was decided to hold the club's annual dinner in the palm room of the Hotel Henry on Saturday evening, February 8.

* * *

The New Era club held its regular meeting on Wednesday afternoon in the assembly room of the Young Women's Christian association.

The subject for the day was "Education," and was led by Mrs. Rufus Martin.

Miss Galt, director of the department of domestic art at the Y. W. C. A., explained and illustrated the work of basket weaving, which she has started in her department.

The music was contributed by Miss Byrne Speer, Miss Nellie Miller and Mr. Leo Oehmler. Miss Speer gave on the violin Handel's "Largo" and Mascagni's "Intermezzo." Miss Miller sang "Spring Song" and "The Four Seasons." The accompaniments were beautifully played by Mr. Oehmler.

Miss Gyste Henderson talked on "The Proper Basis for a Liberal Education."

Mrs. T. E. Orr read a paper on "The Scientific Study of the Child."

Miss Elizabeth McKenna, child of the Characteristics of Late Juvenile Period."

Miss Helen Grimes treated the subject of "Nature Study as Developed by Recent Writers."

Mrs. Rufus Martin's paper was on "Specific Methods as Applied by Our Government to Its Wards."

Starts With a Cold.

Catarrh is a lingering cold which refuses to yield to ordinary treatment.

Catarrh usually starts with a cold in the head and if left unchecked in this climate, rarely goes well of itself.

As fresh cold is taken the disease spreads, getting deeper and deeper, creeping along the mucous membranes from nose to throat, from throat to windpipe, from windpipe to bronchial tubes and from bronchial tubes to lung cells.

The mucous membranes all connect, one with another. Hence it is easy to spread from one part to another itself with this same membrane. This is why catarrh of the head soon affects the throat and finally the stomach, itself, bringing on chronic catarrh of the stomach, which is a most obstinate form of dyspepsia.

Everybody is now well versed that catarrh is a blood disease and not a local one, and the attempt to cure by local applications simply gives temporary relief from the most local symptoms without the remotest effect in stopping the progress of the disease.

There is a new preparation recently offered to the public that is supposed destined to do away with every more form of catarrh treatment.

This new remedy is not a secret patent medicine, but is a large, pleasant tasting tablet composed of Eucalyptol, Red Gum from the Eucalyptus tree, and other valuable and beneficial specifics, which are taken internally and seem to have a remarkably beneficial effect upon the blood and mucous membranes, apparently eliminating the catarrhal poison from the whole system.

These tablets, while being pleasant, convenient and absolutely safe to use, have made cures in long standing cases of catarrh that are little short of marvelous. They are sold by druggists under name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and any catarrh sufferer who has tried inhalers, lotions, ointments, salves, etc., and realized their inconvenience and uncleanliness will fully appreciate the difference between a mere palliative and a permanent cure after giving Stuart's Catarrh Tablets an honorable trial.

All druggists sell them at 50 cents for full sized package and no matter where the catarrh is located, in the head, throat, lungs or stomach, Stuart's Catarrh Tablets will supplement with the effective result of even a few days' use. 122g

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies and Beautifies the Skin. Removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 50 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

The Social World

SOCIETY is slowly drifting into the shadow of Lent. Until that penetential time arrives no complete review of the season can be made, although there are people in plenty ready to advance the statement now that it has either been "rather dull, taking it all in all," or "excessively gay." It depends altogether on the point of view. One may take his choice, but when the close observer of society, as told daily by the newspapers, gives his opinion it is worth attention. No other person is so well able to feel the pulse of society, unless it be the florist and confectioner, or, perhaps, the "invitation man," as one's engraver is frequently called. Meantime the waning season has brought with it a variety of entertainments more or less elaborate, leading off with the subscription cotillion on Tuesday night with all the fine flower of society, still in town, in attendance, and which post-mortem discussion shows to have been eminently correct. It is so easy to say, after a thing's over, that it all would have been so different if certain conditions had been changed, etc. But there seems to have been none of this with the cotillion. It suited everybody invited, and that was the hope of the committee in the beginning. The idea of Japanese decorations was not particularly new, but the results were uncommonly satisfactory. The peach tree branches in full flower, the primroses so effectively trained over trellis and windows, the attractive display of chrysanthemums and Japanese lanterns made a most fetching color scheme. The decorations began at the foot of the stairs, where one entered under an open trellis covered with trailing vines. The white crush-covered stairs led to the entrance to the theater proper, which is arranged like a reception hall. Three pairs of double doors lead from this hall, one into the theater, or ball room, one to the ladies' dressing room, and the fourth, reached by a very short flight of steps, to one of the large second floor rooms of the main building of the club, where the refreshments were served. The great boxes containing the favors were first taken to the dressing room, and from there were brought out to a gaily decorated booth, from which point they were received from the patronesses and then performed the mission that brought them to the club. When I looked at those cotillion favors the other night the lanterns and wands, and symbolic butterflies, it seemed rather more than possible that the story of some of them might make interesting reading for Vanity Fair some lazy day in the future. The favors were selected with great skill and taste, and the idea of filling a jinrikisha with chrysanthemum favors and carrying out the Japanese idea further by having the cart propelled by a Japanese boy was most clever. It reminded not a few people of a cotillion given at Oak Manor by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kirke Porter several years ago, where one set of favors, great snowballs, were trundled into the room in a wheelbarrow. Three figures of the cotillion were danced, led by Frank Scott Willock, who danced with Miss Darlington; Thomas O'Connor Jones, who danced with Miss Stella Hays, and William B. Scaife, who danced with Miss Mary McM. Laughlin. The chrysanthemum favors were used for the second figure, led by Mr. Willock and Miss Darlington, the members of the committee providing these favors, as did Mrs. Hays and Mrs. Wood for the first figure and Mrs. Harry Darlington for the third. Pittsburgh girls and men dance remarkably well, and they look so well at all times that the ball room scene the other night must always be cherished in the memory as a thing of beauty. The affair was planned by a committee comprising Miss Stella D. Hays, Miss Rebecca Darlington, Miss Mary McM. Laughlin, Miss Madeleine Laughlin, Miss Agnes Dickson, Miss Louise Wood and Miss Elizabeth Chambers. The patronesses were Mrs. Harry Darlington, Mrs. Alexander Laughlin, jr., Mrs. Richard G. Wood, Mrs. John S. Hays and Mrs. John S. Dickson. The dance was the last but two of the larger affairs arranged at the club before Lent. The second was Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Watson and Mrs. Morne's dinner dance on Friday night for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chaffant, and the third will be the Cinderella cotillion on the 28th.

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Mr. and Mrs. Chaffant have had rather a busy time of it lately, going to all the entertainments made in their honor. There have been teas and receptions and card parties on several different occasions for Mrs. Chaffant, with dinners and evening card parties and the dinner dance on Friday night for them both. Mrs. Chaffant was the guest of honor at the large domino whist party given on Thursday by the Misses Chaffant of North avenue, Allegheny, which was followed by a dinner for about 20 people, asked to meet Mr. and Mrs. Chaffant. Yesterday evening the Misses Chaffant gave another dinner for them which made the third in less than half as many weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Jones, Jr., who entertain frequently and always in the most handsome way, gave a dinner on Thursday evening, followed by a theater party at the Alvin to see Irving in the "Merchant of Venice." Thursday's social affairs also included Mrs. John Moorhead, Jr.'s small luncheon and Mrs. George A. Macbeth's little whist party arranged as a farewell for Mrs. Thomas H. Bakewell, who will leave shortly, with her family, for a trip south.

* * *

The domino whist party given by Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Kramer on Wednesday at the Stewart residence in Lincoln avenue must also be added to the week's list of smartly appointed affairs. Mrs. Stewart never seems to go into any elaborate scheming to make her entertainments successful, and if possible unique, but she always secures the first-named feature and, not infrequently, the second. The decorations were in red, American beauty roses being used in great numbers. Nine tables were used by the card players, and among the prize winners were Mrs. A. E. W. Painter, Mrs. Joseph Wood, Mrs. William G. McCandless, Mrs. W. D. Schiller, Miss Jackson, Mrs. John H. Ricketson, jr., Mrs. Julia Horne, Mrs. Frank Semple Bissell, Mrs. Lawrence Dilworth, Miss Hogeman, Mrs. Arthur Holland, Mrs. Park Painter, Mrs. J. R. Johnson Speer, Mrs. Byron D. Painter, Mrs. Frederick G. Kay and several others. Everybody thought the party a beautiful one, not the least of its features being the attractive environments.

* * *

Col. and Mrs. Thomas P. Roberts gave a dinner on last Saturday evening for 12 people asked to meet Capt. and Mrs. William L. Seibert, who recently came to Pittsburgh from the east to live. Capt. Seibert was recently appointed to take charge of the United States engineer's office here, taking the place of Maj. Charles Powell, who was transferred to New London, Conn. Among the guests at the dinner was Mrs. Yates, wife of Capt. Yates, who is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Roberts just now, and for from a number of handsome entertainments have been given during the past week. Mrs. Yates is a sister of Col. Roberts.

* * *

Mrs. David Rees of Hays street, East End, will give a card party on next Monday after 2 o'clock for which her guests are asked to meet her cousin, Mrs. Isaacs, of New York City, and Miss Effie Stewart, whose wedding is to take place during the week. Mrs. Rees has about 150 invitations out and expects her guests at 2 o'clock.

* * *

It will be a relief to certain well-known women of Pittsburgh when the much-discussed Hobson lecture becomes a thing of the past. Until within the last two weeks it was not known that Capt. Richmond Pierson Hobson, whose claim to distinction rests chiefly upon the sinking of the Merrimac in Cuban water and certain later osculatory affairs, and whose plea for retirement from the navy has been denied, possesses that rare faculty, usually attributed to women alone, of changing his mind.

The captain's almost illegible writing and carelessness in addressing his letter of acceptance to the United States Daughters of 1812 of this city, by whom he was invited to lecture in Pittsburgh, which was mailed at the same time as the acceptance of a similar invitation from the Daughters of the American Revolution, has caused a great deal of confusion, the letter to the Daughters of 1812 reaching its destination a week ago yesterday, after a tour of the state and city. The letter to the Daughters of the American Revolution was received 10 days before.

The unfortunate circumstances have been aggravating, but the two societies decided to make the best of the bargain and Capt. Hobson will lecture under their united joint auspices.

During the last seven days telegrams have been speeding between the naval hero and his patronesses in Pittsburgh. A week ago the gallant captain telegraphed he could not come on the date appointed, February 4, suggesting either February 3 or 5. A few days later he again upset the arrangements by telegraphing February 11 was all right and he would be here. On last Thursday came the third telegram, saying February 11 was also wrong and would not suit him at all. In consequence the anxious women are all at sea—and will be glad if a date convenient to all can finally be arranged. The committee of arrangements from the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Park Painter is chairman, will meet tomorrow and hopes that it may hit upon something on which it can base its plans for the annual celebration of Washington's birthday. It is safe to predict that when the heralded young captain says good-by to Pittsburgh, if he ever does reach here, some fair women will thank their stars that the ordeal is over.

* * *

Miss Lou Lyons of Hays street gave a luncheon on Friday for 12 people asked to meet Miss Effie Stuart and her visiting friends, Miss Banks of Savannah and Miss Townsend of St. Louis.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson Houston of Atlantic avenue, East End, have invitations out for a card party they will give on next Friday evening at 8 o'clock. The afternoon of the same day Mrs. Houston will give a similar entertainment, but being in the afternoon only ladies have been asked.

* * *

Mrs. Joseph Henry Hunter, her mother, Mrs. Henry Parker Ford, and the Misses Ford have issued invitations for a reception they will give on Saturday, February the 8th, at Mrs. Hunter's residence in Stratford avenue. The hours are from 2 until 5 o'clock.

* * *

Mrs. Fred B. Babcock of South Negley avenue has invitations out for Saturday, the 1st of February, to meet Mrs. Samuel George and Miss George. The hours are from 3 to 6 o'clock.

* * *

Mrs. Alexander M. Neeper's invitations are for Tuesday, January the 28th, at 3 o'clock, Mrs. Harry B. Drum's card being inclosed. The word "cards" in the upper corner of the invitation indicates the character of the entertainment.

* * *

Mrs. Harry Irwin Fisher's card party on Friday afternoon was a handsome affair with a great many guests and with all arrangements perfectly arranged. As it was a hearts party the decorations were in red and hearts were suggested in every way possible. Several pretty prizes were given, one of which went to Mrs. Fisher, who got a half dozen bread and butter plates, and one to Mrs. John W. Black, a melon dish. The invitations were for 3 o'clock at Mrs. Neeper's residence in Thomas boulevard.

* * *

An engagement just announced is that of Miss Lillie Kline, daughter of Mr. Alexander King of Wilkinsburg, and Mr. Ernest Elbert Jones, youngest son of the Rev. David Jones, for several years a resident of this city, now president of Adrian college, Ann Arbor, Mich. The wedding will take place within a short time, although the date has not been fixed, but is to be very small and very quiet, owing to the recent death of Miss King's mother, and with only the members of the immediate families present to witness the ceremony, which the Rev. David Jones will come on from Michigan to perform. He will probably be assisted by the Rev. William L. McEwan, D. D., of the Third Presbyterian church, who is Miss King's pastor. The bridegroom-elect has lived in Pittsburgh nearly all his life, was educated at the Western university, read law with W. A. Magee, and is now among the best known of the younger attorneys practicing at the Allegheny county bar. He is a brother of Fred H. Jones and a brother-in-law of Dr. Lawrence Litchfield.

* * *

Mrs. Omar Scott Decker of St. James street gave a handsome luncheon on Thursday for 14 people.

* * *

Mrs. Samuel Lansing Seymour of Wallingford street is arranging to give an entertainment some time before Lent for her son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Seymour.

* * *

The bridal party at the Stuart-Banks wedding this week will include Miss Ruth and Miss Daisy Stuart, the bride's attendants; Mr. Charles Banks, who is to be the bridegroom's best man, and two little ribbon bearers, Malborn Rees and Edward Sloan. The Rev. Dr. Gibson will be the officiant at the marriage ceremony and the bride will be given away by her father.

A large card party, which also served as Miss Stuart's goodby, was given by Miss Stuart on Monday night for Miss Banks, of Savannah, and Miss Townsend, of St. Louis, who came on for the wedding and have been given a good deal of social attention, as has the bride-elect, whose her engagement was announced a few weeks ago. One of the affairs for Miss Stuart was A. M. Stuart's theater party, followed by a supper at the Duquesne club.

* * *

Philadelphians find cause for complaint in the fact that the Rev. Dr. Nichols, the down east clergyman who has made an expurgated society list, had seen fit to include only seven Philadelphia people in the list. If they did not take the matter seriously it has brought out a good many "whys" and "wherefores" particularly as there are many notable blue blooded Philadelphians. Seven sounds like a pretty poor showing, but think of Pittsburgh! Not one name is included and by virtue of Dr. Nichols' standard we are in that miserable state of having no real society. It is not going to matter much, perhaps, since no one looks upon this clergyman as having any right to readjust society lines, but it has afforded no end of tea-table talk, and the next man foolhardy enough to make a list may just as well decide not to bring in a few Pittsburghers. Otherwise—well, there is no telling what might be done. Meantime the ills is being scanned everywhere, that performance leaving the poor but intellectual without hope, and the rich with Newport villas hopeful.

* * *

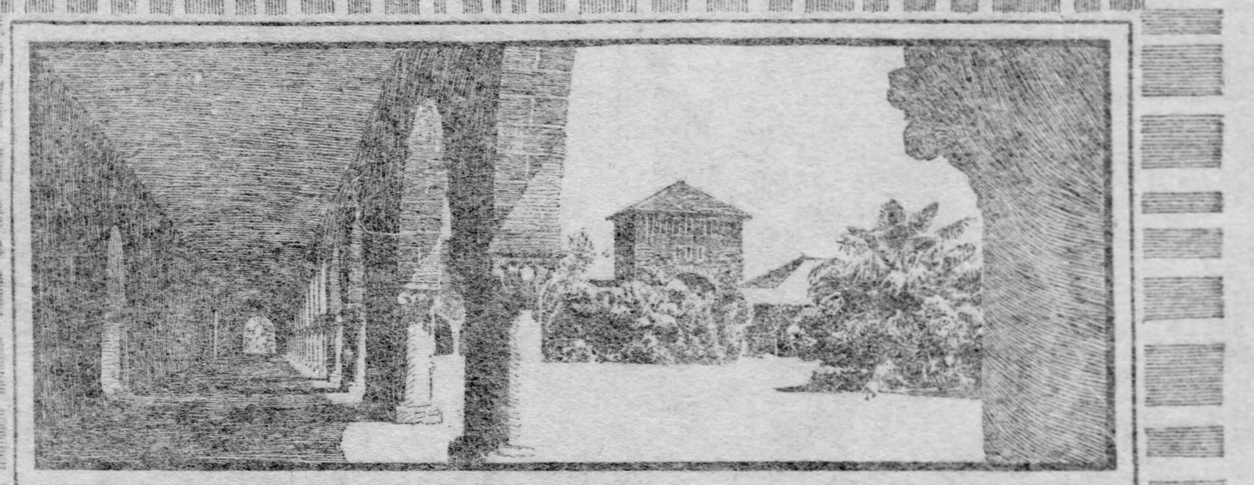
Mrs. Albert Horne Burchfield's card party on Thursday afternoon, given at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Fraser, in Forbes street, had no particular honor guest, but was an affair for the unmarried and younger married friends of the hostess. There were 15 tables, with euchres as the game, and the afternoon was spent most delightfully. The evening of the same day Mr. and Mrs. Burchfield gave a card party and dinner, supplementing the afternoon affair, that was just as enjoyable as possible. The house was most attractively decorated with flowers and several specially pretty features made the entertainment one of unusual beauty and enjoyment.

* * *

The Women's Club of Sewickley Valley, Mrs. A. B. Harlow, president, has had many interesting meetings in its day, but none, perhaps, were more enjoyable than that one held on Wednesday at the Edgeworth club. At the conclusion of the business meeting, which occupied very little time, Mrs. Harlow introduced Mrs. Frances R. Dravo, chairman of the department of philanthropy, who conducted the remainder of the meeting. "The Consumers' League" was the subject chosen for the day and the speakers were Mrs. Taylor Alderdice and Miss Eliza D. Armstrong, each of whom is thoroughly competent to take up the work, to properly present it to the public and to follow that up with advice born of experience and any help in the matter of organizing branches. Miss Jane Murdoch also read a report of the Western Pennsylvania branch and of the work accomplished by this organization in and about Pittsburgh and Allegheny. The musical part of the program was presented by M

THE GREATEST ENDOWMENT IN THE WORLD

THE largest single gift evermade for an educational institution or any other purpose was given by a woman—Mrs. Jane L. Stanford of California, widow of the multi-millionaire senator and mother of the boy in whose honor the university she has so richly endowed, was named. The money was given outright as a sort of Christmas gift—$18,000,000 of it in gilt-edged, income-bearing first mortgage bonds and securities, and $12,000,000 of it in an aggregate of nearly 100,000 acres of real estate in 26 counties of the state of California. This at one swoop surpasses three times over the largest previous single gift ever made by one person in the history of the world. In addition to this magnificent donation to the cause of higher free education, Mrs. Stanford signed a large number of contracts, completing plans for the outlay of a total



R.R.MURDOCH.

ARCADE, STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

ENTRANCE TO THE "QUAD."

of $1,500,000 for new university buildings on the great 9,000-acre campus at Palo Alto.

The transfer was made very quietly in a law office in the Mills building in San Francisco in the presence of Mrs. Stanford and a few attorneys.

INSTRUMENTS ELABORATE.

The documents themselves are as exceptional as the enormous gift. There are three great parchment books of them, the pages 15 inches wide and 21 inches long, hand written, 34 lines to the page and ten words to the line, and every page signed across the margin by Mrs. Stanford in addition to the formal attested signature at the end of the last page. There are nine of these pages in the record of the personal property deed gift, the document that specifies the stocks and bonds making up the $18,000,000 revenue-producing interests in corporations. There are eight pages in the conveyance of the gift of the 100,000 acres of land in many parts of California. And there are seven of these big pages in the parchment pamphlet recording the transfer of the Stanford residence on Nob Hill in San Francisco and the conditions that it is to be used by Mrs. Stanford during her lifetime, and never to be converted into a clubhouse or a place of undignified amusement, but employed rather as an affiliated college or a student branch of the university. Each of these bulky reams of glistening, smooth parchment is bound together at the top by the official Stanford cardinal ribbon run through metal eyelets and secured with red sealing wax. All the descriptions of property are briefly stated, with mere references to the detailed descriptions contained in other records.

MORE MILLIONS TO GIVE.

Large as the gift is, Mrs. Stanford still has several millions in reserve for the future remembrance of various distant relatives, and, perhaps, for further enrichment of the university.

The result is that today Stanford university is the richest endowed institution of learning in the whole world. Various university endowments follow: Stanford university, $32,000,000; Girard college, $15,000,000; University of Chicago, $10,000,000; Cornell university, $10,000,000; Columbia university, $9,500,000; University of Pennsylvania, $8,500,000; University of California, $8,000,000; Harvard university, $8,000,000; Northwestern university, $6,000,000.

Harvard and Columbia get $450,000 a year each from tuition. Stanford is free, and has no revenue from students. California gets $450,000 regular income from the state for its academic departments.

It costs considerably more than $1,000 a day to run Stanford university. There are approximately 1,400 students in constant attendance, almost 500 of them women, and more than one-third of all these students come from outside of the state of California, from other states and foreign countries. There are 156 professors and other teachers.

Since the university opened its doors, October 1, 1891, after being legally founded in May, 1887, it has received about 4,500 matriculated students from all parts of the world, and has conferred degrees upon 1,200. The group of buildings, all in soft, yellow sandstone with red tile roofs, has steadily grown, and is still growing, and a large campus settlement has developed with beautiful residences, and a neighboring town of Palo Alto has sprung up, with a population of 1,600, from fields as bare as were those ten years ago where the university stands today.

WELL PAID PRESIDENT.

Besides having the largest endowment of any college in the world, Stanford university has the highest paid president, Dr. Jordan receiving $10,000 a year; it has the largest railroad library in the world; it has the largest campus of any college in the world—9,000 acres. It has a $200,000 chapel building, said to be the finest in America, with an organ of 3,000 pipes. It has a library building with shelves for 200,000 books, and already 50,000 volumes in place, including the Hildebrand library from Germany, which was the finest private library in Europe, a collection of 5,000 rare books. It has a student assembly hall like a great theater in a stone building, with seats for 1,700 people. It has a large law library, including all the splendid private law library of the late Justice Stephen J. Field, who was one of the trustees of the university. It has an art museum as an auxiliary part of a very large general museum, and that addition alone is to cost $150,000.

In the chapel, which is Mrs. Stanford's particular pet and pride, is some mosaic work unique of its kind in this country, but this is surpassed in interest by the Memorial Arch, now completed, which stands so high that it almost dwarfs the low buildings with their Moorish archways, which perpetuate the architectural style of California's early missions.

MAGNIFICENT MEMORIAL ARCH.

The modeling and carving of the colossal frieze of the Stanford memorial arch has been successfully completed. It is one of the greatest undertakings in sculpture of modern times. Nowhere in the world has been carried out work of such dimensions and quantity. There are over one hundred colossal figures, animals and attributes. The statues are 12 feet high, and some of the allegorical figures are 12 feet. In olden times the carrying out of such a tremendous amount of work would have taken from 15 to 20 years for a dozen sculptors, but in these days of hustling even sculptors have to rush their work in steam-engine style. To carry out such a work successfully there were working models to be made one-quarter of the actual size. From these working models the measurements are taken with a pointing machine and transferred to the stone. The arch is over 100 feet in height and built from San Jose sandstone; the frieze is 80 feet from the ground, and there the work was done on two suspended scaffoldings, each 25 feet long and 6 feet wide, solidly constructed of iron and wood, suspended on three pieces of 8x8 heavy timber, over 40 feet long. On these stagings were a dozen men working in the air; they had to climb a 30-foot almost perpendicular ladder. The stagings were continuously swinging to and fro on account of being suspended by ropes and exposed to the wind and few men were found who would trust their lives to such risky work. It took 21 men to raise or lower one of the stagings. Five and six men were on each staging. Their immense pointing machine ran on wheels and a number of tracks, to be more easily shifted; the aid of a man was necessary to move these machines for the pointers.

The carvers sat on step-ladders and boxes alongside the plaster models, cutting the stone with heavy steel hammers and mallets. The figures are almost round and a man looks like a baby alongside these stone giants. Rupert Schmid, the sculptor, was over eighteen months working on this frieze, with the assistance of a dozen men. The modeling was done in a studio expressly built for this purpose on the campus.

PRETTY WOMEN POSED.

For the allegorical figures like "Liberty," "Columbia," "Science," "Ceres," etc., two beautiful young ladies, residents of Mayfield, Cal., posed. The students of the university took a great interest in the work, and many athletic students and well-formed young women attending the university volunteered to aid the artist. For the horses some of the great Stanford thoroughbreds were at the disposal of the artist.

The work is entirely satisfactory to the representatives of Mrs. Stanford and President Jordan and meets with general approval and admiration, and is certainly the most conspicuous and interesting work of art at the great institution.

The frieze is exceedingly ambitious in conception, representing, as it does, the progress of civilization from Columbus to the present day. Columbus is represented as taking his mission from Providence. Opposed by the spirit of mediaevalism he tears the veil from America. Las Casas is shown preaching to the Indians; then Liberty protecting Religion; then the Pilgrims landing at Plymouth; then the thirteen states, led by Washington on horseback; then the figure of Columbia; then Abundance, leading the way westward, with Agriculture and Manufactures. Various Arts and Sciences follow, leading up to California. The end of the procession shows Mr. and Mrs. Stanford on horseback. The good taste of this introduction of the Stanfords has been questioned. Artistically, also, the frieze leaves something to be desired—still, it is an interesting and important work.

INSTITUTION WELL ENDOWED.

To return for a moment to Mrs. Stanford's magnificent endowment, how great is the landed gift may be inscined from the wealth of the Vina ranch alone, an estate of 55,000 acres in one farm, where 22,000 pounds of grapes are picked every year, where there is one vault containing $1,000,000 worth of fine brandy, where there are 30,000 sheep, 7,000 lambs, 2,000 hogs, hundreds of head of fine horses and a world record vineyard; said to be worth $8,000,000, though not appraised so highly by Mrs. Stanford in the estimate of the amount of her gift. But the lands of the Stanford university are but a small factor as revenue producers. The stocks and bonds produce the funds that permit the institution to keep its doors always open to free tuition to all comers who can pass the entrance examination.

Nor is this the limit of Stanford's wealth. Thomas Welton Stanford is said to be worth about $8,000,000, all of which he intends to give to the university, and there are two other millionaires who expect to give their property to the cause

MAY SOON TALK TO EUROPE BY WIRELESS TELEPHONE

A Kentucky Farmer Has an Invention Which Rivals Marconi's Telegraph.

IT HAS BEEN TRIED AND WORKED WELL

Nathan Stubblefield Talks on the Possibilities of His Device—Fourteen-Year-Old Son His Only Assistant—Professor of Physics on Ether Waves.

By R. L. McCLURE.
(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

LEXINGTON, KY., Jan. 25.—Through wood, brick, mortar and sand stone; through blocks of business houses, over long distance through city streets, uninterrupted by the noise of traffic, Nathan Stubblefield, an inventor of Murray, Ky., has transmitted the sound of the human voice without wires. He has devised a system of wireless telephony. The story of how he spent his New Year's day in astounding the citizens of the little western Kentucky town will be world history before many weeks.

From a station in the law office of a friend, over a transmitter of his own invention, he gave his friends a New Year's greeting by wireless telephony and at seven stations located in different business houses and offices in the town the message was simultaneously delivered. Music, songs, whispered conversations, could be heard with perfect ease.

Hundreds of different people visited the different receivers during the period of the public demonstration, and were astounded at the results. As insidious and penetrating as the wonderful X ray, stopping for no material object, "the electric envelope of the earth" bore the Stubblefield messages. This mysterious, intangible envelope is what Stubblefield claims to have made a messenger boy for the millions that inhabit the globe.

Farmer and Scientist.

Nathan Stubblefield, the inventor, is according to his own description a "practical farmer, fruit grower and electrician." He owns valuable farming property in the vicinity of Murray, and it is here that his experiments have been carried on. He is 42 years of age, plain and unassuming in manner. He is the inventor of several electrical contrivances which have been patented in this country and Europe.

His only assistant in the work on the invention has been his 14-year-old son, Bernard B. Stubblefield. The father has for years been an enthusiastist on the subject of electricity and the boy has made playthings of electrical devices since babyhood. His father claims that he should have the credit for numerous valuable suggestions given in the course of working up the details of the invention.

The nature of the apparatus used by the inventor is not known. He positively declines at this time to give out either technical descriptions or diagrams. All that is exposed to view while his apparatus is in working order is the ordinary commercial telephone transmitter and receiver. Within a brightly polished box which is not opened in public the inventor conceals his secret, which he says he will not disclose until it is perfected to the smallest detail.

Up to this time he has devoted his entire attention to the construction of a transmitter. He will now occupy himself with the completion of an improved receiver which has been partially constructed. It will when perfected bring up the sounds to any desired pitch.

What Invention Will Do.

In speaking of his invention Mr. Stubblefield said: "I know that I have solved the problem of wireless telephony, and I will now devote myself to perfecting my apparatus. I want it to be perfect when given to the public. With my device it will be possible to communicate with hundreds of homes at the same time. A single message can be sent from a central station to all parts of the United States. I am confident that it will operate over long distances, and even at great distances the transmitter will be no bulky instrument, but quite small and convenient to handle.

"I think my device would be invaluable in sending out the United States weather bureau predictions, in directing the movements of a fleet at sea and in numerous ways which appeal to one at first thought. I am in hopes of getting a government appropriation to aid me in carrying on my work, or at least the promise of its adoption when perfected. The possibilities of the invention seem to be practically unlimited and it will be no more than a matter of time when conversation over long distances between the great cities of the country will be carried on daily without wires. I intend to continue at work on my device and think that I will get other startling results in a short time."

Stubblefield does not intimate when he will give out the diagrams of his apparatus. His workshop is in his home, which is located on a farm several miles from Murray, and all of his preliminary experiments have been carried on with great secrecy on account of the comparative isolation of the place.

Professor Pence's Theory.

Prof. M. L. Pence, who has the chair of physics at the Kentucky State college, whose theory as to why the earth is a magnet created a sensation in the scientific world some months ago, was seen in regard to the Stubblefield experiments, which seem to have a bearing on his theory. He said: "I certainly regard wireless telephony as possible, just as much as wireless telegraphy. In ordinary telephony no sound passes over the wire. Nothing but electric energy is transmitted. Now, instead of using a wire, the ether may be used and the energy may be transmitted in the form of ether waves.

"The ether is the great vehicle for the transmission of energy. This medium fills all space, interplanetary and intermolecular. I further believe that this same ether is electricity and that all electrical phenomena are due to the same disturbance of the ether. The ether is easily thrown into vibration, resulting in ether waves. There is an immense variety of these waves, ranging from those whose lengths are only a few millionths of an inch to those whose lengths are hundreds of miles. Some of these waves affect the eye and are called light waves; some transmit heat energy. They are all electro-magnetic waves and all travel with immense velocity.

"The manner in which these waves transmit energy may be illustrated in this way. Suppose the pebbles on the shore of a pond of water are set in motion. This motion will disturb the water, cause waves to run across the pond and, striking the pebbles on the farther shore, will put them in motion, the effect thus being like the other.

Just Like Wireless Telegraph.

"In a similar way the inter-molecular vibration of the sun is transmitted to the earth through the agency of ether waves and causes inter-molecular vibration here. We have this same principle in wireless telegraphy. At the transmitting station an electric current is made to oscillate under very high voltage or pressure, across a spark gap and with enormous frequency of vibration. The ether is violently disturbed at this gap and waves go out in every direction. Those waves striking an electric circuit at a distant station will set up oscillations in it similar to the oscillations which produced the waves. A telephone receiver will respond to these secondary vibrations and so far we have wireless telephony. The principal thing at present, I think, is to devise a transmitter which can be operated by the voice. I do not know fully just what Stubblefield has accomplished, but the probabilities are that some one will develop a system of wireless telephony that can be used for practical purposes."

Electricians here in discussing the problem go further into the matter than Stubblefield has for publication and say that as in wireless telegraphy, the receiving and sending instruments will probably have to be tuned electrically to one another, and that by this means a wireless telephone communication might be had without fear of some other fellow tapping the wireless line. Stubblefield thinks that a transmitter for long distance will not have to be of large size and to that event European and American houses, with properly tuned instruments could hold fully conversations over wireless instruments no more cumbersome to the office than the first long distance telephone boxes.

NATHAN STUBBEFIELD,
His son, and the wireless telephone transmitter.

An Improved Receiving Station.

GOT THERE AT LAST!

A Go-As-You-Please Railroad in Central America That Runs On a Take-Your-Time Table.

By F. T. REOVERS.
(Special Correspondence Sunday Gazette.)

SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA, Jan. 17.—I have arrived here. This simple sentence has a significance you little suspect. It seemed to me that I should never arrive. When I took the train at Puerto de los Limonis for Carillo in the interior, I did not know anything about Central American railroads and the men who run them. I know a great deal now about the—let me call it the Dora Fay Ninete Roe.

At 7 o'clock sharp the train was to start, and, anxious not to miss it, I was there before the hour. The little station, with its small frame buildings forms the center of a charming landscape, and I had ample opportunity to admire it.

About 8 o'clock the shrill whistle of the locomotive bade the passengers enter the cars, and I hurried into one of them. At my right sat an old Creole woman, holding a basket in which chickens were loudly protesting against a railroad ride. On my left a small Spanish senorita was trying to keep things going by continuous coaxing of her restless boy. All waited patiently for the train's departure. But we had to wait a while yet. A gentleman from San Jose had to finish his breakfast, having overslept himself. At last he came—a jovial little man who boarded a splendid black horse.

Now we could start; and we did, slowly moving out into the country past beautiful palm and orange groves, where fruit and flowers adorned the trees.

We had not gone half a mile when the train slowed up, and then stopped, though seeing no station I could find no reason for this delay. We were surrounded by immense fields of bananas as far as eyes. Listening to the talk of fellow-passengers, I at last found out that the engine's coal supply was exhausted, and before proceeding the fireman and engineer had to gather wood. At the same time they provided themselves with bananas.

After 15 or 20 minutes had been consumed in these operations—not unusual ones in these parts—a new start was made. Now the cars seemed to have become dizzy, or gone into politics as engineers. They leaned to the right, and then to the left, in such an alarming way that I thought they would surely upset. The other passengers seemed to be used to this; only the chickens cried out energetically and the little senorita, who had fallen asleep, was nearly awakened by falling off her seat.

Then we reached a distinctive zone, devoutly fertile alone between palm trees and banana plants. Here we stopped again, though there was no station. At first I thought they wanted to give the engine some needed rest on the laborious journey; but I soon found out that the conductor had become thirsty. After he had done drinking from this little stream we started once more.

I was wondering how far it might yet be till Carillo, and whether we would ever get there, when the train stopped again. The conductor had forgotten his straw hat, where he had taken his drink and of course had to return back for the indispensable headgear. It was recovered and we leisurely moved forward once more.

The banana fields gave way to great sugar plantations; as far as the eye could reach nothing but sugar plants, like an immense green army, officered by palms. This was too tempting, indeed! The train was stopped to lay in a supply of sugar cane, which the natives masticate in order to get at the juice.

Another start! Presently we saw two men trotting alongside of the train, shouting and waving their hands. They wished to get on—but it is against the rules to stop, and they were gradually left behind, although a single determined leap would have taken them aboard.

The rules were broken a good many times after that, but after many pauses, ed, though, we reached Carillo, amid wonderful mountain scenery. In about 12 hours we had made the remarkable record of 50 miles, and the engine as well as the employes had well earned a good night's rest.

Bird-Shot Worm Holes.

Look out for bird shot worm holes when you are buying, or think you are buying, fine old pieces of colonial furniture. It is one of the favorite devices of unscrupulous dealers to make the unwary think they have the real thing.

If in doubt, procure a chair after an antique pattern, stain it dark, cover it with cobwebs, and put oxford and worm holes in it by shooting it full of number eight birdshot in the back yard.

Mother's Cooking.

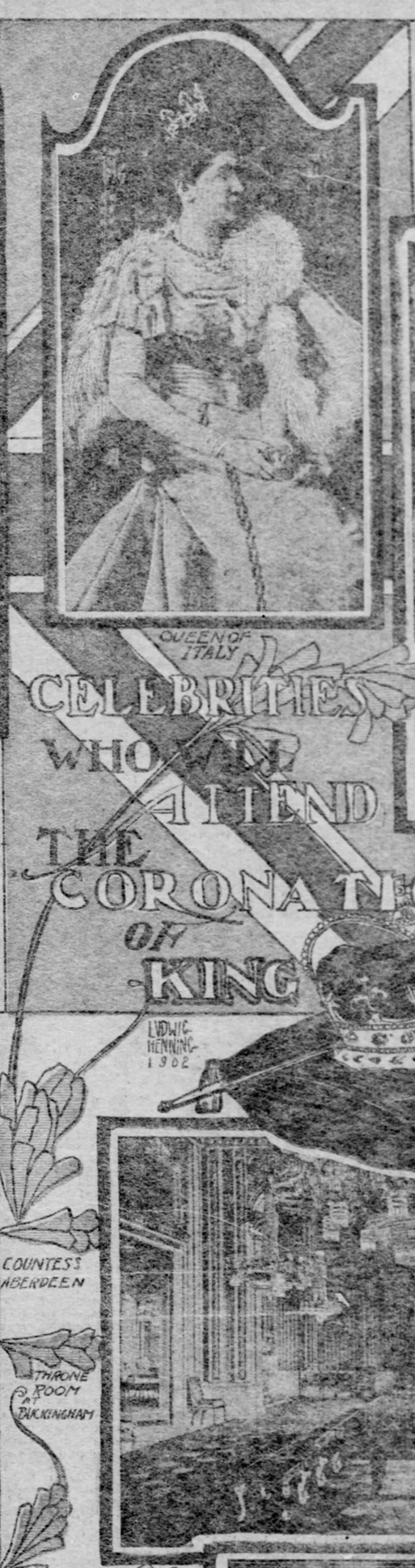
Mr. Howard—Clara, Willie is a nice boy, and the doctor is very much alarmed about him. And all this comes from overeating.

Mrs. Howard—I know it, Charles. Isn't it a most flattering compliment to mother's cooking?—Boston Transcript.

"Ah, I am leaving many, many foes behind him," sighed the stranger sorrowfully as he walked between the iron rails, "but it is those ahead that scare me the greatest," he added.

Of two evils, choose a nearby one both.

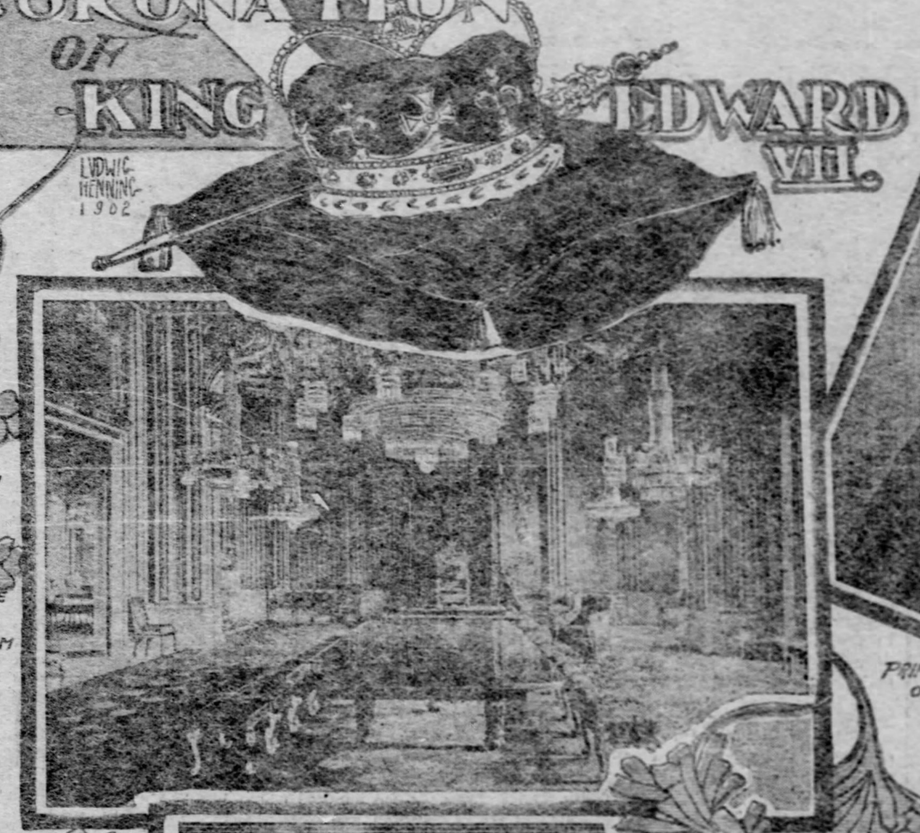
CELEBRITIES WHO WILL ATTEND THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII



QUEEN OF ITALY

QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN

QUEEN OF PORTUGAL



LUDWIG HENNING 1902

COUNTESS ABERDEEN

THRONE ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM

PRINCESS OF WALES

THE CZARITZA

DUCHESS OF MANCHESTER

MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN

KING OF DENMARK

WILHELMINA & PRINCE HENRY.

PRINCE OF WALES

DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE OLD CORONATION CHAIR

ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT.

HUMOROUS SECTION

THE PITTSBURGH Gazette.

JANUARY 26th 1902

HOW THINGS IN COON HOLLOW WERE FIXED FOR MISTER WOLF

(1) MISTER WOLF ENTERS COON HOLLOW.

(2) A CLUB FALLS ON HIM.

(3) "WONDER WHERE IT CAME FROM"

(4) ON THE SHINS!!

(5) A RAIL FALLS ON HIM.

(6) A ROPE TRIPS HIM.

(7) A LOG ROLLS OVER HIM.

(8) AFTER ALL THIS, HE IS VERY MUCH TWISTED.

(9) AND HE GETS OUT OF COON HOLLOW IN A HURRY.

THIS PLACE IS HOODOOED

WHERE HE GOES!

WE DON'T CARE IF YOU NEVER COME BACK

(10) AND THE INHABITANTS REJOICE.

A FEW OF MY FRIENDS

Payne

KOMICS

How Deacon Skeezicks Fell from Grace One Lovely Sabbath Morn

1. Deacon Skeezicks—Behold, my son, the iniquity of yonder sinner playing golf; full well he knows 'tis Sabbath.

2. Howling niblicks, the fifth stroke and he has not yet touched the ball. By the mighty mashies and—

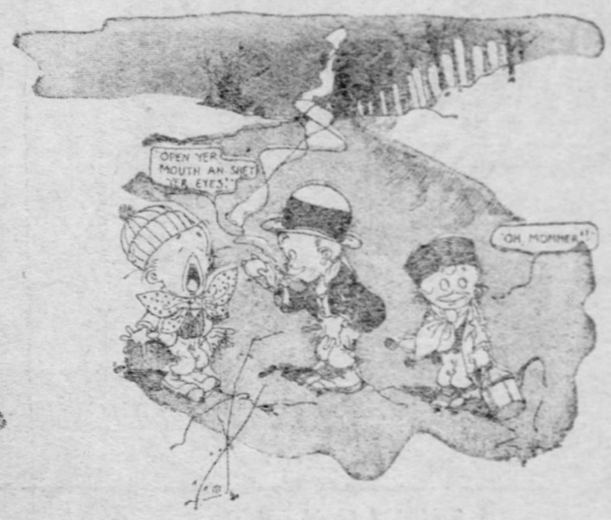
3. Eternal brassies he is but a novice at the grand, good game of golf. Back, back, thou yap!!

4. And behold me lift the sphere from off the tee and send it twirling merrily o'er the green, and—

5. Now, my son, for the full course—wow! Hip! whee!!

COMICS

HE AFTERWARDS BECAME THE HUMAN OSTRICH.

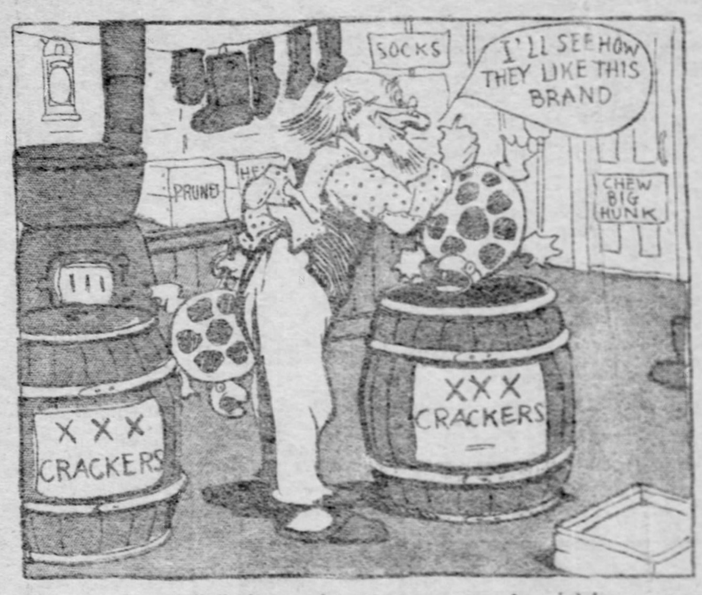


"Oh, golly! I don't want no rabbit's foot, nohow!

Patient: Aw—that don't look a bit like me!
Artist: Heavens! you don't want it *to*, do you?

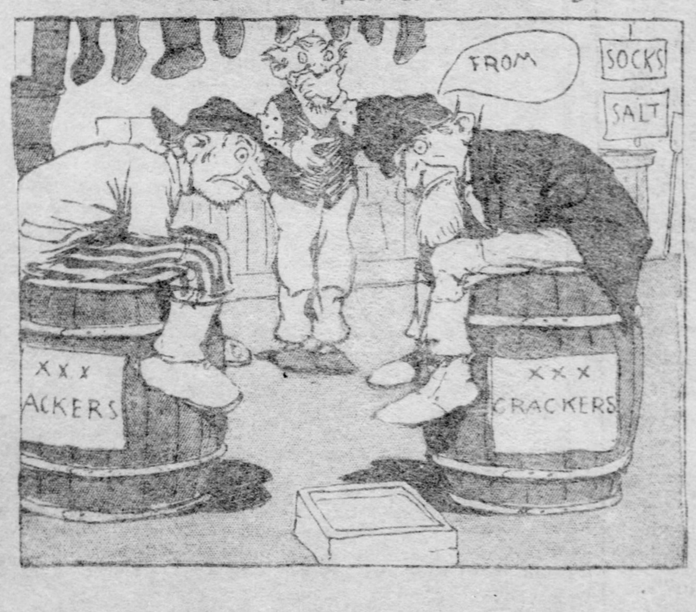
AN EVENING WITH SQUIRE SHARP IN HIS COUNTRY STORE.

Gol darn them! Two pounds of crackers gone.



Say, I'll fix 'em when they come to-night.

Now there, at it.



Gee! I can hardly hold in.

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Say, when you fellows come in again you'd better go *way back* and sit down.

STORIES AND PICTURES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

The CHILDREN'S DAY

Written for The Sunday Gazette by MABEL CRONISE JONES.

Farmer Goodwell suddenly decided one morning that he would like to go into the city that day.

"You had better go along with me," he said to his wife; "we'll take the boys, get them some shoes, do whatever errands you want to do, and look in on the county fair."

"And Maysie?"

"I don't want to go," Maysie spoke very decidedly. "I don't like shopping and I don't care for the fair. Let me spend the day at Aunt Celia's."

"Very well, I think myself that would be the better plan."

So Maysie watched them get ready and start off. Mr. Goodwell locked up the house and put the key in his pocket. "Have a good time, Puss," he called to his small daughter as they drove off, "I'll bring you something from the city."

Maysie watched them out of sight, then started for her aunt's. It was barely half a mile away, but she had not gone far before she saw her cousin Kitty running toward her.

"Hello," she called out gaily, "I'm coming to stay all day with you; father and mother and the boys have gone to the city, and I didn't want to go."

"But I'm coming to stay with you, Kitty cried in a grieved tone, "papa and mama have gone in to the fair and our house is all locked up."

The children stared at each other for a few moments in silence, taking in the situation. Then Kitty commenced to cry and Maysie to giggle—that showed the difference between the two little girls. Maysie was just 9 and Kitty was six months older, but Maysie was the leader in everything.

"Or, dear, what shall we do?" wailed Kitty.

"Oh, dear, what fun we shall have," shouted Maysie; "no matter what mischief we get into today, no one will dare scold us a single bit. It is awful jolly."

"I don't see how we can get into any mischief out here in the road," moaned Kitty between her sobs.

"You goose, you don't suppose we are going to stay here, do you?" Maysie asked scornfully. "Come on up to my house now. I know what we'll do. We'll play we are burglars. This morning we'll break into my house and play there, and this afternoon we'll go over to your house and get in there. We'll take some of mother's fruit cake and preserves, too. Of course we'll not be pigs and take all, and make ourselves sick, but we have got to have something to eat."

"Won't Aunt Lucie scold?" Kitty loved fruit cake and the outlook seemed more promising now.

"Not unless we are greedy and take too much and make ourselves sick. Maysie had learned to know her mother pretty well during her 9 years of life. She knew that Mrs. Goodwell would feel that she herself had been neglectful, not to make sure that her daughter was safely provided for before she left. She would not find fault with anything the children might do unless they were too outrageous—and Maysie meant to be very sensible.

The two little maids took hold of hands and scampered quickly to the great farm house where Maysie lived. "You haven't any key, have you?" asked Kitty.

"Of course not, you're burglars, and burglars don't have keys. We've got to get in some way; I'm not quite sure how. You be the burglar that watches on the outside."

That was a part which Kitty was quite willing to perform.

Maysie examined all of the down stairs windows; and even crawled into a cellar window. But she returned, dusty and breathless. "I thought that perhaps mother had forgotten to lock the door from the cellar into the kitchen; but she hadn't. We can't get in that way."

She looked around while Kitty commenced to cry again, but Maysie was used to her cousin's tears and they didn't trouble her greatly.

"I see now, just what we can do," she announced triumphantly, "see, my window is open."

"But that is upstairs," objected Kitty.

"That's the fun of it. I'll get a ladder from the barn, climb up onto the porch and go into the window. Come and help me get the ladder."

Kitty was quite willing to do that, and to steady the ladder at the base while Maysie made her ascent. But she absolutely refused to go up the ladder herself. So Maysie scurried down to the dining room and unbolted the door there.

Kitty commenced to feel better. It was lots of fun to play "burglars," after all.

The children had no difficulty entertaining themselves. They played with Maysie's dolls, swung in the large, roomy barn (for it was warm weather) and "dressed up" to their heart's content in the garments belonging to Mrs. Goodwell. The children were considerate enough not to take her best things, so not much harm was done.

When the old-fashioned clock struck 12, they remembered that they were hungry. Maysie played the part of a hospitable hostess, and brought out everything she could find. The little girls had a feast and then Maysie proposed that they carry out the rest of their program as burglars and get into Kitty's house.

Kitty rather demurred at this. She was having fun enough as it was, but Maysie carried the day, as she always did, by sheer force of will.

It was quite easy to get into the Andersons house, for a pantry window stood conveniently open. It was rather a small window, and rather a tight squeeze for even a 9-year-old girl, but Maysie accomplished it, and felt that she was really and truly as smart as any "real burglar."

The afternoon did not go as quickly as the morning had; Kitty grew tired and tearful and finally Maysie hunted up something for supper, thinking that perhaps her cousin would be in a better humor after she had had something to eat.

But Kitty was really homesick for her mother, and tired out with all the romping they had done. So supper did not seem to improve matters very much.

When neither the 5 nor the 7 o'clock train brought their parents, even Maysie felt that she would have liked to indulge in a good cry. But she was too proud to do anything of the kind. She knew that her father and mother had expected to be home by 5 o'clock. She wondered if anything had happened, but finally concluded that they were busy and were staying for the late train.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," she said at last to Kitty; "you're tired and so am I. We'll scare them a little and play a joke on them, too. Let's go up to your room and go to bed. I'll not undress, for of course I'll have to go home when mamma finds me, but we can go to sleep till they come and they'll have a good time finding us, for they will never think of looking in your room."

At last Kitty agreed to do this, and the tired little "burglars" crawled into bed, and before they knew it were fast asleep, with all their troubles forgotten.

But off on the cars were some parents who were just about as anxious as parents could be. Late that afternoon the Goodwells and Andersons had chanced to meet. When each mother realized that her little girl had been left at home alone—locked out of both houses—there was a frantic rush for the 5 o'clock train.

Farmer Goodwell took the matter easily. "They are all right, trust Maysie for that. But of course they've gotten head over heels into mischief, but no matter what they have done, you mustn't scold either one of them a mite—that's understood."

"We'll soon be home now, at least," said Maysie's mother thankfully. But she was mistaken. A freight car had been wrecked a few hours before, and while no person had been injured, the track was so piled up with coal and broken cars and broken rails, that it was after 9 o'clock before they reached home.

By that time even Farmer Goodwell was nervous. The poor children! What would they do?

As the Goodwell farm was nearer the station, the crowd of anxious searchers stopped there first.

Farmer Goodwell spied the ladder still standing against the porch.

"That's Maysie's work; they got in at least, we'll find them inside," but while they found the remnants of the children's dinner on the table, and saw a row of dolls placed around in solemn state, there was no trace of the girls, even after searching the barn.

"They must be over at our house," said poor, anxious Mrs. Anderson. So the parents and boys flocked to the Anderson house, and soon discovered traces of the children's presence—but no children were to be seen. They shouted loudly—thinking that the girls might be frightened and have hidden away. But the small maidens were sleeping too soundly to be roused by any amount of calling.

Mrs. Anderson began to cry; Mrs. Goodwell looked 10 years older than she had a few hours before.

Rob Goodwell picked up a lamp. "They must be some place, you know, and before we go to the neighbors, I move that we examine every corner of our own houses."

So they all trooped upstairs after them, calling loudly as they went.

They looked into the attic and searched all the closets and the guest room. They went into Kitty's room, but the children were snuggled down so cosily that no one noticed them at first. The light wakened Maysie and she sat up and commenced to blink.

Then there was a shout and Rob nearly dropped the lamp.

Afterward, when Maysie was in her own home, and was being tucked away by her mother, she drew her mother's face down for an impulsive little hug. "It was sort of fun playing burglar, mother, but I did get lonesome and frightened when it got dark—only of course I wouldn't tell Kitty so. Anyway, I'm glad you're here, it isn't much fun being without one's mother, I can tell you."

IN BIRDLAND

THE LINNET

The Linnet is one of the few song birds that like cold weather. He is very shy, and should you hear his beautiful song some of these winter days, keep very still and you will see him in his crimson and brown coat. He is about as large as the yellow bird, and lives on seeds of weeds and elderberries.

The nest of the Linnet is usually built in birches or willows near the ground. The eggs are light greenish blue with brown spots.

You are to paint the Linnet in crimson, brown and gray. Paint the wings a light brown, and a darker brown for the spots, leaving the two outer bars white. The little patch under the throat and around the eye is to be painted in the same browns. Use crimson for the cap on the top of the head, the upper part of breast, and the little bit near the leg. The under part of breast and tail, gray; use brown for shading tail. Paint feet and beak black; eye dark brown. Trees in distance, green; houses, brown. Grass in foreground, a light green.

To make a very pretty book of these bird pictures, paste them in a scrapbook, or a home-made book of brown paper, together with the accompanying description.

The Elves and the Old Maid

Written for The Sunday Gazette by CLAUDIA MAY FERRIN.

VIXEN, who found great delight in meddling with the affairs of mankind, alighted one wintry evening upon the window casing of a cozy dwelling and, with his usual desire for mischief, peered within to see if he could discern any very promising subjects. There was but one occupant to the apartment—a tall, angular woman who stood gazing dreamily into the grate. The light of the chandelier was turned low, and the flicker of the fire upon the hearth lent an unnatural, ever-changing glow to the well-appointed scene.

Miss Ashley's face was a study, yet to Vixen it seemed indicative of a hope long deferred but almost realized. So far as outward appearance was concerned, she was a lady whom youth had not yet deserted; a close inspection, however convinced the elf that she was about twice the age that she seemed to be. Her form lacked the natural grace of the twenties, and from its abnormal proportions gave ample room for the suspicion that it had been "made up." Her teeth were not her own, neither was the luxuriant growth of hair that adorned her brow. Her countenance wore an assumed smile of repose and expectancy, the very sight of which disgusted Vixen and caused him to wish for some means of bringing to grief this arch deceiver of herself and men.

"So she has a trap set for some unwary innocent, eh?" he mused. "She may succeed in ensnaring helpless mortals by those three-for-a-penny charms, but I can see through that guise easily enough. Wonder who the victim is?"

Just then he saw a man approach the door, a middle-aged gentleman whose very bearing bespoke refinement and good-breeding.

"So you are the one, eh?" muttered Vixen. "Poor fellow! You are too good to be sacrificed in such an inhuman manner. I'll tell Cupid about you and see if he can't choose you a mate, rather than that you should be blinded by the arts of that charming young creature within. Ha, ha! No need to rap for she heard her beloved one's footstep," he added, sarcastically, though of course the man heard not a word.

"Hear her chatter!" reflected the elvish eavesdropper. "And such simpering and fawning—ha, ha! If she isn't careful her wig will come off; and then, o-sh!"

With this and similar remarks Vixen danced about upon the window casing, holding high carnival all by himself as he witnessed the incongruity of the whole affair. Thus he watched the pair until they were seated at a surprisingly great distance from each other; then, as though a new thought had just entered his mind, he drew his feathery mantle about him as if about to depart.

"This is too rich. I'll go get Cupid and Airy to come, and perhaps we three can rescue the man from the clutches of that monster and have some fun besides."

So away Vixen flew like a flash of light, blowing upon his bugle now and then and thus summoning dozens of elves into his presence, yet unable to find either of those whom he sought. By inquiry he learned that Airy had gone off on an expedition of charity with a beneficient fairy, and that Cupid was busy shooting his arrows through pairs of congenial hearts which happened to get in proper range. By special messenger he sought to secure Airy's services, for no scene of innocent merriment was complete without her ethereal presence. He himself continued the search for Cupid, and when he found the love-god he had just let fly a golden arrow at a couple of hearts, the two quivering with untold joy when they felt the keen but exhilerating probings of the dart the elf had aimed at them.

"Wait!" he bade Vixen, when that one had told his errand. "I like to watch my victims awhile after I have wounded them. See! They both like it, don't they? So here's one more pair to be handed over to Hymen, to be bound hand and foot and cast into the outer darkness of earthly bliss. Ha! Ha! Isn't she sweet? And just hear him croon:

"Now let me go see what I can do," suggested Vixen, starting toward the couple with a malicious gleam in his eye.

"No, you won't," interrupted Cupid. "You've done too much damage already. It's all right to play pranks when the couple are not sincere, but you'll let this pair of hearts alone, I tell you."

"Dear me," sighed Vixen, mockingly. But he saw that Cupid was in earnest, so he desisted from tormenting him further. "Well, you've done them a good turn, sure, for they are both worthy. But come with me and I'll show you a pair that you'll delight in teasing as much as I do. You don't like deception among mortals—neither do I, nor any of our kindred. Well, I've sent for Airy, and if we three can get together in time we'll have an hour or two of glorious fun. Be sure to take one of your brass-tipped arrows along, those you use for people who try to persuade themselves that they're in love. Wish Airy would come!"

A few moments later the messenger returned accompanied by the winsome little elf, whose every movement was grace and whose staff, wand and bugle were as ethereal as herself. In company with Vixen and Cupid she hied away to the new scene of action, to find that her informant had not exaggerated in the least when he told her there was ample room for wholesome sport.

Cupid eyed the pair suspiciously, toying with his bow and quiver with an expression of mingled doubt and inquiry upon his countenance. He gazed dubiously at the glossy wig which the aged maiden wore, while her gleaming rows of borrowed ivory told him plainly enough of the nature of the game she was playing.

A glance at her companion convinced the elves that it was time to act in some direction or other, for the man was about to succumb beneath his charmer's charms. Cupid drew out his bow and fixed the brass-tipped arrow upon it, and, taking deliberate aim, pierced the outer coverings of the gent's heart so suddenly that he almost fell forward into the willing arms of his beloved. Vixen danced about in glee at the change of scene which Cupid had produced; while Airy, less given to outward demonstration than to sprite-like action, drew forth her feathery staff and gently tickled the old maid's nose.

"Just leave her to me now, will you?" she half commanded, as she saucily eyed her companions. "If I can get her to shed hair and those teeth your well-directed dart will have lost its effect."

Vixen and Cupid withdrew to a convenient distance, intent on watching every move made by Airy, the would-be charmer, and the latter's unsuspecting victim. Cautiously enough did Airy flit toward Miss Ashley once more, irritating her nostrils with the tip of the staff and laughing gleefully enough at her attempts to keep from sneezing. The first was smothered back successfully enough, for the artful maiden knew that to sneeze would prove fatal to the poise of both wig and teeth. So did the elf know these things, therefore she applied her feathery staff the more diligently.

"Ke-choo!" the lady was compelled to say, and her companion respectfully turned away in order to lessen her embarrassment. But scarcely had he directed his gaze at her again till there was another explosive "Ke-choo!" Then another, at which he began to be alarmed.

Airy did not cease her labors, however, until two or three more such exclamations did she cause her victim to voice. By this time the wig was fairly broken loose from its moorings, and the false teeth had begun to rattle alarmingly. The helpless maiden put up both hands protectingly, pretending that a sudden headache was attacking her as a result of the violent fit of sneezing. At an unguarded moment Airy applied the irritant once more, at which the wig fell off and the teeth were literally sneezed out of the owner's head, she being too busy to prevent either calamity. Like a mask of glossy beauty the former rolled away to the middle of the room where, unseen by either Miss Ashley or her admirer, Vixen and Cupid danced round about it in unconcealed merriment.

At sight of this unexpected change in his companion's appearance the caller began to reveal an intense desire to be elsewhere. He gazed in horror at the thin gray locks and the sunken cheeks of the lady beside him, somewhat disposed to assist her out of her difficulty, but experiencing a dread, creepy sensation at the very thought of touching the teeth. He watched her helplessly as she rescued both from the humiliation they were sharing with her, and still more helplessly did he gaze after her when she excused herself to go reassume them. When she returned to the parlor a moment later he beheld in her the same comely creature of an hour previous; but the delightsome sense of infatuation had left him.

Airy had accomplished well her task, whereof both Cupid and Vixen were very glad.

Angels Bothered Her.

Thaddeus Hyatt, a prominent member of the Dyker Heights colony, has a little daughter who has been religiously impressed with the idea that good angels are always in attendance upon her. One day last week when she went out for her daily walk she was followed by her dog.

"Go back, Dick," said she. "Go back, I say! It's bad enough to have the angels flying about all day without bothering with you."—New York Times.

DRANMA'S SPECTICUMS.

Dear Dranma lost her specticums
One day not long ago,
An' every body had to hunt
Betause her missed 'em so.
Her shooked us an' her shooked our shoe,
An' hunted ewywhere
On top the mantelpiece an' clock
An' under ewwy chair.

We turned the whole place upside down
The boureau was ransacked,
An' Dranma's sewing boxes were
Des one by one unpacked.
'Twas dreffle how we all did hunt,
Wif Dranma, 'fraid that we
Might step on 'em an' break 'em, too,
An' den how could her see?

'Tause Dranma can't do nuffin' tall
Without her specs, you know,
An' dat's de reason dat we all
Des hunted high an' low.
Now, what do you suppose?
Why, Dranma hab dose specticums
Wight on her peeschous Nose.
—Kate Upson Clark.

BOB'S PROOF

By EVERETT JAMES.

Bob had never known what it was to live in a house with women folk.

"Father and Jim and me keep bachelor hall," he tells people.

There had been a mother once, but Bob did not remember her. Father and Jim did, and that was one reason why they kept bachelor hall.

The colored men-servants were faithful, and Father and Jim used to take turns putting Bob to bed, but for a long, long time he had gone to bed all by himself, though he was only six.

Bob's one absorbing desire was to be a hero. Father had been a volunteer soldier and Jim was going to be a truly soldier. He was going to a military school just next year. Now, in the home school he was captain of the militia.

There was one day in small Bob's life when his ardent little heart almost broke with pride. It was that day when Father in his veteran uniform, with his badges and medals, and Jim in his bright new captain's uniform, marched out of the house arm in arm to join a parade. Later, when Bob saw them marching by, erect and handsome, each with his own company, his eyes grew big and bright, his small chest heaved, he tried to cheer, but his very pride choked him, and when they were out of sight he hid his face in his arms and sobbed. He did not know why he was doing such a foolish thing, and when a big boy in the crowd said "Cheer up, baby," he straightened up with flashing eyes and offered to fight him on the spot.

It was Bob's fear that some day he might do something that would make dad and Jim ashamed of him.

"Good and brave and true, Bobby, that is all a little boy needs to be," Father used to say to him, nights when he put him to bed.

"It's only a coward that will hide behind a lie," Jim used to conclude after his thrilling tales of schoolboy pranks.

Bobby thought much of these things when he was alone—and day times he was nearly always alone—indeed, he thought so much about being true and brave that it needed a little strange that he should yield when the temptation came.

He was rummaging up in the large old attic one day, hoping to discover a sword or a musket, a revolver or an old uniform, but instead of any of these things he discovered—two dolls!

He stared at them half-fascinated, then he turned his back and walked over to the window. The eyes of the dolls seemed to follow him. One doll had a round, chubby face, brown eyes and yellow-brown hair. She wore a little blue dress and looked like a little girl Bobby had seen once. The other was a baby doll with pink china cheeks, blue eyes and china hair which was pretty hidden under a little white cap.

Bobby idled about the attic looking at other things, but wherever he went the eyes of the dolls followed him. He wandered back to them and picked up the blouse doll gingerly. "Say, he shook her. "Boys never play with dolls!" he told her scornfully, but she only smiled up at him. "You needn't think I am going to have anything to do with either of you! Babies are silly!" and he glared fearfully into the china eyes of the other doll. "I can't help it if you are lonely up here, I'm lonely, too, but I'm not going to play with you if I am. Daddy would be ashamed to see me playing with dolls. And I wouldn't do it behind his back. No siree!"

Bob dropped the doll and hurried down stairs. It was a rainy day, and his other playthings had suddenly lost their charm. He beat his drum vehemently, but all the time he seemed to be hearing the life out of the two human things in the attic. "I wonder," he said to himself, "if I should make them soldiers' suits so that they would be men, and could be taught to drill and shoot, whether daddy would think I was foolish to play with them." He went upstairs again and picked up the dolls, more gently this time. "When would you rather be," he demanded, "someone, and girls, or men and have some fun?" It took him a long time to talk it over with them. At last he said: "You shall be men, whether you like it or not. I love you, and I've got to have you to play with."

He kept his secret. "When I get their soldier suits made," he said, "then I will tell daddy all about it." But the soldier suits were long in making. Day after day he worked, up in the attic with a darning needle threaded with twine, and some pieces of one of his own little blue suits. One suit after another he made and discarded, talking to the dolls as he sewed. They were very good comrades, and one day he made the awful discovery, after he had tried on the 20th failure of a suit, that he really liked them better as they were, and that he would rather play with dolls than flourish a sword.

This discovery made him perfectly wretched. He knew now that he was a disgrace to the brave family whose name he bore. He scolded the dolls and flung them out of his sight, but at the vision of the baby doll sat on her face he relented, picked her up very gently and begged her to forgive him. Then he cut off her long baby skirts, as a mark of special favor, for she was too old to be in baby clothes any longer, and the rest of the day he played fiercely with his beloved though compromising playthings.

"Well, Bobby," said Jim at dinner that night, "I am going to have a party tomorrow. It's Thanksgiving, you know. I'm going to invite only those boys who have done some brave thing. Dad, of course, has been in war, so he can come. Ned Aldrich saved a baby from being run over in the street, so he is coming. Ellis Ware prevented a panic when fire broke out in the schoolhouse, he'll be here. Arthur Morris quietly gave up working for the Latin prize when he found out how badly Charlie Rhoades wanted it, and how poor he was, and how much he needed the prize money, I asked him——"

"And my boy Jim," said Father proudly, "saved a boy from drowning at the risk of his own life."

"Nonsense!" said Jim, looking a little confused. "But what is the matter, Bobs? Why don't you get excited about the party? It's going to be a regular rip-snorter—turkey big as your house and Rainey to beat the band!"

"I—I can't come!" said Bob, hanging his head. "I have not done anything brave. I—I have done something awful, and—and I've done it on the sly—I—I can prove it!"

"Why, Bobs!" said Father and Jim together.

"I—I been trying to think it wasn't wrong," said Bob. "I think I am a cheat."

"What have you been doing, Bob?" asked Father.

"I'll show you," said Bob, and he left the room.

Slowly he toiled up the stairs. "I won't cry! I won't cry!" he let his lips say. Once in the attic he picked up the dolls without a word. Then he dropped them again. Into his blouse he stuffed all the pitiful soldier suits, then he hammed the dolls on a board and held them high, so he could look under them, he could not bear to look at their eyes. So he marched into the dining-room, his football hair, fixed just like Jim's, was soft and yellow and babyish, after all, his lips were tightly pursed, and his eyes were partly closed to keep the tears back.

He set the dolls down in front of his astonished father. "I—I been playing with them. I—I thought you wouldn't mind if I changed them into men, so I made them this and that, and this——" One by one he dragged out the soldier suits. "But I like girl dolls better, and—Take 'em away!" he wailed. "Only don't hurt 'em!" Then he flung himself into his father's arms and sobbed with pain.

Father and Jim looked at each other. "They were his mother's," said the father softly. Jim nodded and cleared his throat.

"Poor little chap!" he said gruffly. "Poor little lonely kid!"

"Look here, Bobby," said Father gaily, "You're a brave boy to tell father all about it. And you have earned your place at the dinner. As for them, and he pointed the dolls tenderly, "they belonged to the sweetest little woman that ever lived. Some day I will tell you all about her. I want you to take good care of those dolls for her sake, and I myself appoint your general to protect your mother's playthings."

Then Jim shook hands with Bob very gravely and congratulated him on his appointment. Bob was guest of honor at the Thanksgiving feast.

Wit of the Little Ones.

From Answers.

Last Christmas a member of parliament was at a meeting of school children. Before going away he said to them: "Now, boys, mind you don't get into mischief or trouble between now and next Christmas," to which the children replied: "Same to you sir."

To a question as to where the Nile rose, one answer was: "In Musgo park." Another child was asked: "Where are the most famous volcanoes in Europe?" to which he replied: "In bottles and demijohns."

Definitions given by some of the little ones were well worth preserving. Here are some: "A vacuum is nothing shut up in a box." "A pedigree is a man that attends to your feet, and an optimist a man that attends to your eyes."

"This is what a little girl wrote of the Salic law: 'Edward III. would have been king if his mother had been a man.' Again: 'King Henry VII. liked plenty of money and plenty of wives, and died of sheers on the legs.'

"Grass," answered one little child, "is what you've got to keep off." Another said: "The marriage customs of the Soosoos (Soosoos was this, that a man married only one wife, which was called a monotony."

HIS FEET AND LIPS.

Teddy's a three-year-old, brave and sweet,
But on his rule won't agree with his feet.
They run through gravel and mud and snow,
And mother can't trust them all day long.
But his rosy lips, so dear to me,
Seldom will with his feet agree.

When mother says, "Come!" the feet obey,
But the wayward lips just pucker and say:
"No, no, I won't," while with pettish will
The feet are scouting the mother's side.

When the lamps are lighted and stars appear
And we say: "It is bedtime, Teddy, dear,"
The feet submit to be quickly led
Up the long stairs to the cozy bed,
While the naughty lips keep right all the
way,
"No, no, I won't, no, no!" they say.

Those dear little feet are mother's delight,
For they try to keep Teddy in paths of right.
But, oh, that day will be glad to me
When Teddy's lips with his feet agree!
—Minnie C. Boyd, in Youth's Companion.

HOW WILD ANIMALS SLEEP

THERE is nothing odd or peculiar about the sleep of the lions and tigers. In captivity they show the same indifference to danger that they manifest in the jungle, and by day or night will slumber through an unusual tumult, unmindful or unconscious of the noise. Their sleep is commonly heavy and peaceful.

Bears are also heavy sleepers, but less disposed than lions and tigers to slumber in the daytime. Grizzly bears usually curl up under the rocks, but sometimes they crawl up to the very top of the rocks, and with front paws spread around the iron cage, bears go to sleep in what seems an uncomfortable position; but bears never release their muscular grasp of any object when asleep.

The black bears will curl up among the branches of a tree when they have the opportunity and go to sleep in this peculiar position. The polar bears show a peculiarity in the selection of their sleeping places. They choose one particular corner of the cage for the purpose, and invariably seek this out for the night's rest.

The high-strung, nervous animals are the most interesting to watch at night. They usually belong to the hunted tribes, whose lives are in constant danger in the forest, and they possess such a highly developed nervous system that they really sleep with one eye open. The slightest noise will instantly awaken them.

The prairie wolves merely seem to close their eyes for an instant and then open them again to see if all is quiet.

PARADISE OF TOYS AT PARIS EXHIBIT

British Soldiers Mown Down by Boer Bullets Were Among the Favorite Games.

A great many new and ingenious toys were on exhibition at the congress of playthings held recently at Paris. Some of the mechanical toys were really marvelous productions. There was a Santos-Dumont which sent children into raptures of delight. There was a mysterious fiddle out of which at a certain phrase of the tune the head of the prefect of police himself is seen to pop up and gaze around, as if desirous of ascertaining whether law and order are being strictly observed.

There were "moral" toys in abundance, and among them one representing a drunken man who goes from house to house but to find every door immediately he approaches slammed in his face.

The political side of toy-land was not neglected. Russia was highly honored. Not only did the grand dukes and duchesses all have their places, but there were mouijiks by the score, and coachmen who drove horses three abreast in a drosky and used their whips first on one horse and then on another; and, to crown all, there were President Loubet and the tsar, who rose and saluted each other with all the stateliness of great rulers.

The history of toys in France shows that the French must always have a common enemy. Some years ago it was the German soldier who was the victim; then came the Turk, who was followed by the Russian. This year it is the British soldier who is the victim, and a warm time he has of it—a sure sign that England is not popular just now. There were toy South African battlefields on which, by touching a spring, British soldiers are made to fall like rabbits before the deadly fire of the Boers; there was the game of "Hands up," where a whole regiment of British infantry is seen to capitulate to six or seven warlike burghers; there was the ubiquitous DeWet, who appears, disappears and again comes into action with lightning rapidity. Then there was the game known in France as the jeu de massacre, where poor Tommy Atkins gets knocked all over the board.

OUR MARY LOUISA.

Our Mary Louisa is "most nearly seven,"
And there are things she would like to know.
"How do folks wind folks right round little fingers?"
And what has become of the snow?

"Can they mend mother's head if it splits with a headache?"
And where do the doughnut holes go?
And why is it better to eat bread than candy?
And where do the peanut-trees grow?

"And once in how often is 'once in so often?'
And why won't the old bellows blow?
And who makes small pitchers with big ears to listen?
And why is it best to speak low?"

These things, and "perhaps just a very few others"—
A couple of hundred or so—
Our Mary Louisa, who's "most nearly seven,"
Is really quite anxious to know.

Stand With New Will

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, IN SUCCESS.

I.

It is the New Year's morn,
The old bad year is gone,
And the wide world is all agleam
In the wide morning sun;
And fainting hearts take heart because
A new year is begun.

II.

There is no soul so desperate and forlorn
But dreams again his dream,
And is new-born,
And is girded up to do
All that he left undone;
For all old things are new
In the New Year's new sun.

III.

Yea, and the saddest heart
Shall deck itself in green,
And all shall be, this year,
As last year should have been.
Sad ones who had to part
Shall meet again in joy,
And aged folks shall seem again
Glad girl and happy boy.

IV.

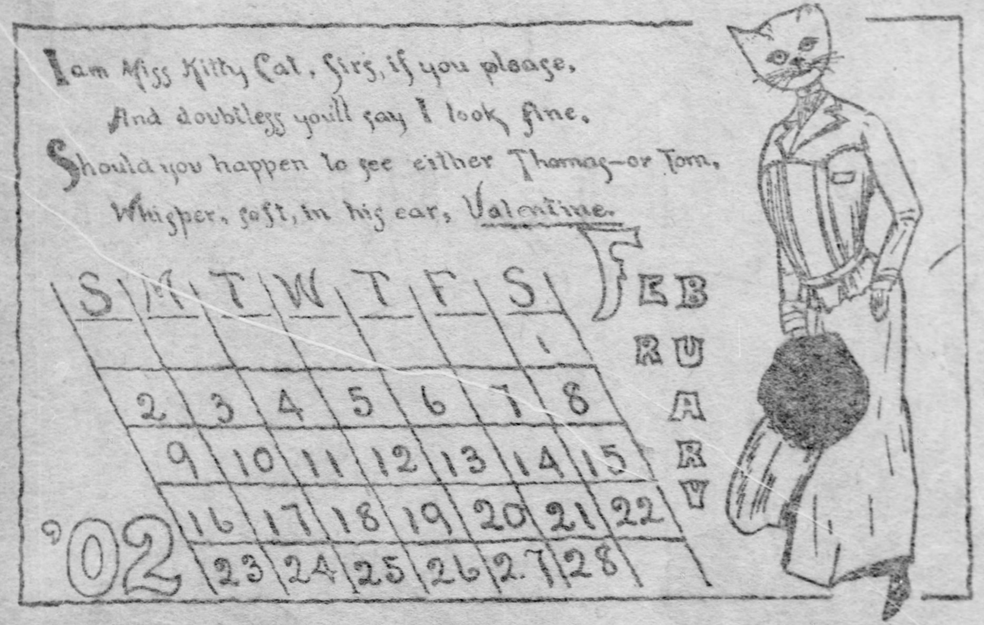
And you, sad soul that failed,
This last sad year,
Bethink you that another year is yours;
Cast out your old despair,
And stand up with new will
To win the future still.

V.

For, as the year itself, from budding leaves,
Goes its bright way through flowers
To fruit and sheaves,
So let our year advance,
And a like end be ours
Of harvest song and dance.

The Little Grandmother.

A Page for the Young Readers


I am Miss Kitty Cat, Sirs, if you please,
And doubtless youll say I look fine,
Should you happen to see either Thomas or Tom,
Whisper, soft, in his ear, Valentine.
S M T W T F S
FEBRUARY
2 3 4 5 6 7 8
9 10 11 12 13 14 15
16 17 18 19 20 21 22
23 24 25 26 27 28
'02

Fun With Home-Made Calendars

No end of amusement may be had making monthly calendars. They may be used either to decorate your own homes, or to send to friends on birthday and other occasions. Those who draw cleverly will enjoy making original designs, fanciful and grotesque, or artistic and beautiful, according to taste.

But really amusing effects may be obtained by boys and girls who have no artistic talent at all, and the best thing about it is that the cost need be nothing. If you care to spend a dime for a nice piece of mounting board, very well. If not, take the cover of a pasteboard box, cut it the required size and shape, cover with a sheet of paper and by folding the edges over and pasting to the back of the card. For this purpose the brown and the dark gray papers make desirable backgrounds. White will do if the colored paper is not at hand.

The advertising pages of the magazines will furnish a large variety of figures to be cut out and pasted on the card. The most grotesque and laughable combinations may be made by pasting the head of a Santa Claus, for example, or of some other roughly bearded man, or even the head of an animal, upon an elegant gown from some fashion plate. The head of a man may be put upon the body of an animal, or the head of an animal upon the body of a man. A large head may be put upon a small body, or a small head upon a large body.

Then, if you have a box of paints, the figure may be colored. For example, in the illustration given here, the skirt could be dark blue, the muff brown, the waist red, with a touch of yellow at the throat.

The table of numbers, etc., to indicate the day of week and month may be taken from another calendar and pasted on unless you prefer to make the table by hand.

Now add a sentiment, either in prose or verse, suited to the season or to the design, or to both, and your calendar is done. You will see that there is room to show all the originality and skill you possess in planning the figures, arranging them, coloring them, and in selecting or writing suitable mottoes or sentiments.

If boys and girls wish to send in bright lines and verses for an Easter calendar, they may be often will be printed. These should be very short, from one to four lines.

The Rivoli Hummingbird

IN that wonderful and magnificent book, "A Monograph of the Trochilidae," the family of hummingbirds, Mr. John Gould, the author, writing of his experiences with these "lights of bird life says:

"How vivid is my recollection of the first hummingbird which met my admiring gaze! With what delight did I examine its tiny body and feast my eyes on its glittering plumage! These early impressions. I well remember, gradually increased into an earnest desire to attain a more intimate acquaintance with the lovely group of birds to which it pertained. During the first 20 years of my acquaintance with these wonderful works of creation my thoughts were often directed to them in the day, and my dreams have not infrequently carried me to their native forests in the distant country of America."

These birds have ever been an inspiration to the poet. How beautiful are these lines of Maurice Thompson, addressed to the hummingbird:

Zephyr loves thy wings
Above all lovable things,
And brings them gifts with rapturous murmurings.
Thine is the golden reach of blooming hours,
Spirit of flowers!

Thou art a winged thought
Of tropical hours,
With all the tropics' rare bloom-splendor fraught;
Surcharged with beauty's indefinable powers,
Angel of flowers!

It seems cruel and strange that any person should kill these tiny creatures especially for ornamental purpose. They are the gems of nature, yet one day, in the year 1858, over 12,000 skins of hummingbirds were sold in London. "And in one week during the same year there sold at auction, in that city, 400,000 hummingbirds and other birds from North and South America, the former doubtless comprising a very considerable percentage of the whole number." When we remember that the hummingbird lays but two eggs, the rapid extermination of some of the species is evident unless this wholesale slaughter is stopped. Even the tropics, where bird life is wonderfully abundant, cannot support such wanton destruction.

The Rivoli, or the Refulgent hummingbird, as it is frequently called, has a very limited range. It is found in the "mountains of Southeastern Arizona, Southwestern New Mexico and over the table lands of Mexico," southward to Nicaragua. It is one of the largest and most beautiful of the hummingbirds that frequent the United States. Its royal appearance led Lesson, in the year 1828, to name it Rivoli, in honor of M. Massena, the duke of Rivoli. It is noted for "the the beauty of its coloring and the bold style of its markings."

Mr. Salvin, writing of the pugnacious character of this species, says: "Many a time have I thought to secure a fine male which I had, perhaps, been following from tree to tree, and had at last seen quietly perched on a leafless twig, when my deadly intention has been anticipated by one less so in fact, but to all appearances, equally so in will. Another hummingbird rushes in, knocks the one I covet off his perch, and the two go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye. Another time this flying fight was sustained in mid-air, the belligerents mounting higher and higher, until the one is worsted in battle darts away seeking shelter, followed by the victor, who never relinquishes the pursuit till the vanquished, by doubling and hiding, succeeds in making his escape."

Mr. H. W. Henshaw, who was the first scientist to discover that the Rivoli was a member of the bird fauna of the United States, thus describes its nest: "It is composed of mosses nicely woven into an almost circular cup, the interior possessing a lining of the softest and downiest feathers, while the exterior is elaborately covered with lichens, which are securely bound on by a network of the finest silk from spiders' webs. It was saddled on the horizontal limb of an alder, about 20 feet above the bed of a running mountain stream, in a glen which was overarched and shadowed by several huge spruces, making it one of the most shady and retired nooks that could be imagined."

The note of this bird gem of the pine-clad mountains is a "twittering sound, louder, but no shrill and uttered more slowly than those of the small hummers."

As the Rivoli hovers over the mossed and gathers from its flowers the numerous insects that infest them; or, as it takes the sweets from the flowers of the boreal honeysuckle, one is reminded of the words of the poet:

"Art thou a bird, a bee, or butterfly?"
"Each and all three—a bird in shape an I;
A bee collecting sweets from bloom to bloom,
A butterfly in brilliancy of plume."

Why Flounders Are Flat

Although little Clarence Beach was rather tired of living at the bottom of the sea, where he had been sent for asking questions, there were so many strange and new things in and around Neptune's palace that he could not help asking about them, and so he did not get over his unfortunate habit as quickly as his parents expected.

One day while Clarence was out for a walk, he thought he would sit on a nice flat stone and take a rest, but as soon as he was nicely seated the stone commenced to swim away, and Clarence jumped up just in time to escape being carried off. He was so excited that he began to ask himself questions at once, for there was no one else around to talk. "Well, I never!" he exclaimed. "I wonder how it all the stones down here can swim, and who taught them to swim and why they don't swim up to the top of the water, and what would happen if some one should use that kind of a stone for a sinker on his fish line?" Then the stone came swimming back, and Clarence saw that it was not a stone at all, but a very funny fish. "Well! Well! Well!" cried Clarence. "It is only a fish after all; but it's just as flat as a pancake!"

"No such thing," said the fish, angrily. "I am as flat as a flounder, and there is nothing strange about that either, for I am a flounder. Since you have seen fit to ask so many questions you have got to listen while I tell you why flounders are flat. And the next time you hear anyone say 'flat as a flounder' you will know all about it.

"A great, great many years ago, flounders were not flat at all, but shaped like any other fish. In fact, they were very graceful and well proportioned, and they were quite vain on account of it. They had always considered themselves better than most of the other fishes, and so they did not go into society very much, for they wished to be considered exclusive.

Although Mrs. Flounder lived in such splendor, they were really very poor, and simply stayed there because the house had been in their family for many years, and they were proud of their ancestral home. Not only were they proud of that, however, but also because they claimed to be descended from a powerful fairy princess, who, of course had lived years before them. And although Marybel was so poor yet she had hosts of suitors, for in all the land there was no girl so fair as she.

But not one did her father approve of, for no man, said he, should marry his daughter who could not boast of good ancestry.

At length it happened that there came to live in a neighboring town, a young man named Autar Baan who was so celebrated for his riches as Marybel was for her pretty face. Finally he heard of her far-famed beauty, and determined to offer himself as a suitor.

Accordingly he did so, and although he evaded all questions as to his ancestry, yet so vast was Autar Baan's wealth and so beautiful were the gifts he showered on Marybel, that her father made up his mind to say nothing of family, and consented to accept the young man as his son-in-law.

Although the suitor's visits to his lady love were very frequent, he never came without an attendant. And such a queer little person as this was. A man not more than four feet high, hideously ugly, and

"One day a ship sailed over the part of the ocean where the flounders lived, and a young lady dropped a looking glass right out of her cabin window. The looking glass came down and down through the water until it fell right into the flounders' back yard. Mr. Flounder found it a little while later and looked it up to look at it. He saw a fine reflection of his own face in the looking glass and he thought it was some other flounder who had no business there. 'Get out of her at once,' he cried. 'What do you mean by coming right in here without an invitation and walking about among my clothes lines? You know all fishes hang up their clothes to get nice and wet before putting them on. Of course, the reflection did not answer, but the looking glass reflected Mr. Flounder's mouth as he spoke, and he thought the other flounder was making faces at him. That made him so mad that he kicked out with both fins and his tail and he fell down on the back of his neck so hard that he turned down four corner poles. Mrs. Flounder saw the clothes dragging in the sand and she came rushing out of the house to give Mr. Flounder a piece of her mind. 'The very idea,' she said. 'You ought to be ashamed to be cutting such didoes at your age!'

"'It struck me,' sobbed Mr. Flounder. 'That round thing tipped me up and hurt the back of my head.' Then he sat up very straight to see Mrs. Flounder with the looking glass in her fin, smiling and bowing and putting her hair all straight. 'Oh, this is just lovely,' she cried in surprise. 'You are a dear, good old Flounder Pounder to bring your little wifey-wifey such a nice present. I declare, I never knew I was so handsome. We must go more into society so people can see how beautiful I am. I will give a party this very day.'

"Mr. Flounder got up at once and when he looked in the glass he said: 'Hum! Ah! Well, really you know, I have no idea that I was so distinguished looking. Go ahead with your party by all means.'

"In a few days the Flounders had a very grand party, and they invited as the guests a number of fishes who nearly all came. The Flounders had never given a party before, and they did not know how to entertain very well, so they amused their guests by playing games. Before long they finished playing all the games that the fishes knew, and then young Mr. Shark, who had been brought up in a river where lots of boats came in, suggested that they play on the backs of the flounders. The game was called 'boat tag' and all the fishes thought it was the greatest fun they had ever known.

"They had been playing for a long time and enjoying themselves very much when Mr. Sturgeon, who is a very fast swimmer, was 'it.' The very first one Mr. Sturgeon chased was Mr. Whale, and just as he was about to touch Mr. Whale he squirted in a great hurry. He was so afraid of being caught by Mr. Sturgeon that he squirted right on Mr. and Mrs. Flounder, who were looking each other over and taking turns peeping in the looking glass. Of course, as Mr. Whale was thousand times heavier than both the Flounders, he pounded them just as flat as a pancake could be, and he broke the glass into little bits of splinters.

"As soon as Mr. Whale found what he had done, he said he was very sorry and offered to sit on the edges of the Flounders and squash them back again, but Mr. Flounder said he made it a rule never to be squashed twice in one day, and Mrs. Flounder said Mr. Whale ought to be made to go and associate with a gun foundry, for he was a regular blunderbuss. The party broke up at once, and the Flounders have never forgiven Mr. Whale for breaking their looking glass. Mrs. Flounder never wore a hat again, for without a looking glass she could not see if it was on straight, and as they could not see how they looked, they both made no attempt to regain their former shape. After awhile they decided it was the correct style to be flat, for it was no different from the unshapely shape of others, and all flounders are flat to this day."

The True Tale of Long Tail Gray Back, Jr.

For many years the family of Graybacks had lived in peace and plenty in the Rev. Mr. Newcome's barn. They had plenty to eat, and good beds of hay and straw and feathers. There was no one to molest them, for Mr. Newcome was kind to all creatures, and so was old Bob, the man who milked the cow and cared for the horse Charley. There were pigs and chickens, too, and so there was plenty of corn and oats and juicy apples. Bob slept in the barn and often ate his supper there to be out of reach of old Janet, the cook's sharp tongue. Then the Graybacks had a fine feast, as old Bob dropped a good many crumbs of cheese and bread. But Mrs. Grayback had one trial, and that was her son, Longtail, Jr. Her other children were girls, all contented and happy. They never tossed to get out or to have other people's children come in, but wove straw and feathers into their covering and laid up stores of walnuts and corn. Mrs. Grayback's days might have been very peaceful indeed but for Longtail, Jr. He wanted to see the world; there was nothing worth while in this stupid place—this dull hole, he called it.

His mother actually gasped as she heard him. He was meant for something better and higher; he wanted to go to the city, he said. Mr. Newcome's daughter, who lived in Hartford, came to visit her father sometimes, and always paid a visit to the barn to see the animals, and to bring old Bob some nice present. She would tell him the news she knew he liked to hear and bring him papers to read. Longtail admired Mrs. Joe very much; he listened while she talked to Bob, and made his mother miserable when she was gone by fretting to go to the city and be somebody.

One day Mr. Newcome came to the barn. "Bob, I am going to send a barrel of apples to Mrs. Joe. Get the barrel ready as soon as you can," he said.

Old Bob was always pleased to do anything for Mrs. Joe, and set to work at once, talking to himself all the time. Longtail, Jr., watched old Bob put in the apples, and when the barrel was full, the old man turned to get the canvas cover, and Longtail, Jr., jumped in. He did not tell his mother and sisters because he knew that they would not let him go. He very easily hid himself in the barrel and was quite comfortable until the depot was reached. Then as the barrel was rolled on the train, he was shaken and bounced about until he nearly died of fright. Oh, if he had only stayed at home! But it was too late now, and the shaking and bumping and roaring went on for some time.

Poor Longtail, Jr., was almost dead when at last there was stillness for a few minutes; then Mrs. Joe's voice, "A barrel from home. I cannot wait for anyone to open it for me," and she took off the cover. Out crawled poor Longtail, Jr., more dead than alive.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Joe. "Old Bob has shut a mouse in the barrel. Norah! Norah! hold catch this mouse," and she and the cook caught Longtail, Jr., without much trouble and put him in a trap. After awhile he was given to Bob, the grocer's boy, and he has not been out of his trap since. All the exercise he gets is in running around a little wheel in his cage. Thus ended Longtail Jr.'s bright dream of fame. His mother and sisters missed his fretting, fault-finding ways a little at first; but if the truth must be told, they were happier without him, and lived to a good old age in comfort and peace.

BOB AND THE CIRCUS

Saturday was always a gala day for the Brown children. Cooped up all the week in school as they were, it was only natural that they should want a little fun, so Saturday was chosen for the wildest kinds of pranks and capers. Fortunately they lived in the country and had plenty of room to race and tear, to play fox and geese, and paper chase and all sorts of games.

This particular Saturday morning, Bobby Brown, the oldest of the four, seemed out of sorts—nothing pleased him. His mother said he must have jumped out of the wrong side of bed and consequently everything seemed wrong. He didn't want to play with the rest, and was so cross and rude at luncheon that his mother sent him from the table.

Bobby wandered into the yard, climbed over the fence and then lazily sauntered down the road. The first person he met was Teddy White, the blacksmith's son.

"Hullo, Bob," Teddy called out cheerily to the little crosspatch.

"'Lo," responded Bobby, sullenly, kicking clouds of dust into the air.

"I'm going to the circus over at Newton—want to come?"

At the word "circus" Bobby's ears pricked up like those of an old war horse at the smell of powder.

"How much is it?"

"Quarter to get in, and ten for peanuts," answered Teddy immediately. "Come along, won't you?"

"Guess I will," answered Bobby; "wait here till I go in and see if I have thirty-five cents in my bank."

He entered quietly and soon reappeared with the money.

The boys walked briskly along toward Newton and saw the white circus tents flapping in the wind and heard the animals roar. Bobby parted with his entrance money and was soon fascinated with the performance. The beautiful lady in pink tights completely overcame him, and as for the clown, well, he was simply side-splitting. Bobby laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and Teddy could hardly induce him to leave for the den of roaring lions. Finally it grew late and both realized that they must tear themselves away. Reluctantly they left the tent and were starting slowly down the road when the conversation of two of the circus men attracted their attention.

"It's a shame," one of them was saying, "just when the kid was the right size, too."

"That's so," his companion answered. "He was always away on some pretext or other, so when tonight he said he couldn't come, I just bounced him right out, and now we're left in the lurch."

"Just think of those grand velvet pants," said the first speaker with almost a groan, they cost "two ninety-eight, and we'll never get anybody they'll fit."

Bobby drank in all the conversation eagerly, and it finally dawned upon him that these two men wanted a small boy to take some part in the performance. An evil spirit must have been flying round just then, and put a bad idea into his head. Why couldn't he apply for the position? He'd show the people at home that he was worth something.

So Bobby suddenly stepped up to one of the men and said: "What is it you want a boy to do?"

After a careful scrutiny the man answered: "Nothing much, just to pull the curtain aside for the marble "statoes."

"Do you think I could do that?" asked Bobby.

"You," said the man. "What would pa and ma say? We're going to leave this town tonight."

"Oh," said Bobby airily, "I'm quite old enough to do as I please. So if you think I'll do, I'd like to come."

The men looked at each other thoughtfully, and although they knew they would probably have to face an irate papa for taking this boy, they determined to risk it, feeling sure the "two ninety-eighters" would be a proper fit.

Taking Teddy aside Bobby drew forth many promises from him not to tell any one at home, and then after a good-bye hand shake he accompanied the men.

That night the circus left town, and poor Bobby never worked so hard in his life. The next afternoon his career as a circus performer really began, and he was so frightened before the audience that he could hardly pull aside the curtain for the "statoes."

The one bright spot in Bobby's life was the manager's little daughter, Belle. She made Bobby's acquaintance the first day he came, and immediately the children were fast friends.

After Bobby had finished the hundred and one things he had to do, the two would play together round the circus ring and he would forget for a time that there was work ahead. At last Belle began to talk about his father and mother and where he had come from, and when she learned that he had run away from a nice home simply to spite his mother, her pretty forehead puckered up and she shook her head disapprovingly. Belle was a well brought up little circus girl.

"Why, Bobby," she exclaimed, "just think how your mother will worry and fret, and unless Teddy tells, she will think you are lost. Besides, how much nicer your home must be than this old rattlety circus."

At first Bobby was sullen and refused to listen to his small friend. Then he wondered if, after all, he had acted the part of a gentleman or a hero in running away and causing his sweet little mother of whom he was really very fond, such a deal of worry. He realized that she must be nearly crazy with grief and anxiety, and he decided to give up the circus and start for home on the instant.

So after he had been gone two whole days, he stole quietly out after the evening performance, bidding a tearful good-bye to little Belle. He was in a town about 20 miles from home. It was very dark and he was badly frightened by queer shadows and the wind roaring through the trees. But he kept bravely on through the night, resting now and again, and at breakfast time a very tired, footsore little boy stole quietly into his mother's house, and though he was too big to cry, sobbed out the whole story with his head buried on her shoulder. Bobby was forgiven, and for punishment he remembered his mother's tear-stained face for many a day afterwards.

KINGS OF THE ROAD.

The Story of Autar Baan

There was once upon a time, a young girl named Marybel, who lived with her parents in an old and beautiful stone house, far away from any town or village.

Although these people lived in such splendor, they were really very poor, and simply stayed there because the house had been in their family for many years, and they were proud of their ancestral home. Not only were they proud of that, however, but also because they claimed to be descended from a powerful fairy princess, who, of course had lived years before them. And although Marybel was so poor yet she had hosts of suitors, for in all the land there was no girl so fair as she.

But not one did her father approve of, for no man, said he, should marry his daughter who could not boast of good ancestry.

At length it happened that there came to live in a neighboring town, a young man named Autar Baan who was so celebrated for his riches as Marybel was for her pretty face. Finally he heard of her far-famed beauty, and determined to offer himself as a suitor.

Accordingly he did so, and although he evaded all questions as to his ancestry, yet so vast was Autar Baan's wealth and so beautiful were the gifts he showered on Marybel, that her father made up his mind to say nothing of family, and consented to accept the young man as his son-in-law.

Although the suitor's visits to his lady love were very frequent, he never came without an attendant. And such a queer little person as this was. A man not more than four feet high, hideously ugly, and acting in the capacity of barber to Autar Baan.

At first Marybel took no notice of this small personage, but finally, noticing that he never left her fiancee's side for a moment, she became jealous and showed her dislike so much as she dared.

But Marybel was too busy in the great preparations for her wedding, that was soon to come, to pay very much attention to the grotesque little barber, and so for awhile she forgot him.

When, after what seemed, however, and never could go anywhere with her husband without "Hajo," she at length rebelled and endeavored to make his life as miserable as possible.

Now, there was something else that troubled her exceedingly. It was the custom in those days for men of high rank to wear full beards and Marybel's husband would persist in having Hajo shave him every morning. No persuasion on the part of his wife could make him change his mind, and so she had to put up with his clean shaven face. So you see, although Marybel had more money than she knew what to do with and was wooed and dined and fêted to her heart's content, she was not altogether happy.

Finally Autar Baan fell very sick with a dreadful fever that was raging in the kingdom at that time, and Marybel insisted upon taking care of him. From the first, however, he made her make him a very strange promise, and that was to still have Hajo shave him every morning, and also that if he became delirious, that every one should leave the room except ing the barber, Marybel reluctantly gave her word, and from that time on her husband grew daily worse, and Marybel was nearly frantic, for she really loved him very dearly.

Then Hajo insisted upon being left alone with his master, but Marybel said no, and had him forcibly ejected from the palace.

At first she took no notice of Autar Baan's strange words, but at length realized their significance, and it dawned upon her why her husband never spoke of his ancestors. In his wanderings, he let it escape him that he was descended straight from the horrible and much dreaded Bluebeard! and to make this dreadful truth much more apparent, his beard, which had not been cut for some time, grew out and horrible to relate, it was a deep blue!

Poor Marybel went nearly wild, for ancestors meant so much to her, but she finally managed to control herself and sent for the faithful Hajo to shave his master and to wash her.

Together they took care of him, and at last after many weeks, Autar Baan recovered, and then Marybel had to tell him that she had broken her word and had not left him to the care of Hajo. Her husband was dreadfully angry and immediately ordered his trunks and chests to be packed, and without a word to his disobedient wife, he left her and set out for foreign lands. There was nothing for poor Marybel to do but to return unconsciously to her father's house and bear her punishment alone.

Three years passed with never a word from her absent husband, and Autar Baan's wife changed from a gay young girl to a sad sorrowful woman. But at last, after eighteen months, there came a letter to Marybel, which to the astonishment of her father, was written in the most loving way. Autar Baan was coming home on his way home, and had decided to forgive his wife. Great was her rejoicing and many were the preparations made for the reception of her late lost husband.

They were at last reconciled to each other and Autar Baan forgave Marybel, and gave his word that, as now she knew his secret, he would consent to the dismissal of the hated Hajo.

Balls of Fur.

Three of them lay curled up in a warm corner of the parlor, one was white and fluffy, one was black and shining, the third was the loveliest gray. And over in another warm corner, snuggled down in a cute little basket, lay another ball of beautiful fur.

The three little balls were dear little kittens so young that they'd only just learned to open out of their tight round balls and grow. The fourth was a handsome Newfoundland puppy. And he was very young, too.

The puppy and the kittens were quite well acquainted already. They had been on speaking terms for several days and they all liked one another, although—well, the puppy thought he was much grander and more important than the kittens because he was so much bigger, and he began with, and because he was growing so much faster than they. And the kittens rather scorned down on the puppy because they were so graceful and lady-like in their movements, while he tumbled about in a very rough, rough fashion. But as they were all very careful to say nothing of these things, not even to one another, the greatest confidence, nobody's feelings were hurt.

The puppy and the kittens played together quite happily—for the puppy woke up and left his basket promptly and early, bounding over toward the kittens until the children, who loved them, came hurrying home from school. They couldn't even wait to play snowball with those dear, lovely, delightful little animals at home, but at night, if the four played together the night was spent with delight.

"I hope Bobbie won't hurt the kittens," said gentle little Mabel, with an anxious glance. "He's so much bigger than they are and——"

"Bah! they've got sharper claws than he has," interrupted Jamie. "And if it came to a fight they'd get the best of it, being three to one."

"Oh, oh! I hope they won't fight—ever," cried Mabel.

"I don't believe they will," mamma assured her, watching the lovely things at play. "You see, you are bringing them up to love each other and there are many dogs and cats who do not fight."

"If they do we'll just have to keep them apart," declared Jamie wisely. "Come on, Hajjie, they don't want to play with us now, anyway. They're too happy together. Let's go out and make a snow man."

So off they went merrily and the kittens and the puppy smiled at each other. (If you've never seen a kitten or a puppy smile just watch the next time anything funny happens near a puppy or a kitten and see.)

"Human beings do amuse me so," said the puppy presently. "Do you know, kittens, that those children actually think they're much smarter than we are and that they know a lot more than we do."

"They're quite right, I'm sure," cried the kittens. Fluff and Fluff and Fluff, all together.

"It's true, for the big dog next door told me so the day they took me out for a stroll in the snow," answered the puppy solemnly. "And yet——"

"Why! they'll never learn to catch mice, those children," said the kittens. "Our mother says that some human beings are actually afraid of mice. Just think of it—"

"And I could find my way to the dark cave if you didn't take me too far away from home," was the puppy's boast, with his head tossed very high and his tail wagging proudly; "after a few months I'd be able to find my way home from anywhere, almost. And great big brave human beings get so badly lost quite often that they have to send home at all."

"Well, it's queer how terribly conceited some people are," retorted all the kittens together shaking their heads in a row. "Now it doesn't seem possible, but I suppose it's true—our mother says those children actually think they are taking care of us when they lift us about and pass us from one to the other."

"Oh, they don't they do," answered the puppy, smiling. "And even when we're old and sad and grave a lot they'll keep on thinking we're just a very common bother to have, somehow, and they never seem to get over it."

"Dear me! how very funny!" said all the kittens, suddenly remembering to be prim and ladylike, and sitting up very straight. "Well, perhaps they can't help it. We ought to try and be sorry for them, poor things, and do very good to them, for they must feel very sad to be so foolish. Let's be very nice to them always, just for fun."

Then they all had another lovely romp together, ending with a free for all in the middle of the floor. And when Mabel and Jamie came to take them to their supper they all pounced on dinner and so forgot they would have supposed they knew a thing beyond their paws.

A Critical Moment.

"Didn't I tell you I wanted you to run an errand for me?" asked the mother of the child then.

"Yes, mum," said Johnnie, laying down his literature.

And as the boy started in the direction of the door the mother called after him:

"Johnnie, come back here and get that dog off the doormat. Can't you see he's tracking mud all over it?"—Chicago Tribune.

COMICS

A PAGE OF COMEDY BY Hy. Mayer

Recognition.

"Oh, you stupid ox, you camel, you silly ass—you can't tell me anything. I know you—I'm your father!"

The doctor—Was your father corpulent?
The patient—No sir, papa was an optician.

At the Club Window.

Interior:— Ah! and

Exterior:— Oh!

He—Fido loves me, he always follows me instead of you.

She—Poor little doggie wants to be in the shade.

How nurse used the pendulum to rock baby to sleep and to save herself time and trouble.

"I always drink cold coffee, it makes one beautiful."
"Really, I must try it. What quantity have I to commence with?"
"Oh, you? about 18 or 20 gallons."